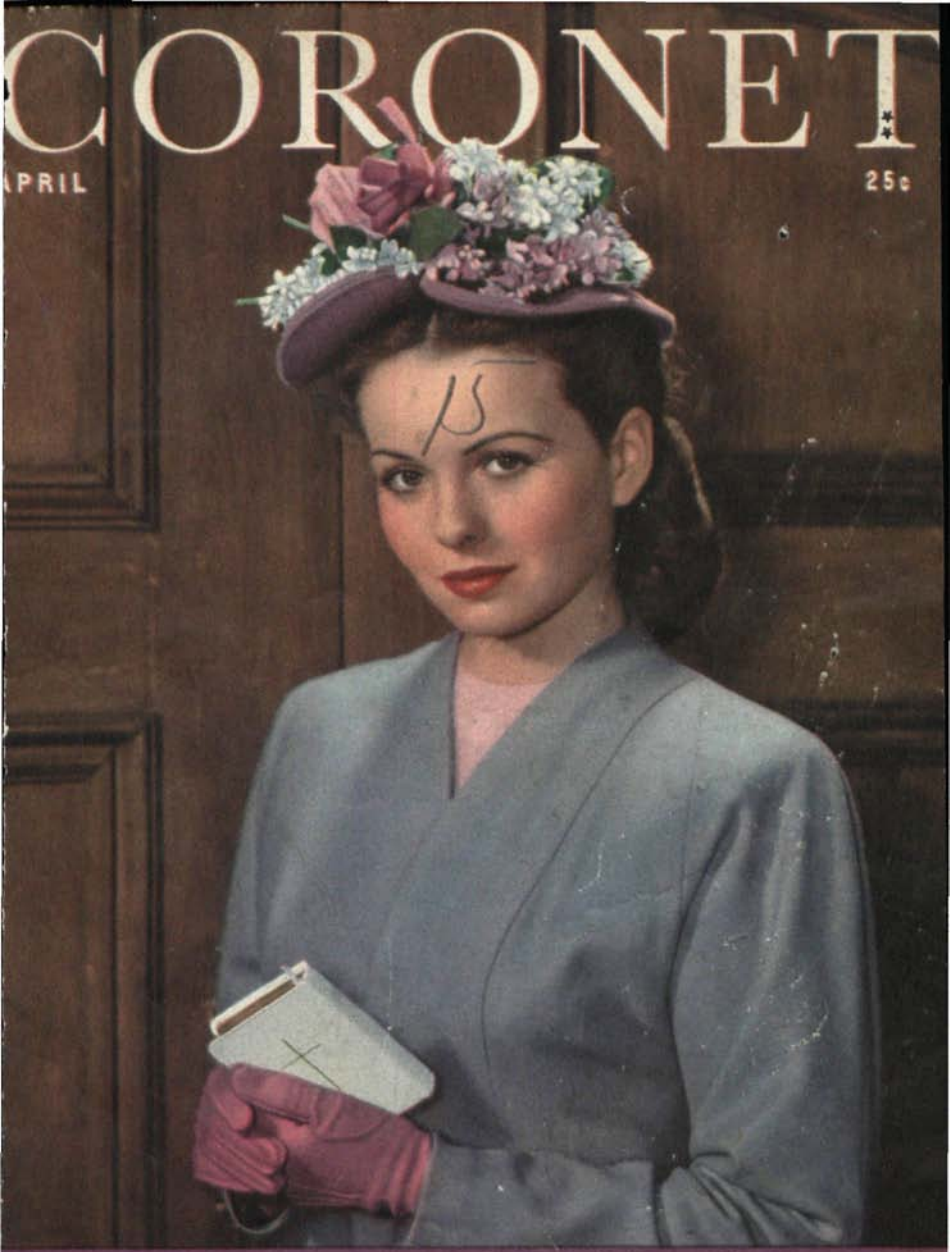
CORONET

APRIL

25c



In this Issue: One of the Great Battle Stories of the War

TROOPSHIP

By Sidney Carroll, Coronet Pacific War Correspondent

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
Editor-in-Chief: OSCAR DYSTEL
Managing Editor: HARRIS SHEVELSON
Associate Editors: BARBARA BRANDT, LAURA BERGQUIST, GENEVIEVE PFLEEGER
Graphics Editor: JOEL GRAHAM
Feature Editors: MARTHA LUPTON, PHYLLIS MUCHOW, ANN MONTGOMERY
Contributing Editors: ALAN HYND, SIDNEY CARROLL, CAROL HUGHES, DEAN JENNINGS
Art Director: ARNOLD RYAN
Research Director: FRITZ BAMBERGER
Executive Editors: ARNOLD GINGRICH, EDWARD STANLEY

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?
Subscribers changing addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department one month before the change is to take effect. Both *old* and *new* addresses must be given.

Articles

Troopship . . . . . SIDNEY CARROLL 3
A Case for Spinsterhood . . . . . ANONYMOUS 8
The Power of Color . . . . . GEORGE D. GAW 15
From My Chinese Notebook . . . . . EMILY HAHN 19
Report on Television . . . . . MAURICE ZOLOTOW 22
Giannini: Little Man's Banker . . . . . JOHN L. COONEY 31
The Last Great Quack . . . . . MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D. 36
Spooks by Mail . . . . . WALTER B. GIBSON 47
The Tragic Road to Safety . . . . . HOWARD WHITMAN 51
The Farmer Takes a Stand . . . . . CAROL HUGHES 71
Allergies, Allergens and Allergists JESSAMINE HILLIARD & C. C. COGHLAN 75
Burma Letter . . . . . RELMAN MORIN 80
Snapshot of Berlin . . . . . E. FRIEDHEIM & S. W. TAYLOR 83
Hurricanes on the Sun . . . . . VICTOR BOESEN 111
The Clue from Heaven . . . . . ARCHIE MC FEDRIES 115
Contact Lenses for the Millions . . . . . ALFRED H. SINKS 119
Swing and Sway the Cheyenne Way . . . . . ANN FIELDS 124
Winged Killer of the Forest . . . . . JIM KJELGAARD 128
Saga of Saratoga . . . . . EDITH ROBERTS 131

Features

Grin and Share It . . . . . EDITED BY IRVING HOFFMAN 13
Out of This World 41
Picture Story: Stevenson's A Child's Garden of Verses PHOTOGRAPHED BY TONI FRISSELL 55
Game Book Section 89
Picture Story: Fabulous Field's 95
Book Excerpt: Lost in the Horse Latitudes H. ALLEN SMITH 135
Bookette: Young'un . . . . . HERBERT BEST 145
Coronet Story Teller 163

Cover Girl Here's a recipe for a charming Easter outfit: flower-laden hat by designer Keneth Hopkins, trim lilac suit by Gene Shelly, and pretty face by courtesy of Jeanne Crain, 20th Century-Fox starlet, who until only recently was majoring in psychology and French at UCLA. Credit for the bright spring cover goes to Mead-Maddick.

CORONET, APRIL, 1945; VOL. 17, No. 6; WHOLE No. 102

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President, Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, $3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1945, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U.S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U.S.A. Semi-annual index available on request.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A transport is many things: a moving van, a tenement, a hospital, a fighting ship—and even more

Troopship

by SIDNEY CARROLL

SOMEBODY ON our transport said that a transport ship was like a moving van. Somebody else said it was more like a freight car. But the Supply Officer, a short, skinny man who wrote poetry for the ship's daily paper, gave us the best description. He said a transport was like a tenement house. That, I think, was the best I heard that day. We were making the kind of comparisons men are always making between their ships and the things they knew back home. A transport is like a tenement house in many ways.

She is big and bulky. She has many decks, like floors. She carries thousands of people jammed together. These people eat inside of her. They sleep deep inside of her, or on the decks when the weather is hot, the way people sleep on tenement roofs. In her stores she carries everything to feed and clothe a man, and down in her holds, in her cellars, she can carry the big moving things of land warfare, tanks and trucks—like a garage in a tenement house.

They are alike in many ways and you can go on drawing parallels between the two, but you can't carry the comparison too far or

EDITORS' NOTE: "I'd like to be a little more polite about the war, but I can't be," writes Sidney Carroll from somewhere in the Pacific. "I find myself incapable of writing about battle without thinking that the essence of battle is blood, and that it would be impossible to give any sense of it without stressing the bleeding, the filth and the agony." For almost six months now he has been roaming the Pacific with the Army and Navy as combat correspondent for Coronet. He sat in on the show at Palau, just missed the Philippines invasion, has taken numerous side excursions to Samoa, Tahiti and the Fijis to see how the boys in the backwash of war are faring, and when last heard from was heading for the India-Burma theatre. His unvarnished personal history of the war and its aftermath will be well worth watching for in the coming months.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you lose the point. A transport is tenement-like, all right, but she is many more things besides. When you begin to count those things you begin to realize that it is impossible to compare a transport to anything else on land or sea. Most ships, like most buildings, are built to serve one specific purpose; a transport is many ships in one. On my transport, the last one I sailed on, we were known technically as an "APA." The initials stand for "Attack, Personnel, Auxiliary." The guns on her decks stood for "Attack." The thousands of troops she carried into battle were her "Personnel." The last "A" stands for "Auxiliary," but it might just as well stand for "Anything."

For eight days on the way into battle we were a tenement house, a moving van, a freight car. Then we reached the battle lines and we dropped the troops into tiny boats which took them into the beaches. And the transport, lightened of her load, her cargo, and her passengers, rose higher in the water. And then I saw a sort of miracle.

The transport—that big, awkward thing so recently full of young men eating, sleeping, playing — suddenly stopped being a moving van, freight car, tenement house, and became, almost before we knew it, a hospital.

That part of it is what I really want to tell you about.

Our transport arrived at the scene of battle at exactly 4:30 in the morning of D-Day. At H-Hour, which was 8:30, we went onto the beaches in the small boats.

From the beach I could see our ship out in the bay, and she was only one of many almost exactly like her.

I got back to her that night. I got back in one of the small boats which kept running between her and the beaches. There were seven wounded men in our small boat. Two of them were so badly wounded that when we drew up alongside the transport it was impossible to lift them out on stretchers and hoist them aboard with cables, which is the usual method. What they had to do was lift our small boat bodily out of the water, with all of us inside of it, ease us alongside the lower deck of the transport, and then gently lift the wounded men onto the deck.

It was while this was happening that I saw a wounded Marine I had not noticed before. He was on a stretcher over in one corner of the small boat. He was lying flat on his back and he seemed to be fast asleep. There was no blood on him. All the other wounded men were covered with blood but the sleeping one was as clean as he could be. I couldn't see anything wrong with him.

When they came to the sleeping Marine, the clean one, he didn't even stir. His clothing didn't seem to be wrinkled. Somebody had placed his rifle next to him on the stretcher, straight along his side, and his left hand was locked over the barrel. He was breathing very gently and very regularly. I turned to one of the doctors standing there and I pointed. "He doesn't seem to be wounded," I said.

"Probably shock," the doctor said. "We've had lots of them today."

Now the transport sits offshore,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perhaps a half mile away from the beach. On the beach the whole world is mud and coral and explosion and blood.

A transport has to be a clean ship, but on D-Day no ship in the world can stay clean. It isn't dirt that gets into everything: it's blood. All along the deck, the gangways, the passageways, there is the color and the smell of blood. Such things can't be helped, even on the cleanest ship.

I noticed this most strongly a little later when I had climbed three decks below to see the wounded. I walked down the passageway in the direction of what had been the Troop Officers' Mess. One of the dining rooms in the tenement house had been converted into an operating room.

You had to be careful not to slip in the puddles of blood. Even when a pharmacists mate came along and mopped up the blood, he left a slippery floor, and of course he couldn't mop up the smell.

I walked over to one of the tables where one of the doctors was bending over a wounded man. When I got close I could see that the wounded man was the sleeping Marine from the small boat.

The doctor was the one who had met us out on the deck. When he saw me he said, "It isn't shock. It's shrapnel. Passed right through both lungs. Piece no bigger than a pebble. One side right through to the other."

"What are you doing for him?" I asked.

"We're doing nothing," the doctor said. "We're waiting. He hasn't got a chance."

We stood there looking at the rising and falling of his chest—it was a fine chest, very smooth, very brown—and then somebody behind me yelled at me.

"Hey!"

I turned around and saw another Marine looking up at me. He was lying on the next table, on his stomach. He was older than the average run of Marines; he seemed to be about 35, although it is difficult to tell a man's age under such conditions. He was propped up on one arm and a doctor was working on the other arm. I didn't need more than one look at that other arm to know it was a mortar wound. A mortar wound looks like a big bite, as though some large animal, like a bear, had taken a bite out of a man's flesh. The doctor was working on the wound with a pair of scissors.

The Marine looked up at me and said, "You're a correspondent. You ever know Tregaskis?"

I had never met Tregaskis, but I nodded and said sure, I knew him well. The Marine said, "He was one hell of a swell guy. He was with us all through Guadalcanal."

The doctor made a large cut with the scissors. The Marine jerked his chin upwards and gritted his teeth. When he came out of it he said, "Where did you last see Tregaskis?" I said, "I don't quite remember. Around, someplace."

"He was one hell of a swell guy," the Marine said, and he jerked his chin upwards again and shut his eyes tight.

The doctor looked over at me, over the rim of his glasses. He reached over with his free arm and held up a small syrette of morphine and winked at me. The syrette had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been squeezed dry. The Marine was full of the stuff.

He kept on talking. He was quite bald, and the top of his head was a brownish color that ended abruptly at the line of his forehead. He was keeping his eyes deliberately away from the wounded arm, and he kept on talking to me all through his pain, as though talking was giving him some relief.

The arm itself was a terrible thing to see. The fleshy part of the forearm had been hit and certain nerves were exposed, taut and dry. The doctor was simply cutting away the lacerated flesh, cleaning up around the edges, and trying to keep the scissors away from the nerves. The eyes of the Marine were getting very wet, and every time the doctor made a large cut the eyes closed and water oozed out of them. Still he kept on talking.

"I been in the Marines 15 years. I been through Guadal, and Saipan, and now this. I wonder where the hell I'll go next."

I looked at the arm again and at the doctor still cutting away. I said, "I think you've got a pretty good chance of getting home after this. They won't send you back to your outfit."

He looked up at me and opened his eyes wide.

"Why you say that?"

There was really only half an arm left and the doctor was still cutting away. "Oh," I said, "You've been through enough. Guadal, and Saipan, and now this, and 15 years in the Marines. I think maybe they'll give you a rest."

I was leaning on the table and our faces were only a few inches apart. I had to move up close to make myself heard, because the room was bedlam. There were five operations going on at once.

The Marine laughed at me. Then he shut his eyes tight again. When he opened them again he said, "That Tregaskis. A hell of a guy."

He turned and looked at the man on the table next to his, the man whose lungs had been punctured. "You know him?" he asked me. I said no, I did not know the Marine.

"Adams," he said, "A nice kid. With me on Saipan. What's the matter with him?"

"Shrapnel," I said.

He laughed. "He'll get over it. You watch. Adams is a good kid."

Now the doctor was finished, and he poured the sulfa on the wound and started the elaborate process of bandaging. Now the Marine relaxed for the first time and put his face on the table. He seemed to be very sleepy. The doctor looked at me again, and winked again, and nodded at the empty syrette lying on the table.

They lifted him onto a stretcher when the bandaging was finished. His eyes were half shut but he was smiling. He turned to the doctor.

"Hey, Doc, after this one is all over you do me another favor, huh—?"

The doctor said, "Anything you say. What is it?"

His eyes were very sleepy. "You do a skin graft job for me. Put some hair on my head."

The doctor laughed and said he'd be delighted to do such a favor. The pharmacists mates started to carry the bald Marine out of the room. In the doorway he made them stop, and he turned and looked

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at me. "You know," he said, "I got my goddam scalp blowed off on Guadal. You'll come down to see me, huh?"

I said, "Sure. I'll be down later tonight."

Two hours later I went to look for him.

I went down below to the part of the ship that had been the troops' sleeping quarters just 16 hours before. I found him way over in a corner on one of the lower bunks, almost at floor level, lying on his side with his face to the wall. It was horribly hot down there and his back was covered with sweat. I could see that he wasn't sleeping, so I bent down and said, "How's it?"

Slowly, very slowly, he turned over to face me. He was in terrible pain.

"Hi ya," he said.

I started to stand up. "I'll let you get to sleep," I said.

"No," he said. "Stick around." He closed his eyes and took a long breath. When he opened his eyes the lids went only halfway up. He smiled and said, "How ya doin'?"

I said, "Oh, I've had a helluva time, but I'll pull through. I'm tough. I'm rugged. How are you?"

He looked at the bandaged arm. Then he looked back at me and he looked for a long time before he opened his mouth. His face and body were ringing wet, so I reached for a towel and started to dry his face. He didn't move. The strange thing was that he didn't even close his eyes when I passed the towel over his forehead. He kept looking at me all the time. Then he spoke.

"You remember what you said about my going home?"

"Sure."

"You believe it?"

I put the towel down. "I'd lay money on it," I said.

"Oh Jesus," he said. "Oh Jesus, Jesus, Jesus."

Then he closed his eyes and began to cry. There was hardly a sound, except for the creaking of the bed springs when his body began to heave. I sat there on my haunches watching him, and not knowing quite what to do. Finally I put my hand out and began to stroke his forehead, slowly, back and forth. He paid no attention to it. He kept on crying in that noiseless way.

Then it must have been the pain in the arm that brought him out of it, for in the midst of the crying he jerked his chin upwards.

"Adams," he said. "How's he?"

"Now take it easy," I said.

"What do you mean take it easy?"

"They just buried Adams. Burial at sea," I said.

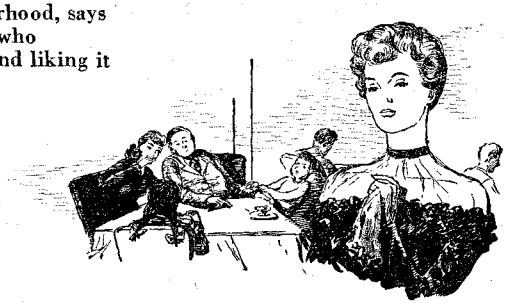
The bald Marine never changed expression. He just closed his eyes.

So it was the Supply man who said that a transport was like a tenement house, and I thought it was the best of the comparisons we had been making that day. A transport is all the other things we said it was—a tenement, a moving van, a freight car, a garage, a fighting ship. But when I think of the things that happened aboard on D-Day, I realize that a transport is many more things besides. It is a hospital, for one thing. It is an ambulance. And it is one other thing that none of us thought of that day we were making comparisons:

A transport is a hearse.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is a sunny side to spinsterhood, says this single, and happy, woman who learned the art of living alone and liking it



A Case for Spinsterhood

ANONYMOUS

I LEARNED VERY early in girlhood what it means to be a spinster. Spinsterhood is that state of being which all my feminine friends would have adopted enthusiastically had the choice been between spinsterhood, and rolling over Niagara in a barrel five days a week.

Since I had no distressing mental difficulties nor physical defects too repulsive to notice, it was naturally assumed that I would never be a spinster. The attitude of my friends, their mothers, my own mother, was traditional. "A girl's natural destiny is marriage," they said. "Marriage comes to fruition in a home and children. The wife graces, the husband pays. Those unfortunate creatures who do not marry are so deprived because no one asked them."

"Of course," they continued, "There are 'old maids' so pretty and charming it is hard to believe no one wanted them." For most of these cases they had a ready explanation: the girl never married because her one love had come to an untimely death, or because she had to make a home for an invalid mother or father. "But in any case," they added, "there was one universal fact about all unmarried women—they had missed the boat and eventually they became bitter, or eccentric, or miserly."

At the last census there were about two and a quarter million spinsters in this country—and I was one of them. Moreover, postwar predictors are prophesying that at least one out of seven girls is destined for spinsterhood in the era following the peace.

In the 17 years since I passed the age of consent I have learned a lot about spinsters. I could recite many a case history—but how about my own? Am I eccentric, or embittered, or miserly? No. As a matter of fact I'm contented, busy, and (why shouldn't I say it?) popular. Married women of my acquaintance have a devil of a time convincing themselves that I'm unhappy. I entertain friends of my own choosing, rather than women I am thrown with because they happen to have married my husband's business associates. I own an entire car, not half a one avail-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

able only by special arrangement with a husband's commuting schedule. I cook whenever I like, not 21 times a week. At vacation time I've never had an argument about where I'm going. I have a good deal less money than some of my married friends, but I'm the only one to say what I'll do with it. Small matters? Perhaps. But it's the million routine small matters which keep us contented or make us miserable.

Yet in these enlightened United States the tribal stigma is on a spinster as definitely as if she were branded on the forehead with the letter S.

Spinsters are a beleaguered minority. All the standard derogatory clichés about them (such as the idea that back talk like this is sour grapes) are the creations of the powerful majority, the married women. I know what these clichés are. For 15 years I've been swatting at them, the way I go after house flies in July.

The first is that all spinsters are neurotic, unfulfilled women. It's true that some of them are. But some married women are neurotic too. For example, the spinster who would have liked to have children of her own, but couldn't, is therefore critical and intolerant of her friends' children. Yet the wife who was disappointed in her own husband turns into a domineering man-hating feminist. Whether a woman is married or not, about the same thing happens to her when she doesn't get what she wants.

Furthermore, I believe that the married woman who often, because of children or religious conviction, is tied irrevocably to the source of her unhappiness is a little worse off than the spinster who can analyze what ails her and then, without hurting anyone but herself, do something about it.

But unhappy married women are not typical married women any more than unhappy spinsters are typical spinsters. The case for spinsterhood is not a case against marriage. We all know the manifold blessings of wedlock, but I'm pleading for a little recognition of the solid blesssings of singleness.

Take next the popular idea that a woman is not fulfilling her natural destiny if she doesn't marry.

If naturalness were the issue, fewer women would marry, for the driving force behind many blushing nods of acceptance is not nature, but convention. Most women *are* built for marriage, and domesticity, and child bearing, but a great many who don't want children and who spend many long years trying unsuccessfully to encourage their vestigial homemaking instincts, get married because they are afraid not to. They become the wives who are cold to their husbands and the mothers who are nervous and ineffectual with their children.

Women possess as diversified natures as men, and if some do not marry their reasons are usually just as natural as other women's reasons for doing so. For example, many women just don't have a strong physical need for men. They like men, or enjoy male company, but not on a 99-year lease. Men of the same temperament are called "natural-born bachelors" and are considered charming and useful members of society. But how many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natural-born spinsters do you know who are considered either charming or useful?

A corollary to the "natural destiny" cliché is the conception that spinsters are distorted creatures because they are forsaking a holy duty by not bearing children. But why can't a spinster have children? I am not advocating free love, nor do I believe artificial insemination will be generally accepted for a good thousand years. But legal adoption is an honorable and established practice. Making a home for a homeless child is not only a personal satisfaction but a real contribution to society. If the spinster-mother is not a true homemaker and good mother the sharp and critical eye of the law would never let her adopt a child in the first place, and would quickly deprive her of it if she should change her ways. Right now there is a real shortage of children available for adoption, but that wasn't true in the past and will undoubtedly cease in the future. I have known several "bachelor mothers." They were both fulfilling their duties and satisfying their personal needs. They were good mothers, for they had children because they really wanted them.

All right, you say; maybe an unmarried woman enjoys her youth, and can tolerate her middle age, but isn't she bound to spend a lonely and often penniless old age?

I'm not an old woman yet, but I can look into my approaching antiquity without exactly straining my eyes. Why should I spend my old age alone? I don't know one single older person who is doing so except by choice. Loneliness has fewer terrors at all times for the spinster, for she has met and conquered it early in life. A married woman's whole pattern of life is constructed around her husband, and when she loses him—either temporarily to a golf or poker game, or permanently at his death—the keystone is removed from the arch. Unless she is unnaturally strong-minded she has learned to depend on her husband in ways small and great; sometimes the most terrible part of losing him is the disruption of that comfortable and familiar routine on which a person's day to day life is built. While the married woman is fretting at being a golf widow, or bowling widow, or clubman's widow, the young spinster is developing resources of her own, learning to adapt herself to all kinds of people and situations. Contrary to popular belief she knows better how to spend her time than a married woman, for she has had to think it out for herself.

THE GREATEST danger of spinsterhood lies not in the nature of the role, but in the fact that public opinion is so strong it often turns spinsters into crotchety old maids. Your women friends compliment you by saying "You're so attractive, dear, I wonder why you never married?" Though men usually accept your singleness as if it were perfectly natural, occasionally there is one who blurts out, "some fellow was a fool not to snap you up." You get so used to hearing the word "frustrated" applied to you (you aren't supposed to hear it, of course) that you begin to think it's an old family name. Every time you leave a gathering because you have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an "engagement" some witty friend will say: "Anything serious?" And if you ever venture even a kindly criticism about a man, your head buzzes with the unspoken words—"Sour grapes." So, from time to time, you start defending yourself, and that's the fork in the road where you can wander off into becoming an embittered old maid—in other words, when you start acting as you are expected to act.

At this point you may start wearing a ring to disguise your ringless third finger, left hand; you may avoid groups or organizations because people might think you joined to "meet someone." Unless your physical appearance is downright grotesque, you get self-conscious in talking to your friends' husbands, because for some reason women who think you're too unattractive to rate a proposal apparently think their husbands are dopes enough to be attracted to you. You start protesting overmuch—and there you are, back again holding that great big fat bunch of sour grapes. Spinsters would be a happier lot if the suspicious married world would take the heat off.

As a matter of fact, they are happy anyway. There is a very little difference between a happy and successful spinster and a happy and successful wife. In both cases good humor, graciousness, imagination, energy, ambition, reap their just rewards.

Take Judith, a friend of mine I might cite as the typical home girl spinster. She kept house for her father and brother for many years. Her brother's marriage was followed closely by her father's death. On a modest inheritance she maintains the family homestead, entertains frequently, is active in local club work—and three years ago adopted two children. There is nothing frustrated or eccentric about her. Hers is a full, happy life.

Or take Katherine, who might be called a "career spinster." She is enjoying outstanding success in her business field, for she has had freedom to devote herself to it. She can choose her own friends, her own apartments, her own vacation spots. She knows how to dress and how to carry herself because she is constantly rubbing elbows with the world, and she is quick witted and well informed for the same reason. Does she miss a partner? Not really. She has 10 times as much intellectual companionship as a married woman, for she meets and talks with people when they are at their best, not when they're deep in the sports section or reciting their latest troubles with the laundry. And as for loneliness, she spends very little time alone at home waiting for the phone to ring, and none whatsoever waiting for a husband to come back from a business trip.

Then there are the old fashioned "old maids"—the gray-haired school teachers, the elderly housekeepers, the maiden aunts. The beautiful part of being a real old maid is that you can cultivate your eccentricities without hurting, or even surprising, anyone. You can wear whatever you like, even if you bulge; you don't have to cater to a male disposition soured by taxes and dyspepsia.

It is assumed, even by the sympathetic, that there is always some *reason* why you never married. Yet if you tell the real reasons, married

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people won't belive them for they aren't *their* reasons. In my own case I had seen so much unhappiness in the so-called "good marriages" around me that I felt in giving up my perfectly happy singleness I would have everything to lose and very little to gain. I had proposals, and so did every spinster I know. Even women who don't exactly have to fight 'em off can usually arrange to get married if they really want to. A spinster, is therefore usually a girl who realized that a husband can be just as much a handicap as a wife.

But don't misunderstand me. We spinsters think marriage is dandy. But there is no inherent virtue either in marriage or spinsterhood. Both are good or bad according to what you make of them. Undoubtedly there are twice as many women made for marriage as women who aren't. Undoubtedly, too, a large percentage of the 750 thousand divorces in this country would have been happier as spinsters, and might even be spinsters, had they not been frightened by the reputedly horrible alternative.

Therefore, if you really want to understand spinsterhood, stop thinking of spinsters as women who for some reason failed to get married. Instead, start thinking of wives as women who for some reason failed to stay single.

Portugal on Parade

BRAZILIANS ARE INTENSELY PROUD of their Portuguese origin, but nonetheless they take delight in poking fun at the mother country. One story they love to tell concerns Portugal's defense measures.

It seems the country had decided to build an impregnable line against aggression. Tremendous guns pointing out of fixed portholes in huge concrete emplacements were set up along the frontier. But when the fortifications were inspected by the general staff, they received a terrific shock. The guns were satisfactory in every respect but one—they all pointed in toward Portugal. And they could not be reversed except by destroying the entire line.

To the intense relief of all concerned, a way out of the dilemma was finally discovered. It was decided to offer the line of forts—at a reduced price—to Spain.

ANOTHER BRAZILIAN FAVORITE is the story about a Portuguese submarine. The captain had intercepted a cargo ship and ordered the crew off, preparing to sink the vessel. Since it was too far to reach land by lifeboats, he took the men aboard the sub. But it soon became obvious, when about half the ship's crew were comfortably bedded down on the sub, that there wouldn't be room for all.

Angry and upset, the captain sent the men back to their ship. Then he suddenly realized that wouldn't do as he had already reported a sinking to headquarters.

So the captain moved himself and his own crew aboard the cargo ship—and sank the submarine.

—S. J. SABIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Time out for comedy. A dour uncle and a talking dog conspire to bring you a smile

Grin and Share It

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

IT WAS A beautiful spring weekend, and the city slicker decided to take his good-sized family to visit an old uncle on the farm. When they piled out of the bus, he led the way into the house. There was an awkward pause after the introductions as the visitors looked around for some place to sit. The parlor had only two chairs.

"Uncle, I don't believe you have enough chairs," hinted the city relative broadly.

"That ain't it," muttered the old farmer. "I got plenty chairs—just too dern much company."

"WHY IS IT," asked the young girl making a show of interest, "that Naval officers wear blues in the winter and grays in the summer?"

"It's like this, Miss," the Naval officer replied, "In the winter the Navy fights for the North and in the summer it fights for the South."

PUT IN CHARGE of Protestant services at an advanced Marine base, the Catholic chaplain had only one handicap—the hymns were strange to him. One Sunday morning he was stuck. Standing in front of his congregation, he couldn't remember how the opening hymn began.

The Marines kept politely quiet until one Texas voice sang out: "That's all right, Chaplain. We'll take care of the singing, you just give us the devil."

AN AMERICAN medical officer was being shown through an insane asylum in England. He stopped by one of the inmates, another American, who was jabbering senselessly and covering the walls of his room with diagrams.

"A pathetic case," he commented.

"Yes," replied the superintendent. "He tried to explain to an Englishman what waffles are."

A BRITISH OFFICER was arguing with an American officer as to which army had the better discipline. As the American was giving his side of the argument, one of his men entered. It was a private. "Can I borrow the jeep tonight, sir?" he asked. "I've got to take my girl out."

"Sure," replied the officer. Then turning to the Briton, he said, "There's proof of our discipline. He needn't have asked me."

"NAME?" queried the immigration official.

"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.

The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.

"No—'Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.

"Then let's have your native name."

"Ah Choo." —STELLA ANN MAREK
Chicago Heights, Ill.

THE DEATH OF her husband Harry, a native East End Londoner, left Hattie disconsolate. Hopefully she attended a spiritualist meeting with the idea of contacting her husband. Her delight was unbounded when the medium said that Harry was there to talk to her. But still a bit skeptical, Hattie ventured, "Is it really you, 'Arry?"

Doubt faded when a man's voice replied in unmistakable cockney dia-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lect, "It's really me, 'Attie."

Convinced now, Hattie asked, "Are you 'appy, 'Arry?"

"Very 'appy, 'Attie," came the quick reply.

" 'Appier than you was with me on earth, 'Arry?" Hattie pressed.

"Much 'appier, 'Attie."

" 'Eaven must be a wonderful place, 'Arry," Hattie sighed, then gasped as Harry shouted:

'But I'm not in 'Eaven, 'Attie!"

—NAOMI BROWN
Chicago, Ill.

THE TEACHER asked a young pupil, "Leonard, do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes," said the child.

"Well, what letter comes after 'A'?"

"All of 'em." —KAY SULLIVAN
New York, N. Y.

SOCIAL CLIMBING was almost instinctive with Mrs. Elliot. She not only selected her own friends with prudence, but she kept a watchful eye on her children's playmates.

In the park recently, her little boy wandered off and struck up an acquaintance with another child playing near by. Hurrying over, Mrs. Elliot called her son aside and asked who the little stranger was.

"Why, Mother," answered the lad, wide-eyed, "he's the son of a general."

Mrs. Elliot beamed approvingly. "So young," she exclaimed, "and already the son of a general!"

—KURT PINTHUS
Washington, D. C.

THE APPLICANT for a factory's night-watchman job was a meek, delicate and defeated-looking Milquetoast. The manager glanced at him disdainfully. "We're looking for someone," he snapped, "who is alert, restless, uneasy, always on his toes. Someone who thinks the worst of everybody, who sleeps with one eye open, whose hearing is uncanny and who jumps at the slightest sound. Someone aggressive, brave, dangerous, impatient, ill-tempered, a fiend . . ."

The applicant nodded in understanding. "I'll send my wife around."

—KAY MEDFORD
New York, N. Y.

THE TALL, stooped figure of a Tennessee mountaineer entered the "Wag" recruiting station leading an intelligent-looking hound at the end of a leash. "I want you to take my dog," drawled the hill boy.

At that point the dog began to mutter and swear.

"Wow!" The recruiter leaped back. "That dog can talk!"

"Yup," replied the Tennesseean, "I teached him how, but enough's enough. The dern fool done met up with another dog what is deaf and dumb, and now he wants me to learn him the sign langwich!"

—S/SGT. MARION A. VENTURINI
A.P.O., New York, N. Y.

AN ENGLISHMAN, watching some Yank soldiers playing poker, was horrified to find one of the boys cheating. Finally he spoke up. "Gentlemen," he said, "I feel it my duty to tell you that this person dealt the last card from inside his shoe."

"So what?" shrugged one of the other players. "It's *his* deal, isn't it?"

—MIRIAM JORDAN
London, England

THE WOMAN, double-chinned and portly, waddled into the doctor's sanctum. The physician threw up his hands in horror. "My good woman," he exclaimed, "you are stouter than ever! Have you been following the treatment I prescribed? Are you sure you ate exactly what I ordered?"

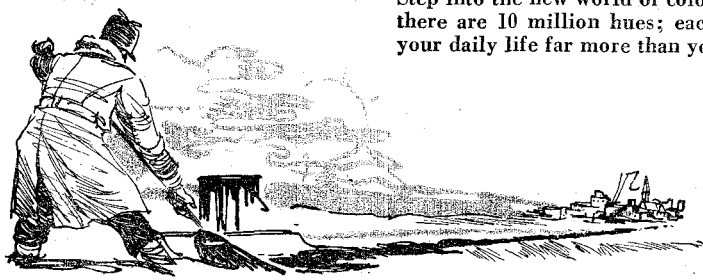
"Everything," she replied.

"And nothing else?"

"Nothing whatever," she insisted, "except, of course, my regular meals."

—PHILIP C. BEATON
Stockton, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Step into the new world of color. Theoretically there are 10 million hues; each affecting your daily life far more than you may surmise

The Power of Color

by GEORGE D. GAW, *Director of Color Research Institute*

WHEN THE Belgian scientists and famous twins, Auguste and Jean Piccard, made their first flight into the stratosphere in 1931, they painted their gondola white. It gathered ice and they nearly froze to death. On the second trip upward in 1932, they painted the gondola black, and they almost burned up. Later two American Marine officers flew into the stratosphere with half of the gondola painted light and the other half dark, and they rode in comfort—it was cool where they breathed and warm about their feet.

Color is a first aid to comfort in many ways. Members of a South Pole expedition kept their drinking water from freezing by painting the canvas water bags black. During daylight, these water bags absorbed sufficient heat from the sun to raise the water temperature to 60 degrees above zero, although the outside air was 35 degrees below.

Two years ago Soviet Russia, which used to keep its northern fleet painted red, changed to black for heat conservation, and obtained remarkable results not only in comfort but the efficiency of their crews.

The ability of black to absorb heat is strikingly demonstrated each year in a New England ice-bound harbor. Before the usual spring thaw comes, snow is swept off the ice, and a huge black strip is painted the entire width of the channel out to open sea. It retains the sun's heat, melts the ice, opens the harbor to incoming boats and releases the ice-bound ships weeks before nature would.

In Estes Park, Colorado, the windows of some whitewashed cottages always froze up. Owners tried painting them black, and their troubles with ice lessened. Black-top roads melt off ice coatings much more quickly than white roads—the reason: they absorb

"We are just beginning to comprehend the world of color," says 56-year-old George D. Gaw, nationally known color expert. A Kentuckian by birth, Mr. Gaw now lives in Glencoe, Illinois. He has been experimenting and working with color for the last 30 years. For the past six he has been Director of the Color Research Institute, which has pioneered in studying the psychological, visibility and legibility aspects of color.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more heat and radiation melts the ice. Likewise the black line down the middle of a white pavement always clears its ice-covering first.

Black horses are affected more by heat than horses of other colors. They absorb the sun's rays, get overheated more quickly and do not live as long as white horses.

Experts in the field of color research know well the results of these experiments. However, the causes of some of these results are to this day inexplainable.

The power of color is nowhere more forcefully demonstrated than in the field of health. Color engineers have done effective work for the airlines in the prevention of "flying sickness." They discovered that browns and yellows tend to provoke nausea, while greens and blues avert it. On the advice of its expert, one airline discontinued serving mayonnaise, and at the same time changed its sheets, pillow cases and blankets in the airliner sleepers from white to green tints.

An amazing demonstration with color in a Chicago hotel not long ago brought violent reactions to the use of certain colors. The guests, invited to dinner, duly sat down to tables laden with luscious golden-brown steaks, crisp vegetables and appetizing salads, together with tempting desserts.

It was a festive dinner party. The diners ate with great delight, interspersing their eating with conversation. Then without warning, the lights gradually changed color. The room for a few moments was illuminated with specially designed lamps, which eliminated all of the colors of the spectrum except green and red.

The celery turned to a gaudy pink, steaks became grayish-white, milk was transformed into blood-red, and the salad shaded from green to a sickly blue, while side dishes of peanuts shifted to crimson.

Within a very short time—a few minutes in fact—some of the guests became mildly nauseated while others were taken violently ill. Eating stopped immediately, for everyone had completely lost appetite.

A progressive Toledo department store used to frown upon sales employes who wore garments other than black or navy blue in color. Then a new personnel director was hired, and he proceeded to lift the ban. He encouraged women employes to wear clothes gayer in color. Sales girls and clerks proved to be more alert and enthusiastic, and the atmosphere of the store became brighter and more colorful.

Try This

ENGAGING in parlor tricks is guaranty for a happy, informal get-together in many homes. Lesser known and lesser practiced are color-tricks, many of which may be devised from Mr. Gaw's illuminating findings on "The Power of Color." For example, the power of black is easily demonstrated by taking a black piece of cloth, wrapping it firmly around a cube of ice and tying it tightly. Using a white piece of cloth and a cube, do likewise. Then place both wrapped cubes in the sun. It will pay off to bet that the ice cube wrapped in the black cloth will melt before the one in the white cloth does. For it will. Physicists' explanation of this is that black absorbs and holds heat; the exact opposite being true of white.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was even reported that the cash register soon jingled with more and greater sales.

In Camden, New Jersey, a whole neighborhood was aroused when a building was painted a bright glaring yellow with red and black lettering, which reflected a ghastly glare on the front of houses opposite. The official complaint said that the clash of colors "creates a nuisance which endangers health, physical and mental well-being." The emotional disturbance was so extensive that the city authorities considered taking steps to calm down the color-excited populace.

A Chicago wholesale meat market, located in the famous stockyards, one time found its business melting away like ice in summer. It was an old, established house which always had sold the choicest meat products and its display room was its pride. The management had changed the decorations, anticipating an increase of business as a result. Distracted and alarmed when it slumped instead, the owner finally summoned experts to tell him what was wrong.

"Your color scheme is the trouble", one investigator told him. "You have bright yellow walls and ceiling. Yellow produces a blue afterimage."

The color expert showed the owner how people had their sight "poisoned" by the varying shades of yellow. Because of the blue afterimage, the rich, red meat took on a purplish hue and made the customers think it was stale and even spoiled. He advocated a color that would enhance the red. A bluish-green color was introduced. The meats became more inviting than ever—with the red made redder, and the white of the bones whiter.

Color is a good antidote for mosquitoes. An expert says that if you are not fond of them, put a blue light where you are *not* going to be, and it will draw them. Put a red light where you *are*, and they won't come around. Insects apparently associate the blue light with blue sky and open space. Red is associated with danger even by insects, and they will stay away from it, except for insects which are themselves red. Some owners of fruit groves, which are infested by bugs, put out blue neon lights to draw the insects into cremators that kill them by the bushel.

THAT THE effective use of color can do wonders in business has been proved time and time again, both by test and by experience. When a seed company changed its catalogue from black and white to color, the average sale increased from less than a dollar to nine dollars each. A cafeteria more than doubled its sales of salads by putting them on green plates instead of white. Tests have shown that white eggs sell best from blue-lined containers, but brown eggs sell better from cartons lined with white. An electrical concern lost a 250-thousand dollar South American order for flat-irons because it equipped them with black handles. A shrewd competitor used red handles and got the business.

A prominent department store in one of our big cities advertised dresses in black-and-white ads which brought 35 thousand dollars in business; it put the same ad in color, using the same publication space,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and drew 130 thousand dollars in business.

What you can do by throwing a party with lighting effects was demonstrated recently by a Hollywood actress who used magenta lights to good effect. Rays which were a cross between red and purple hid the wrinkles of the middle-aged and made them look younger. No liquor was served, yet everyone had a good time. They were, so to speak, intoxicated with color.

It has also been proved that people in night clubs will stay longer and spend more money under amber light than under any other.

How many colors are there? Nobody knows. Estimates vary from several thousand to the theoretical 10 million recently established by the U. S. Bureau of Standards. Color shades and tints are more infinite than sound tones. A specific color design is simply an arrangement of elements in the sight world as music is an arrangement of elements in the world of sound. That isn't the only likeness, for color is vibration just as sound is, and the two make their appeals to the emotions. Color is potentially the more powerful, because most of our sensations are gained through sight. Sound has been more researched than color has and, therefore, is better understood.

Probably one of the cleverest adaptations of color to a practical problem occurred last fall during the tomato gathering season in southern Illinois. Only inexperienced help could be secured, mostly women. They didn't know the exact tint tomatoes should be for picking for canning purposes. Thus many tomatoes were gathered too green, and others too ripe.

An appeal was made to Purdue University to solve the problem. Professor Harry Short concocted a plan that worked beautifully. He developed a nail paint the shade of red that tomatoes should be for picking; then he had all the pickers paint their fingernails with that paint. As a picker reached for a tomato, she or he matched the nail polish with the tomato skin. If they harmonized, the fruit was picked.

Scornets

When Heywood Broun was a reporter for the New York *World*, he was sent to interview the pompous Senator Smoot from Utah. The Senator haughtily informed Broun: "I have nothing to say."

"I know that," replied Broun. "Now let's get down to the interview."

—J. N. Baker

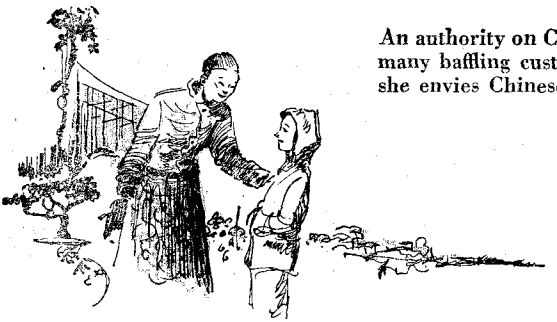
Madame de Staël, the French authoress, was noted for a pungent wit. At a gathering one evening she unfortunately was seated by a former friend whom she had crossed off the list because of some smarting remarks the man had made about her.

"I have been quite ill of blood poisoning," he ventured dolefully. "My physicians have no idea how I contracted it."

Madame de Staël looked at him coldly. "You may have bitten your own tongue." —Albert A. Brandt

The sailor turned to the dining room hostess with a sweet smile. "Just as a matter of curiosity," he asked, "did the waiter who took my order leave any heirs?" —*The Hoist*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An authority on China, this author explains many baffling customs of that land, tells why she envies Chinese their brand of immortality

From My Chinese Notebook

by EMILY HAHN

WE HAVE LEARNED a good deal about China in the past few years, and we will probably learn more when the war is over and our soldiers come back from the Pacific campaigns. There are still a few misconceptions that we ought to clear up, though, in advance of the peace. Here are a few random observations about the lives and customs of the Four Hundred Million that would have stood me in good stead had I known about them when I first went to the Orient.

Those people who deprecate intermarriage between Caucasian and Oriental invariably present as a clinching argument this statement: "It's so hard on the children. The poor kids are rejected by both races, white and yellow alike. They don't belong anywhere."

This is not quite accurate. Europeans in the Far East may reject the "Eurasian," but the Chinese do not except under certain conditions. They decidedly do refuse to accept a Chinese-European who is ashamed of his origin and attempts to get into the closed circle of Europeans. But any Eurasian who accepts his Chinese blood as a matter of course and who elects to be Chinese is welcomed.

In one way there is no race-prejudice in China; in another way there is. Most old-fashioned Chinese oppose any marriage they think lowers the tone of the family, and marriage with a white person—in their estimation—does this. If, however, one of their children does marry a white they hold no prejudice against any child of the marriage unless he denies his heritage. Many a Eurasian has lived and died as a Chinese, without bringing his existence to the attention of the Europeans of his colony.

"My grandmother was French,"

Emily Hahn's life has been as jampacked with interest as any of her numerous literary works. Her latest book, China to Me, a "partial autobiography," is lively with detail about her sojourn in that land. When Emily went to dinner parties in Shanghai, she was always accompanied by a group of gibbons, her favorite pets, garbed in sable fur coats. During her stay in the Orient from 1935 until the Gripsholm's voyage here in 1943, she met many famous people, wrote her book, The Soong Sisters.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Chinese girl will say to me carelessly, without any desire either to conceal this fact or to boast of it. Why should she? It is merely a fact, a fact which has never caused her any trouble or tension. We talk lightly of the Chinese capacity to "absorb" peoples, never stopping to think that it takes real tolerance to make such absorption possible.

The Chinese also believe firmly that a wife should follow her husband. Thus, a Frenchwoman married to a Chinese man automatically becomes a Chinese, and joins her husband's house. A French *man* marrying a Chinese woman would *not* be absorbed by her family; she would be expected to follow him, and her children would be considered French by the Chinese, if not by the French. In such cases, however, the French are much more civilized than ourselves and do not penalize innocent children for their mixed blood. Nevertheless, such a child who elects to be Chinese will be accepted by the Chinese community.

There are many rules of courtesy observed by the Chinese that we still don't understand, and our ignorance has hindered our friendship with the Orient. One of the first things I was told when I arrived in Shanghai was that the Chinese set no store by human life.

As illustration, foreigners said that Chinese of their acquaintance showed no grief when their relatives died. Accidents in the street, it was said, called forth no expression of pity from Chinese observers. On a houseboat party one day, I happened to witness a drowning. A peasant boy while swimming in the river was caught by the current and dragged downstream to his death. My host, making enquiries, was indignant because a Chinese boatman standing nearby actually laughed as he described the accident to us.

The man did laugh, but it is possible he felt normal shock and pity over the tragedy, nevertheless. The difference between his behavior and ours was due, not to any difference in our emotional reactions, but to a wide divergence in manners. It is discourteous in China to show unpleasant emotions if you can help it. A man who expresses grief, horror or anger to an extreme degree is a man showing himself to be uncontrolled and unmannerly. The perfect gentleman in China conceals his grief, because it is discourteous to embarrass his friends, and who will deny that a weeping man *is* embarrassing? Not I.

Going to a funeral in China is a different matter. I am prepared for grief. I expect it, in others and also in myself. The dead man's relatives are permitted, even required by their code of etiquette, to cry vigorously at the funeral. They also wear mourning clothes. But in the street, away from the funeral obsequies, that's another matter.

I've known a man to giggle while telling me of his child's death. He didn't laugh because he felt merry. His laughter was a deliberate, trained gesture, designed to remove any necessity on my part to express sympathy. That's always a painful thing for a friend to do, and he let me off. I knew him well and I can vouch for it that he felt no more like laughing than you would, if your child died.

All the same, the Chinese do not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feel exactly as we do about death. We suffer from a sense of finality even when we believe in an afterlife. The Chinese not only *know* they will see their own again, but they don't feel that they have quite lost anyone, even through death. That belief is a much cozier and more comforting one than ours.

A man who dies in China doesn't leave his family either in spirit or the flesh. His body is embalmed and kept in a coffin, and the coffin is usually put into a "funeral home" for three years before it is buried in the ancestral grave-plot. On his birthday his relatives celebrate for him, in the vicinity of the coffin if possible. Even when the coffin is buried it is put into a family resting place, and visited often.

The coffin is not forgotten, ever, and on every feastday there is some little ceremony of special remembrance. These parties are entirely gay and unselfconscious. Nobody who attends the celebration is oppressed by sorrow. One gambles, feasts, makes jokes. It's just a family party. In spirit, too, the dead man is still welcomed to the junketing; at New Year's he is honored and fussed over; he joins his companion dead at the family table for the most important part of the ceremony, and then retires to the sidelines with the other spirits to look on smilingly while the living have their fun.

I fiercely envy Chinese their brand of immortality. Nothing can remove the sting of death, but at least the poignancy of the first pain is dulled by this happy confidence. Our Heaven, even when we believe in it, is a far-off and unfamiliar state of perfection and it fades to cold pastel colors in comparison with the eternal humanity of the Chinese dead.

I would like to move my own ancestors and relatives from their Heaven and see them settled down comfortably in the Chinese afterworld, before I die myself. True, they would first have to make a tortuous journey through a Chinese purgatory, but it would be worth it. Then, of course, I would want to reserve a place for myself along with them, right there, close to earth, where I could keep an eye on the beloved imperfect world I need not desert forever.

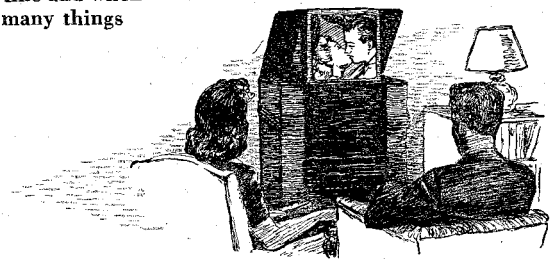
Native Wit

IN THE DAYS of the Old West, a distinguished churchman stopped on his journey across the country to speak at an Indian village. Before leaving for the meeting, he asked his host, the Indian chief, whether it would be safe to leave personal belongings in the teepee. "Oh, yes," replied the chief, "there is not a white man within a hundred miles."

AN INDIAN CHIEF stopped in at a delicatessen and ordered a ham sandwich. When it was served, he opened it and looked for the ham. Then he motioned to the waiter. "You slice ham?" "Yes," answered the waiter. The chief grunted. "Ugh! You almost miss!" —JOHN NEWTON BAKER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Television is not just around the corner. It's here! But what it will be like and when we will have it depends on many things



Report on Television

by MAURICE ZOLOTOW

TELEVISION IS ONE of those wonderful post-war dreams we've all heard much about and with which we've had little firsthand experience. Yet recent surveys indicate that from 40 to 60 per cent of the population will want television sets when merchandise of all kinds is again available.

Leaders in television circles predict this new industry will help sparkplug the reconversion years and give jobs to 500 thousand men. DuMont, Farnsworth, Philco, General Electric, RCA, Zenith and other manufacturers will be able to provide your home with tele sets within 12 to 18 months after the war's end. Small table sets with a six-by-ten-inch screen will sell for 150 dollars; RCA has a 395-dollar job, a low-slung streamlined model, with a 16-by-20-inch screen, reflecting images projected by a cathode-ray tube in the base.

Tuning a telecast isn't quite the simple matter of snapping on your radio. About 15 minutes of twirling and adjusting are necessary. It takes the neophyte a week or so to get the knack of it. There are six knobs on the set, the first two controlling the image. As you tune in, your screen suddenly becomes filled with a scramble of what seem like dozens of wriggling, squirming, agitated worms; you calm down the squiggles by playing with the knob marked "horizontal hold," and then you work another knob marked "vertical hold." Gradually, the wavy, nervous lines come into focus and become an image. It is like the image on a photograph taken by an amateur on the average camera. Around the edges of the screen the figures are blurry, and in the background the figures are frequently distorted and dwarfed. But engineers have overcome the flickering, jerky quality of pre-war telecasts, and today a television program—if it is at all smoothly produced—is exciting entertainment. You have to sit pretty close to the screen and you have to darken the room for best results.

The other knobs control the sound, the various station channels (your set will probably be able to get five stations), the contrasts of black and white, and the amount

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of brightness on your screen.

The tele set is, from every angle, a more complicated contraption than the radio. It has—not including the cathoderay tube—more than 30 different small tubes, and it contains a miniature power-station which steps up the house current to a high-voltage of 25 thousand volts, enough to murder any household electronicist who tries to fool around with his set and fix it himself. The tele set is so involved that 90 per cent of the radio servicemen will have to go to school for several months to learn how to repair and service these sets.

SINCE LATE in 1943, nine stations have been telecasting from six to eight hours every week.

Recently, I have watched several telecasts. There are only seven thousand tele sets in the country, and probably less than one thousand were tuned in to the telecast I watched. These programs are produced at great expense to train technicians, program producers and actors in this new medium.

Staging a television show is more like movie-making than radio broadcasting. Television has its directors, lighting experts, sound engineers, cameramen. In tele circles the camera is called the iconoscope or ike, and it is set on a dolly, or moveable tray. A tele engineer will say, "The ike dollied down on the actor." Actually he means that the camera moved in for a close-up shot. But, unlike a Hollywood studio, television doesn't have a cutting-room, or editing of film, or retakes of badly done scenes. Like a radio broadcast, a telecast is final.

You immediately feel the contrast to radio broadcasting as we have known it. For one thing, the control room is in total darkness so that the engineers can study the three screens on their desks. Below them is the studio, a huge, high-ceilinged room, with the proportions of a grand ballroom. On this are sprawled the sets for various scenes, two television cameras which can be rolled in any direction, a movable overhanging boom microphone, dozens of reflectors hanging from the ceiling, which contain hundreds of long fluorescent bulbs providing what must be a blinding glare for the performers.

From where I stood in the glass-enclosed control room of a television station in New York, I could look down and watch the performers gesticulate and walk around. And then, by merely taking a few steps back to the rear of the control room, I could look at a television receiving set and get an idea of how the action would look in the home. It was an exciting experience. Television projects a sense of intimacy and close realism which no other form of art has ever been able to develop. The iconoscope gives you life itself: the creases in the taffeta gown of the girl singer, the self-conscious smile of the pianist whose fingers have slipped and smeared a chord, the quivering lip of the news commentator as he stutters while losing his place in the script.

The slightest slip or *fluff* is immediately magnified by the microscopic ike. Nor can there be any editing or revision of a telecast. A stage actor—keyed up though he is during a performance—knows that if he makes a mistake he can either cover himself with an *ad lib* or, at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the worst, will only be shamed before several hundred spectators. The radio star, when he stumbles, falls on his face before many million listeners. For this reason, the atmosphere during a radio broadcast has always been tense. This characteristic of radio is carried over into television and intensified.

Television requires more rehearsal time. A half-hour show, like Bob Hope's, is rehearsed for three hours. On tele, it will require from eight to twelve hours because every performer must be letter-perfect and have memorized every word of his script down to the slightest flicker of an eyelash.

JOHN F. ROYAL, NBC vice-president in charge of television, says that telecasting will change the complexion of radio entertainment more than sound movies transformed Hollywood. "A tele actor," says Royal, "will have to be what we call a 'quick study,' a person who can memorize his lines quickly and remember the director's instructions and all his cues. Doubtless this means the end of the five-times-a-week daytime serial, for no actor on earth can memorize a new script every day in the week. The stage actor memorizes his part and then plays that same part with the same words for six months or a year. We shall have to adapt this 'long run' idea to television. When a successful play or show has been staged on television, we will repeat it many times. Television cannot stand the wastage of radio."

Already the technicians have begun to solve the problems of this new medium, to invent little tricks. They use all sorts of optical illusions — silhouettes, dioramas, baloptikons, magic lanterns. Bud Gamble, producer of tele shows, has experimented with light fantasy—ballet girls appearing to dissolve into ocean waves, a boy and girl riding on a magic carpet in a sky of clouds. Films have been used to give a scenic background.

The director, who has a complex script marked with video and audio cues, keeps about 30 seconds ahead of the action. He talks into a small mike. The mike is hooked up to earphones worn by the cameramen, the man in charge of the boom microphone, and the "floor manager," who darts about trying to keep things under control. The director gives his directions rapidly. He tells his cameras to move slowly in for a close-up or a fade-out. He tells the floor manager to prepare for a shift of action, a change of scene. He tells the boom mike to back away or to shift to another part of the stage. He tells the announcer to be prepared for the station-break. He is also whispering instructions to his assistants, and to the engineers who regulate the volume of sound and the focusing of the image.

With Gilbert Seldes, the noted critic, in charge of programming, one television station in New York is gradually groping its way to the sort of programs that best lend themselves to telecasting. During the two-hour program I witnessed, there were 15 minutes of commentating, in which the cameras traveled from the commentator's face to one of three maps on which moveable pointers indicated the places being discussed. Then followed 15 minutes of vocalizing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by a singer-pianist, assisted by a rhythm quartet and a tap dancer. Although I had begun to grow restless during the commentating, I found every moment of the music fascinating.

Then came a half hour quiz, by far the most entertaining part of the entire program. The master of ceremonies prodded his contestants, who blushed and said foolish things. There was a live duck swishing its tail, and quacking loudly. The contestants had to guess how many feathers the duck had. One man was blindfolded and rubbed the noses of three women; he had to guess which of them was his daughter's. All this, and the self-conscious, smirking answers the contestants gave to questions about their occupations was funny.

Programs like Ralph Edwards' *Truth or Consequences* will be very popular in television. Also, slapstick comedians like Jimmy Durante, whose routine is based on a certain amount of crude spontaneity, rough-and-tumble, throwing things around, kicking the piano, ripping up the orchestra's music. Less convincing, I think, will be the type of program that has to be carefully and scrupulously rehearsed, because television starkly reveals every mistake. "I have not seen a satisfactory teledrama yet," says Mr. Seldes. "We will have to evolve new forms of story telling."

TELEVISION, of course, will bring new kinds of programs. One New York station has done Arthur Murray giving dancing lessons to WAVES. Other stations have done fashion shows, magic tricks, acrobats, ventriloquists and art lectures.

From the viewpoint of the spectator, television may bring about some startling readjustments in his entertainment habits. The odd thing about radio has always been that you could listen to it and go about your household affairs.

Television, however, demands as much—and possibly more—active concentration on the visual impression as the movies. You can't watch a telecast while you're knitting or reading the evening paper.

It is likely that the very nature of visual entertainment *in the home* will preclude the successful presentation of any kind of lengthy dramatic show. When the spectator is in a position to casually get up at any time and walk to another part of the house to get a cigarette, the fabric of illusion so cunningly created by dramatist, director and actors is easily torn apart. Even a motion picture doesn't hypnotize as well as a stage play because in the motion-picture theatre there are always people moving around and ushers walking back and forth.

The men who invented reserved seats, separate acts, and intermissions, contributed as much to the illusion of the theatre as did the men who developed costumes and scenery.

Unless people get into the habit of setting aside one room in the house as a miniature theatre, television will never successfully do plays. It can never be the sort of all-day phenomenon that radio is in many homes, where the radio never ceases from morning till night. People will tune on their television sets to hear a specific program or to watch a specific personality. The fatigue point in watching television

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is quickly reached—I should say in about 90 minutes.

Television, therefore, is far from a threat to the movies or the stage. People who want the dramatic illusion will still want to go to a theatre. Neither is television a threat to magazines or to books. Talking, lecturing, the communication of abstract ideas is boresome via television. The ability to go back and reread a difficult passage in a book or an article is not possible here, nor can you ask questions or heckle as you can in a lecture hall.

Television won't put the night clubs out of business, either. The pleasure you feel in a night club isn't entirely due to the floorshow—there is also the sense of community celebration arising from your being part of a large group of people.

How about symphonic music or opera? Televised opera seems to face the same obstacles as teledrama, although one station in New York is very proud of a 48-minute condensed version of *Carmen*, staged by Dr. Herbert Graf of the Metropolitan Opera Company. And my guess is that people who like to listen to a Beethoven symphony want to listen to the pattern of the music and not to see close-ups of a violinist sawing away at a fiddle or a tympanist beating a kettledrum. The musician tends to distract from the music. In order to make a Kate Smith type of telecast interesting, you've got to weave a little story around the singer and give her an excuse for singing.

Television, then, while it will be a tremendously warm and pleasant form of entertainment with a flavor of immediacy unique to it, will not be the post-war revolution that many people in show business have been predicting it would be. Television can do certain things very well: spontaneous quiz and other "audience participation" programs, round-tables at which argumentative intellectuals can shout each other down, rough-and-tumble comedy programs, short musical selections, mainly swing or light classical. Most important of all will be the "special events" telecast, in which ike and mike go out into the real world and communicate something which is actually happening and which has an inherent drama: a boxing-match, a race, a political parade, a session of Congress.

My guess is that many television programs will eventually tend toward the variety formula of vaudeville, in which there was a quick succession of acts, each no more than 10 minutes in duration, and each very different from the one before. All the acts, jugglers and acrobats, who were driven into hiding when technology killed off vaudeville, will soon, by another quirk of technology, find themselves prospering.

It's a nice sort of poetic justice.

Easter Lamb ➡

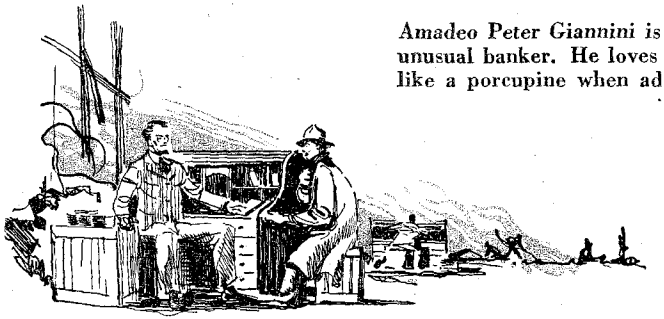
Easter morn breaks crystalline clear on a green-topped hillside. Fresh pink and white buds blossom brightly against a blue Spring sky. And frolicking merrily in the crisp, tall grass a satin be-ribboned lambkin pauses momentarily to greet us. Fleecy white, the little lamb is symbolic of Easter everywhere, to children and grownups alike. Not a care in the world, says he, and we can hardly blame him. In a like lovely spot in the wide open spaces, just who wouldn't feel gaily frolicsome and filled with the joy of freedom?

KODACHROME FROM MEAD-MADDICK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Amadeo Peter Giannini is the world's most unusual banker. He loves people and bristles like a porcupine when addressed as "Mister"

Giannini: Little Man's Banker

by JOHN L. COONEY

MR. AMADEO PETER GIANNINI'S office is about as private as Grand Central Station and he sits out in the open where anyone can see him. He answers his own phone and uses plain language. He rides the streetcars, lives in the same house he bought 40 years ago and bristles like a porcupine when anyone calls him "Mister." Furthermore, he loves people.

And to the everlasting astonishment of the die-hards in the cold and metallic world of money, this California rebel remains the world's most unique banker, a man admired by 10 thousand men and women employes in a fabulous institution —California's Bank of America.

Now nearing his 75th birthday Giannini, whom associates and employes call AP, is the boss of a bank that is now the second largest in the world, with 491 branches and 45 sub-branches in military camps, and with resources amounting to a dizzy four billion dollars. He's also head of Transamerica Corporation, a fabulous holding company whose long fingers reach into a dozen states and pour life-giving money into banks, insurance companies, war plants, movie companies and other components of American industry.

Today, at least three in every eight Californians are customers of the branches AP has scattered in 301 towns throughout the state. They go there because AP has made his banks as friendly and informal as breakfast in the kitchen, and because he has told each of his workers over and over: "Never get so big yourself that you forget the little fellow."

He is a particularly easy man for

← ***Easter Song***

The wistful, angelic face of Jennifer ones lends a poignant naïveté to Madion Lacy's lovely picture of the young David O. Selznick film star. Famed for ıer brilliant performance as the little aint in *The Song of Bernadette*, the part for vhich she was chosen the 1943 Academy Award winner, Jennifer imparts a vision of hymnals and stained glass windows to housands. The mother of two small boys, ennifer is athletic, a top-rate tennis player and expert swimmer. Fans eagerly await her newest picture, *Duel in the Sun*.

KODACHROME FROM VANGUARD FILMS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the people of the soil to approach, for agriculture was the springboard from which he made his spectacular dive into finance. Some years ago, for example, AP pioneered a plan which has enabled thousands of rural boys and girls to borrow up to 40 dollars without collateral or parental approval, for breeding and improving their own livestock. Recently a group of these juvenile farmers walked into the Wasco branch of the bank in southern California and paid off their loans with 1,500 dollars they had won with prize pigs and calves at the Kern County Fair.

"They're smart kids," AP said succinctly. "I'm for 'em."

AP's parents, Luigi and Virginia Giannini, came from Genoa, Italy, to California not many years after the state entered the Union, and began farming in a community where they knew neither the language nor the people.

Amadeo, their first child, was born in 1870 in a second-rate hotel at San Jose, 50 miles south of San Francisco. He was only seven years old when his father died, and subsequently his mother married Lorenzo Scatena, who was in the commission business.

As a youngster, AP used to steal out of the house at midnight and accompany Scatena to the markets —a wonderfully rough and raucous world where he learned the value of ready fists and plain talk. When he was 19, Scatena gave him a membership in the firm.

In his first few years in the commission business AP found a pretty bride in San Francisco, Miss Clorinda Cuneo; paid two thousand dollars down on a five thousand dollar home near San Mateo, and acquired half of Scatena's business. When he was 31, and the firm was the largest commission house in California, AP stunned friends by announcing his retirement.

His own explanation for this gesture is simple and blunt.

"So what!" he says, "I had plenty of money. My investments in real estate were paying me 250 dollars a month, and I sold my interest in the Scatena company to the employes, who promised to pay me out of the profits. When a fellow makes more than he needs, he's a slave to his money."

Ironically, death was the scene shifter who ended this early retirement and launched him on his second and real career. Joseph Cuneo, his father-in-law, died, and AP inherited his seat on the board of the Columbus Savings & Loan Society in San Francisco.

AP began promoting revolutionary changes at once. "We're old-fashioned," he said. "This is an Italian bank and we're only serving Italian people. Let's open up and serve 100 per cent of the people, not just 15 or 20."

The directors listened frostily, said nothing and did nothing.

"I didn't like that," he recalls, "so I told 'em I'd get my own bank."

He scraped together 150 thousand dollars from his friends and rented an abandoned one room tavern across the street from the Columbus bank—the humble genesis of the institution that now carries more savings and commercial accounts than any bank in this country.

And while other bankers in town sputtered, AP turned to direct mail advertising methods and wrote

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provocative letters to all the farmers and commission merchants he knew. He not only invited their deposits, but offered to make loans in which the only collateral was his faith in human nature.

By the spring of 1906 AP's salesmanship and unorthodox methods had parlayed his original capital into one million dollars of assets and he was just planning to expand when disaster struck. Shortly after 5 a.m. on April 18 the city of San Francisco was shaken like a bone in a giant terrier's teeth. The quake brought a violent awakening to the Giannini family in San Mateo.

"It doesn't look so bad here," AP said to his wife after a quick appraisal by candlelight. "But I've got to get to town."

Starting out in the smoky dawn, the young banker walked the 20 miles to San Francisco in four hours. AP's proud little bank was a shambles, but employes were already emptying the vaults.

"Most of the money was in silver and gold," AP recalls. "The fire that swept the city after the quake was only three blocks away and there wasn't a safe place anywhere for the money. I borrowed a couple of wagons from Scatena and we loaded them with the money and our records. There were a lot of oranges in one of the wagons and we used them to cover up our load. The money smelled of orange juice for weeks afterward."

When AP got home he rushed to an upstairs bedroom and hid the currency under some blankets. Then he pried up the bricks on the living room hearth, dug a hole and buried the silver and gold.

The next day AP went back to the smouldering city. Other bankers were urging a moratorium, but were forced into reopening when AP set up open-air desks on the waterfront and began operating with what he called "Calamity Day" books. He assured stricken families their cash was safe and made thousands of loans on sight, or with the meager security of passbooks from other banks. It was a performance of courage and confidence that was contagious in a city seemingly crushed and dying. AP's loans, in fact, were a powerful factor in rebuilding the shattered community, and it is significant that every one of them was repaid to the last dollar.

Early in 1907 AP made his first trip to New York to learn something about eastern banking methods.

He didn't like what he saw, and his uncanny mental barometer prodded him to hurry home and build a storm shelter. He returned to San Francisco and called a bank board meeting.

"Things are bad in the East," he said bluntly. "There's going to be plenty of trouble and if it gets bad enough there'll be a panic."

"What'll we do?" he was asked.

"Grab all the gold we can get," he said.

ABCD of Success

When A. P. Giannini, who runs the world's second largest bank, discloses his formula for success, it's worth noting. To the ambitious, he gives these four career pointers:

a. Pick a business you love.
b. Save $1,000 and invest it in that same business.
c. Own your own home.
d. Know what you want to be doing a year from today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the next few months operations hummed at the fledgling bank. In October when panic swept swiftly across the nation and struck the West Coast, AP was ready for it. When runs began at some of the San Francisco banks, AP reached into his gold pile and advertised in the newspapers that he would cash checks on any of the troubled banks. Thanks to his foresight, San Francisco quickly recovered, and millions of dollars poured into his bank from socks and sugar-bowl hoards.

Since that day the main bank has been a prolific parent, and has sent its young branch banks into every key community of California's thousand-mile-long area. He believes in the safety factor of geographical distribution, the same theory that protects war-plane assembly plants in today's conflict. AP's crusade against having all the eggs in one basket convinced many a skeptic during the 1933 depression, when scores of small town banks failed, but not one Giannini branch bank went down.

But AP has still another reason. "Branch banking," he says, "is the only way a small town can get the resources, brainpower and equipment of a four-billion-dollar bank. And when they've got it, the town starts growing."

Today most of his branch banks are out in the neighborhood shopping zones, small and simple structures flanked by the stores of those same little businessmen AP has always admired.

This informal policy has led the bank to place heavy emphasis on the problems of small business, and the files are studded with case histories of local boys who made good on loans. Many of these small business loans were made without security, but AP sees nothing unusual about that.

"Any banker can make a sound loan for a million dollars," he said. "But you don't get real constructive banking until you put up five hundred dollars for some fellow who has nothing but imagination and ambition."

AP took this same viewpoint when he first promoted a school savings plan 30 years ago. Thousands of California school children showed up with pennies and nickels clutched in grubby fists and started their own accounts with the special department established to work with the schools.

"We won't make any money with this idea," one executive complained.

"I didn't start it to make money," AP snapped. "We'll get our profit from better citizenship. Teach 'em thrift when they're young and they'll never forget it."

WITH THE WAR the bank launched its most ambitious special activity, branch banks in military camps. There's no profit in these enterprises, either, for GI Joe's only worry is where and how to get a check cashed.

At Camp Parks recently, for instance, five hundred Seabees were suddenly granted their last leave before going overseas. Almost without exception they had no cash and time was precious. The boys wired their families for money, and when the orders poured in they couldn't get out to cash them unless the bank came to the rescue.

A special crew from the Pleasan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ton branch piled into an armored car with 100 thousand dollars in cash, hurried to the camp and worked from Saturday until early Sunday morning cashing orders. The Seabees made their leaves on schedule.

All of AP's ideas haven't worked, though. Some years ago he reached the conclusion that America's pocketbook was controlled by women. "Why not have a department in the bank just for women customers?" he suggested. Before anyone came up with an answer he built a special bank on an entire floor of the main bank, complete with beautiful rugs, flowers, and an all-woman staff, specially trained Then he waited. And waited. The new department failed to draw a single customer, and AP sheepishly scrapped the whole idea.

Up to 1924 AP was paid a relatively small salary that never exceeded 50 thousand dollars a year. Since then he has drawn a modest dollar a year from which, he complains with feigned petulance, the state subtracts two cents for his old age retirement fund.

You can find him at his desk in San Francisco any business day. Swiveling in a huge chair, he looks like a gray-maned lion. He's six feet two inches tall, tops most of the other executives and he handles his 230-pound figure with the grace of a heavyweight fighter. He will talk to almost anyone, and surprises callers who expect to be detoured through a maze of secretaries and lesser officials.

He keeps his desk uncomfortably clean, gets along without buttons and buzzers, and has been known to yell "Hey!" when he wants something. There is only one ornament allowed on the desk, a color portrait of his wife, taken just three days before she died suddenly in December, 1941.

His eldest son, Mario, a quiet soft-spoken man who is known as the idea man of the bank, is now 50 years old and president of the Bank of America. Mario, a brilliant lawyer, helped his father plot and establish many a beachhead in the war of money, and AP hopes he will continue the rugged dynasty. Mario lives with his wife and two young daughters in Atherton, not far from his father's house.

His handsome, black-haired daughter, Claire, is married to Clifford ("Biff") Hoffman, Stanford University's great All-American fullback, now a San Francisco broker.

The bank's directors have long since abandoned talk about the day AP walks out for good, because they know he won't quit until he dies. And if there was ever any doubt about who's bossing the bank and the great Transamerica Corporation, AP made it quite clear at a directors' meeting one recent day, after the board had settled routine business.

"Now," said AP, "let's have a report on my new stock plan."

One of the directors looked up in embarrassment.

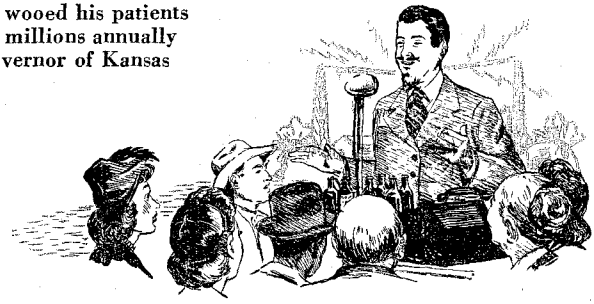
"I'm afraid the committee on that can't reach an agreement, AP," he said.

AP scowled and banged his big fist on the polished table. "Can't agree, eh?" he rumbled. "Well, let's get a new committee."

They did.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goat gland Dr. Brinkley wooed his patients by radio, fleeced them of millions annually and just missed being governor of Kansas



The Last Great Quack

by MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D., *Editor The Journal of the American Medical Association*

ON MAY 26, 1942, the Associated Press spread throughout the world the obituary notice of John R. Brinkley, M.D., Ph.D., M.C., LL.D., D.P.H., Sc.D., Lieut. U.S. N.R. Said the A. P.: "Death today closed the turbulent medical, political and radio career of Dr. John Richard Brinkley, 56, rejuvenation surgeon known popularly as 'the goat gland doctor.'" The New York *Times* gave him a column and a half with a picture.

At the height of his career, Brinkley had an income of two million dollars a year; he was a pioneer in the development of radio; he almost became governor of Kansas. He was, at the time of his death, one of the most widely known citizens of the United States. He was also by common consent the greatest charlatan the world has ever known.

In 1938 a description of Brinkley and his work was published in *Hygeia* under the title "Modern Medical Charlatans." He then sued the American Medical Association and myself as editor for 250 thousand dollars, claiming libel.

At the trial I had considerable opportunity to observe Brinkley. What I saw was a little man with a little gray goatee, wearing a gray suit. But the goatee and the suit were the only appurtenances that were not brilliant. On one hand he wore a diamond ring which was said to be 14 carats, and on the other hand another diamond ring said to be 11 carats. In his tie was a stickpin of a considerable number of carats. (Remember that diamonds are negotiable everywhere and easily transported when one must travel hastily.)

The illumination was not limited, however, wholly to the jewelry. Brinkley traveled to and from the courthouse in a great red 16-cylinder Cadillac, on which his name appeared 13 times.

The case ended when, after a short stay in the jury room, the jury found the editor of *Hygeia* to be not guilty of the charge of libel.

On the witness stand in the libel suit Brinkley had testified as to how the famous goat-gland operation originated. Here is his story:

"A very peculiar circumstance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happened at Milford, Kansas. I had only been there about two weeks, being a new doctor in town and having a little drugstore that I had opened up there, and different country people would drop into the drugstore to meet the new doctor and pay me their respects. This one man came in and got to talking with me about his impotency, and about whether we could take some glands out of an animal and put them into a man. I told him it was biologically impossible—that you couldn't transplant the glands from a higher order of animal kingdom to a lower or vice versa.

"To make a long story short, he furnished the animal, and I transplanted some glands into him, with results which were amazing and startling. A year later I delivered his wife of a fine baby boy.

"Of course the news got around in great fashion, and a cousin of his came to me and asked me to do the same thing on him and I did. Then they brought in one of their relatives—a banker who had lost his mind and who had been placed in an insane institution. They wanted to know if I thought glands would do him any good, and I said, 'No,' and they said, 'We want you to try it.' So they brought him down there, and I put those glands into him and that man recovered his mind and today is in charge of one of the biggest banks in Kansas City, Missouri."

Thus word of mouth advertising grew—and was augmented by publicity, especially through Sunday supplement stories of the rejuvenator who preached and who practiced goat-gland science. He opened his own hospital at Milford.

The next step for Brinkley was radio. "I thought it would be a nice thing to entertain the patients by having a radio station close to the hospital where they could lay in bed and listen in on their earphones," he explained it. At any rate, in 1923 he erected a station and began to give lectures.

"As a result, I received an enormous amount of mail," Brinkley said. "I couldn't answer it, and the only way it could be answered was on the radio. In 1929, from answering those letters over the radio, patients began to come to me."

Night after night Brinkley mixed music with announcements concerning the value of goat-gland transplants. He had developed an operation, claimed to be "the best thing known for impotency, high blood pressure, large prostate, sterility, neurasthenia, dementia praecox or any disease that is not malignant of the prostate." Patients who came to the hospital on Monday usually left by Friday; next week's patients were not to know how this week's patients were going. The hospital had about 50 beds; the average fee was 750 dollars.

By this time, the Kansas City *Star* and *The Journal of the American Medical Association* had begun to tell the truth about the Brinkley broadcasting, and eventually the Federal Radio Commission was moved to action. He had built his station in 1923; in June 1930 they refused to renew his license. So he sold the station in 1931.

Then the Kansas Board of Medical Examiners revoked his license to practice.

And now came his candidacy for governor in the state of Kansas. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had lost his radio station, but he toured the state in a truck equipped with a loud speaker, probably the first political candidate to use this technique. He promised free motor licenses, free textbooks, better roads. Kansas, he pointed out, is a dry state.

"If I am elected," he said, "I will build a lake in every county in Kansas. Then the water will be evaporated from these lakes and will pour down as gentle rain on the fertile fields of Kansas."

He filed late, so that it was necessary to insert his name in writing on the ballots. The election clerks were directed to discard all ballots on which his name was not perfectly spelled, even to dotting the "i". Nevertheless, he polled 183 thousand votes, which was some 14 thousand less than were polled for the winning candidate. The local politicians have told me that he would have been elected easily if all the ballots had been counted. No doubt they are right, because it is said he received more than 20 thousand votes in Oklahoma, and he was not even running there.

In 1933 Brinkley closed up in Kansas and moved to Del Rio, a sleepy village in Texas. Along the roadside are signs reading, "This is God's country—don't drive like hell through it." The warning is no doubt necessary, for there is little in Del Rio to hold tourists.

In Del Rio Brinkley registered at the hotel and soon began using some of its rooms for his patients.

Shortly after arriving in Del Rio, Brinkley apparently came to terms with the Mexican government and obtained a license for a radio station known as XERA in Villa Acuna, Coahuila, Mexico. This was at its best the most powerful radio station in the North American continent. The Mexicans, who are a very clever people, built tall steel towers south of his station so that the broadcasts had very little circulation in Mexico. They did, however, have a tremendous reach up into Minnesota, a fact which was particularly annoying to the Mayo brothers. From this station were broadcast not only Brinkley's lectures, read in his strange but compelling monotone, but also all sorts of announcements on patent medicine. Special attention was given to garlic tablets for high blood pressure.

"Good evening, everybody!" Brinkley would begin. "You know your Cousin Paul would say, 'This is Cousin Paul speaking.' Well, I say, 'This is Uncle John speaking.'

"I operated on Mr. Jones from Pittsburgh, and Mr. Johnson of Kansas City this morning, and both are doing fine. Mrs. Jones is here with Mr. Jones.

"I wish to announce that Fred Roberts has been sitting up all day. Alfred Jackson sends greetings home. H. W. Williams will go home tomorrow. James Wilson is leaving for home tomorrow, Thursday." And so on.

The stay of Brinkley in Del Rio was profitable—so profitable indeed that his payroll reached 20 thousand dollars weekly. During the years from 1933 to 1938 the Brinkley Hospital in Del Rio had taken care of some 15 thousand patients, of whom the majority paid 750 dollars. Once the patient was in the hospital, moreover, a number

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of interesting devices were developed for promoting what are technically called "extras."

The gland business did well for Brinkley in Texas. He owned three yachts, named John R. Brinkley I, II and III, one of them bought from Joe Schenck of the movies, first used by Douglas Fairbanks. It was a 170-foot job and carried a crew of 21. Brinkley was created an admiral by the governor of Kansas; a picture of Brinkley in his private admiral's uniform hung in the office of the editor of the Del Rio newspaper. Incidentally, Brinkley rented his large yacht to Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson for their honeymoon in the Mediterranean.

Brinkley's home and the six acres of grounds around it were valued at 200 thousand dollars. There was a great-rose garden artificially irrigated, a swimming pool with colored tile, large green houses with orchids, live penguins and tortoises from the Galapagos. On the lawn were great statues of Romulus and Remus with the she-wolf that bred them, purchased by the doctor in Italy after he adopted the name Romulus as a middle name. There was a great marble group of the Three Graces bought in Italy and designed to adorn Mrs. Brinkley's grave at some future date. Two great fountains sparkled in the sun, and at night over each of them an electric sign spelled out the words "Dr. Brinkley."

Indeed the repetition of his name on every possible spot in the doctor's vicinity assumed proportions almost pathological. His name was found three times on the swimming pool, once on the pipe organ, twice in six inch letters on the house gates, embroidered on the uniforms of the crews of the yachts and painted on all of the yachts in innumerable places.

Brinkley never did quite remember how many motor cars he had, but he estimated that it might be somewhere around 13.

Eventually the Texas State Board of Medical Examiners began to be annoying, whereupon Brinkley moved his medical establishment to Little Rock, Arkansas. He continued to maintain his home in Del Rio and the radio station in Villa Acuna. In Little Rock, Brinkley bought a country club which he called "the most beautiful hospital in the world." It had been built by the Shriners of Little Rock and included a mammoth stone structure fronting on a 100-acre lake, surrounded by 360 acres of golf course. In the town of Little Rock he set up a clinic in an old chain store building which was modernized with glass brick and chrome trim. Here a staff of 35 persons handled two thousand letters daily which came in response to the Brinkley broadcasts. So great had the business become that it was necessary for Brinkley to secure a staff of assistants.

Brinkley was accustomed to commute from Little Rock to Del Rio in his own Lockheed monoplane with a pilot and co-pilot. This was a 12-passenger ship, for which he paid 58 thousand dollars and then added more than 20 thousand dollars worth of extras.

Brinkley had always been interested in politics. His broadcasts during the closing days of station XERA had begun to be devoted to international affairs. He was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hard-shelled isolationist and a chronic Anglophobe. He was opposed to the entrance of the United States into the war. Somewhat later it appeared that he was also a contributor to the funds used by William Dudley Pelley, the anti-Semitic Silver Shirter who testified before the Dies Committee Brinkley had given him 500 thousand dollars.

Yet with all the support that such contributions might have developed, the career of Brinkley, following his big libel suit, pursued a course steadily downward. On March 25, 1941, he filed a statement of bankruptcy. He had sold his last yacht for 110 thousand dollars to the United States Navy and his private airplane to the British Purchasing Commission in order to get enough cash to pay some income taxes. He had sold the hospital in Little Rock. His attorneys asserted that the malpractice suits had ruined him, and other judgments against him were well over one million dollars.

With the loss of his funds came a physical breakdown. His heart began to disturb him, and a piece of the tissue of the heart breaking away blocked a blood vessel in his leg, requiring amputation. In May of 1942, he died.

I speak of him as the last of the great charlatans. The conditions that produced John R. Brinkley are not likely to be duplicated again. The licensing boards of the individual states are now, for the most part, above any possibility of such manipulation as was performed when Brinkley was licensed in a half dozen states. The radio is now controlled by the Federal Radio Commission, and the advertising claims of nostrums and panaceas are subject to the supervision of the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938 and the researches of the Federal Trade Commission operating under the Wheeler-Lea bill of the same year. The Post Office Department, through fraud orders, now carefully checks on the use of the mails to defraud.

But observe that great charlatans of the Brinkley type are *not* halted merely by an increase in public knowledge; it requires the social controls exercised by laws with powerful punitive qualities to check a superlative quack.

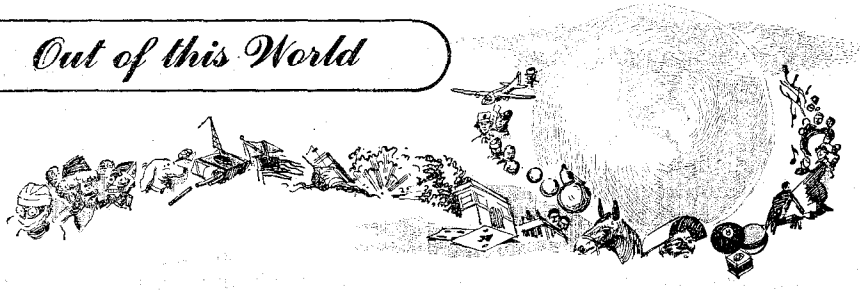
The Hint That Failed

BACK IN THE DAYS when you pulled into a filling station and a dozen attendants sprang from nowhere to polish and wipe your car, we were driving through the Great Dismal Swamp country of Virginia. The tank was almost empty and the windshield was splattered with insects when we stopped in front of a dilapidated gas station. An old man lounging on a bench rose slowly and sauntered over. At our request he filled the tank. While paying him, our driver suggested pointedly, "The windshield is covered with bugs."

The old man stepped back and surveyed it carefully. "Derned if it ain't," he said and went back to his bench. —LT. MAURICE A. UNGER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out of this World



How can the most in information and entertainment be compressed into the least space? Answer: by coming as quickly as possible to the point in six pages of capsule reading which you should find varied, amusing and memorable.

Messenger Bird

THEY CALLED him Timmy. He was a peg-legged pigeon, and Mary and Nelson used to feed him as they strolled through Winnipeg's Assiniboine Park. Often Nelson would tease Timmy by making the pigeon circle around under his hand to earn a piece of corn.

After laughing at his antics, the young couple would turn to more serious things. It was late August, 1939, and they had plans to make, for they were to be married Christmas day.

On September 1st war came. Nelson enlisted in the Army and was in the first contingent to sail for England. Mary promised to wait. The park where they had so often walked became her shrine.

On June 25th of the next year she received the news. Nelson had been killed at Dunkirk.

In the months that followed another man became interested in Mary. The new lover proposed and suggested an immediate wedding, as he was soon to be transferred to a distant city. Mary promised to give him her answer that evening. She wanted one more afternoon in the park with her memories.

Timmy was there, and Mary called to him. Hearing her voice, he suddenly began to hobble in circles as if following an invisible hand. Distraught, Mary went home in tears, determined to delay her decision until tomorrow. Her imagination had been cruel.

The next morning a letter arrived through the Red Cross. It was from Nelson in a German prison camp. "Mary darling," the letter read. "Every moment in my dreams I walk with you in the park and feed Timmy. May God soon end this war and bring me back to you."

—ED BODIN

Silent Meeting

REVEREND Constance Elmes has two rare distinctions. She is the first woman to be ordained by the Methodist Church in America, and she gives all her sermons in sign language.

As pastor of one of Chicago's four churches for the totally deaf, she is carrying on the work of her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father, Reverend P. J. Hasenstab, who for 48 years conducted services for the deaf.

Mrs. Elmes' congregation meets Sundays at 3 p.m. From invocation to benediction, the program is carried out entirely in sign language. The audience sings and prays by standing with uplifted arms, their hands symbolizing the words of the hymn or prayer. For those in the audience who can hear and are unable to translate the signs, Mrs. Elmes speaks and makes the hand symbols simultaneously, thus conducting the service in two languages at once.

During the week, Mrs. Elmes and her assistant travel a regular schedule of towns in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana and Michigan to conduct services and bring the church to hundreds of deaf persons in the Middle West. —GEORGE WISWELL

Mother by Choice

SOME 20 YEARS ago, when Kathleen Norris was just becoming known as a writer, she arrived in New York to pick up the scattered pieces of her life which had been broken by the death of her two little girls. At that time her small son was her only child.

Miss Norris learned that at Bellevue Hospital there was an unsanctioned baby, and she agreed to take the child for her own. Less than two weeks later, on one of her daily visits to the hospital, she was met by the head nurse with news that the baby had died. It was a benumbed Kathleen Norris who stared into the future. But the nurse, a profoundly wise woman, talked of how birth and death were all part of the day's work in any hospital, but the breaking of bad news was always the hardest job. For instance, she was now faced with the distressing task of telling a shabby little boy in the anteroom that his mother had just died. "I don't suppose," the nurse suggested hesitantly, "that you would go out and tell him for me."

Mrs. Norris dried her eyes and went forth to her new assignment. Casually she scraped up an acquaintance with the boy. Before long she had taken him out for a bite to eat. After the meal, during which the two had gotten along famously, Mrs. Norris took him to her hotel, explaining that word of their whereabouts had been left at the hospital in case the boy's mother called for him. It was twilight before she could tell him what had happened, but by then it was a friend who broke the news—a friend in whose arms he could cry himself to sleep.

But that isn't the end of the story. That little boy is Bill Norris, foster son of the writer. He is now on the War Savings Staff of the U. S. Treasury Department in New York. —IRVING HOFFMAN

The Pause That Refreshes

THE LATE Dr. P. S. Henson was once engaged for a Chautauqua lecture on the subject of "Fools." He was introduced by Bishop John H. Vincent with the remark: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now to have a lecture on 'Fools' by one of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most distinguished—" There was a long pause, the inflection of the Bishop's voice indicating he had finished. The audience howled with delight. When they had subsided, the Bishop concluded, "—men of Chicago!"

Dr. Henson, in no way perturbed, began his speech with: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so great a fool as Bishop Vincent—" here he paused pointedly before adding "—would have you think!" —MONT HURST

Two-Faced Money

DESPITE AN intensive "Know Your Money" campaign begun in 1937 by the United States Secret Service, counterfeit losses by the American public are still mounting by leaps and bounds.

When a counterfeiter recently passed a few fake 10-dollar bills in a town in Virginia, the editor of the local paper decided to put merchants on the alert; but oddly enough he only helped to swindle some of them. Not realizing that he was violating the Federal currency laws, he printed pictures of the face and back of one of the counterfeit bills in his paper, with an accompanying warning. The very next day three of the newspaper photographs were handed to two druggists and a grocer in the town. The faces and backs of the reproductions had been glued together and crudely colored with wax crayon. The victims had seen the pictures in the paper, but nonetheless accepted the bogus bills as real.

Do you know your money?

If you did, you wouldn't be swindled like the Long Island farmer who sold his produce at a roadside stand. One night two men in a car bought a peck of potatoes and paid him with what appeared to be a 10-dollar bill. Tightly folded into a wad about an inch square, only the numeral "10" was clearly showing.

The farmer stuffed it into one of his pockets, handing the potatoes and change to the driver. The next morning he discovered that the bill stretched —like a tall tale. It was made of thin rubber. Across the top were the words, "The Unique Skates of America." And on the face of it he read, "Anybody who can spend this is a magician." Actually the rubber money was sold by street-hawkers in New York—three bills for a nickel—until Secret Service put a stop to the peddling.

—HARRY EDWARD NEAL

Courtesy Dividend

THE ADVERTISING and Sales Executives' Club of Kansas City, Missouri, has launched a campaign against that irritating retort, "Don't you know there's a war on?" made by so many churlish public attendants.

On the basis that a pat on the back can do a lot to make life sweeter, they have assigned a crew of "Mystery Shoppers" to look for and reward good manners. In the first few weeks, these anonymous investigators found few people worthy of the courtesy award. As the program progressed, however, they were able to pass out a sealed envelope tagged, "This dollar is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

awarded you for extra courtesy—The Mystery Shopper," to a filling station attendant who cheerfully attached a license plate. Another envelope went to the salesclerk who showed one purposefully tough customer over two dozen hats, and a third to a streetcar conductor who cheerfully gave directions to a passenger on his rush hour car.

Encouraged, the Kansas City ad men figure on upping the award to a 25-dollar War Bond for extra kindnesses. —ARTHUR LANSING

The Big Heart of Texas

EN ROUTE TO San Antonio on an inspection job for the Army, I had to take an ancient local bus from Brownwood to Brady, Texas. The distance between the two towns was listed as 43 miles, but it was soon apparent that the bus didn't follow the paved highway.

Four miles out of Brownwood we veered off onto a cow trail. In the center of the road ahead an old man waved us to a stop.

"Any able-bodied men aboard?" he shouted.

The driver looked around at the passengers—three middle-aged women, two elderly Texas ranchers and myself—and motioned for me to follow. A few yards up the lane a large trough had fallen across a section of barbed wire fence. After considerable effort we removed the trough and proceeded on our way.

It wasn't long before the bus again ground to a stop—this time alongside a pair of old-fashioned "longies" waving from a stick. I learned this was the usual signal.

The driver dismounted to assist a pair of four-year-old twins aboard. About five miles beyond he helped them off and escorted them up to a farmhouse.

Back in the bus the driver explained that every able-bodied Texan in those parts was in service, and the rest of the folks just had to help each other. "Take the time the hogs went through the fence at the Wilson place," he continued. "Everyone in the bus had to help round them up. You see, Mrs. Wilson is a widow and her two sons are in the Navy. So she just hung out the flag, and we stopped to see what she wanted."

The bus arrived in Brady half an hour late. I missed my connection for San Antonio, but I didn't seem to mind. I was remembering the letters my wife had written during my two years overseas—letters in which she told of having to chop wood, fix the fence and do the many other chores connected with a house beside a country road.

Needless to say, I wished that it had been on a Texas bus line.

—MARK W. BATTERSBY

The Stone That Burns

IF IT'S A transparent stone of dull golden color—if it electrifies with friction, burns with the incense of pine, scratches easily, is warm to the touch and can be melted—it's amber. For this strange combination of properties belongs to no other mineral.

Amber deposits started untold ages ago with the flow of resin from the trunks of gigantic but now ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinct amber pines. This sudden outpouring of gum trapped flies literally on the wing, or bees so quickly that the harvest of pollen was still on their feet.

Delicate antennae, flimsy spider webs, conifer needles, oak leaves, buds, blossoms, snail shells, even small beetles are preserved intact in genuine amber droplets. In fact, much knowledge of fossil ants, spiders and over 100 species of otherwise unknown plants comes from amber-encrusted specimens.

Dripping from branches and twigs, the yellow tar formed great perpendicular stalactites and stalagmites. Although most of these glittering formations crumbled away, waves beating against wooded shorelines loosened some deposits and carried them away in chunks. These fragments, known as sea amber, were dropped in layers at the bottom of the ocean and are still cast up during violent storms or scooped up in fishermen's nets.

Since primitive times this rare gem has helped to satisfy the human craving for beauty. Strings of rough amber beads adorn skeletons of men of the Stone Age. In the Bronze Age amber was carved into eating implements. Today a large portion of the limited amber supply goes into cigarette holders, pipe stems, jewelry and varnish.

Although substitutes litter the market, imitations can usually be detected. The newer tree gums will float in water while amber sinks. Glass is colder and harder to the touch. Celluloid dipped in hot water gives off a camphorous odor unlike the aromatic odor of amber, or scraped with a knife it peels off in shavings while amber scrapings fall in fine powdered particles.

Of all the strange qualities of the stone that burns, none is quite so amazing as the discovery of an eminent French doctor. Peering at a heated piece of amber through his microscope, he noticed what seemed to be movement within the stone. Upon investigation he found it was alive with bacteria.

After being doped in their amber bath for millions of years, the inert but perfectly preserved micro-organisms had come to life!

—J. P. CALLAHAN

The Other Side of Heaven

AS THE LITTLE GIRL tripped along at her father's side on an evening's walk, she kept looking up at the stars. Though apparently fascinated, she made no comment. Finally her father asked what she was thinking about.

"If the bottom side of heaven is so beautiful," replied the child, "how wonderful the other side must be."

—L. NARFIELD from J. M. WILLIAMS

Salvage City

IT WAS A sultry Sunday morning and the faithful congregated in the Key West courthouse drowsed over their hymnals. Outside, the doves sang psalms in the tamarind trees and the sea splashed softly on the beaches. In the harbor the salvage ships swung at anchor.

Squire Eagan read his text, "Know ye not that they which run

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain." The squire's eyes wandered from his congregation to the harbor vista thru the window. Suddenly warming to his text, he stepped down and strode down the aisle, exhorting the worshippers to run the good race.

At the door he paused and turned. "Wreck ashore! Wreck ashore!" he shouted, and ran like a madman down the street.

On weekdays Squire Eagan was the captain of a salvage ship. He knew well the wrecking rules of the territorial court at Key West which gave extra compensation to the skipper of the first ship to reach a wreck. Thru the window, as he preached, he had seen a schooner slip nearer and nearer the reefs which ring the island and finally run aground. He was determined to win the prize. Wrecks and races like these helped make Key West the wealthiest U.S. city per capita in the 1830's.

Curled at the toe of the United States, the last of the chain of islands which stretch down across the sea from the Florida mainland like a bracelet of stepping stones, Key West is our southernmost city. Four miles long and barely two miles wide, she is washed on one side by the Gulf of Mexico and on the other, by the Atlantic Ocean. She has streets which stretch to both.

In the days of sailing ships the reefs which edge her shores were for the most part uncharted, and wrecking occupied every able bodied man in Key West. The prizes were the richest cargoes in the world—silks, laces, French gowns, china, silver, wines and liquors—and were valued at as much as 1,500,000 dollars a year.

Today Key West is again a booming city, thanks to the war. The Cuban coffee shops, where black, sweet coffee is served with chunks of crusty bread, are crowded. The beaches are strewn with sunbathers.

Last May the Overseas Highway between Miami and Key West, the longest overseas thoroughfare in the world, was completed. In the 156 miles of the roadway, swooping down over the sea between the tiny keys, are 30 miles of bridges.

The sea is visible on both sides from almost every point. Key West is counting on that highway to make her a winter paradise. The climate is as salubrious as ever and the sun and sea are waiting.

—MARTHA MURPHY

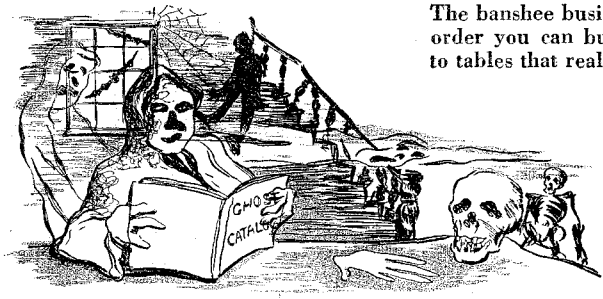
Justice on Earth

PROBABLY NO American jurist ever took his duties as Justice of the United States Supreme Court more conscientiously than the late Oliver Wendell Holmes. One day he appeared at the Congressional Library to check up on a particular case. It took an army of page boys to collect the reference volumes he needed.

When all the books had been gathered, Holmes thanked the attendants and added, "I'm sorry to have put you to all this trouble, but when there is no one between the United States Supreme Court and God, we must make sure we're right."

—JAMES ALDREDGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The banshee business is booming and by mail order you can buy everything from ghosts to tables that really float through the air!

Spooks by Mail

by WALTER B. GIBSON

IF YOU WANT TO buy a ghost, act fast!

Spooks are still obtainable, even in wholesale lots, but there's no telling how long they will last. For ghosts can now travel right through ceilings—price and otherwise—as the boosts in the latest catalog listings prove.

Selling ghosts by mail began in Chicago 75 years ago and the first firm in the field, Ralph E. Sylvestre and Co., issued a confidential catalog before Messrs. Sears and Roebuck even thought of merchandising more material commodities. Today the banshee business is flourishing. Several supply houses which deal exclusively in supernatural appliances provide everything from parlor ghosts to complete spook shows for theatres or auditoriums. The popularity of the "spook show" is hoisting the market price on ghosts which are, incidentally, sold as a package.

A book of instructions and suggestions comes with the set. It recommends beginning with telepathic demonstrations, followed by the production of spirit messages on slates. Then comes a spine-chilling ghost story which gets the audience in a proper mood for a table-lifting session. This builds right into the big act of the spooks themselves.

The lights dim and the performer's face takes on a weird, Draculian glare. This is accomplished by a simple appliance that comes with the "ghost package," namely a green-lensed flashlight. Next, unseen assistants sneak onto the blacked-out stage. They wear black robes and guide themselves by luminous spots tacked on the backs of chairs and tables. Like the robes, these luminous "markers" come as part of the equipment.

The stooges bring assorted articles which are black on one side, luminous painted on the other, so they appear to appear and disappear alternately. They are flat cardboard faces, skeletons, skulls and bony hands.

Two special features used are glowing bells and luminous vampires. The bell appears near the wing and is carried across stage by an invisible stooge while an extra behind the wing clangs on an iron

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bar. As the audience shrieks, skulls, faces, hands and wiggly skeletons hail into view in dismal parade. A bony hand floats off-stage and comes back again, clutching the air madly. It is accomplished with a flat painted on both sides in luminous paint, one side with open-hand, the other fisted. A twirl of the stick produces the apparent clutching.

When the bats begin to flit, confederates planted in the balcony toss handsful of rice on the heads of the people below. This gives the impression that the bats are on the rove, and to stir the imagination further, rubber balloons are dropped which brush the onlookers like flapping bats' wings.

People keep beating the bats away until the balloons are untwisted and the creatures shriek off into the darkness with a weird deflating sizzle, quite unrecognizable under the circumstances.

Sometimes these shows are even deadlier than advertised. On a recent Friday the thirteenth, several theatres in Portland, Oregon, ran a midnight spook show. The house was packed with teen-age customers who shrieked and became hysterical at the sight of the roving man-made ghosts, clutching hands and grinning skeletons to the fearful accompaniment of tolling bells, clanking chains and the flap of invisible bat-wings. When the spook-thrilled patrons staggered or were carried to the street at half-past two, they created a transportation problem that left three thousand of them stranded downtown for the night, due to the lack of bus service.

The parents blamed the children who blamed the theatres who blamed the police who blamed the parents but no one blamed the spooks. Now Oregon children can no longer attend midnight ghost shows unless accompanied by adults.

Flipping through the old Sylvestre catalog and some recent bulletins, you find that you can buy an "Instantaneous Ghost" advertised as easy to conceal and operate, as well as being unbreakable, for only seven and a half dollars. "Cabinet Ghosts," with formed heads, shoulders and faces, run higher; these sell for twelve and a half dollars. What is described as a "supreme" materialization job costs twenty-two fifty. This type will vanish suddenly or diminish gradually and will materialize in mid-air right in your own parlor.

The basic ingredient for all spook shows, of course, is luminous paint. This product has been highly developed and it is now simply a question of choosing the best brand under such illuminating titles as "Ghostlite" and "Ghostglo". They are available in colors—red and green—and come in fluorescents that glow only under invisible ultra-violet rays. These latter are for fussy spirit mediums to confound the skeptics—who are legion.

One catalog blurb reads "Luminous Materialistic Ghosts and Forms" and elaborates—"We furnish these in all kinds and sizes. Full luminous female form and dress (with face that convinces) which can be produced in ordinary room or circle, appears gradually about room and disappears. . . . Price fifty dollars."

Another number which has been a leader through the years is the "Self-Playing Guitar," sometimes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

called the "Haunted Mandolin."

This instrument contains a cleverly concealed music box which simulates the sound of the guitar or mandolin strings; but whereas the Sylvestre catalog job merely plunked away in the darkness, the modern instrument comes with a contrivance which causes it to float, glowing, through the air with a luminous spirit hand plucking the strings. Nor does the music consist merely of off-key notes, a flaw of the Sylvestre museum-piece, but a "beautiful ballad or religious tune will drift, as from a far off place."

A CHICAGO firm specializing in "Occult and Mystical Books and Accessories" built up its catalog to a 500-page volume which as late as 1940 was still the largest in the field.

Topheavy with "accessories," this catalog lists a half dozen varieties of incense baleful to evil spirits and encouraging to good ones. It offers a horde of gazing crystals, coral necklaces that ward off evil spirits, robes, tunics and turbans to wear while performing mystic rites, and finally, a free diploma on which the buyer's name is inscribed for five dollars.

Among spiritualistic accessories the catalogs offer ectoplasm by the yard and provide "Luminous Make-up" at three dollars a jar. The make-up, guaranteed non-injurious and ready to apply, is smeared on the faces of stooges and then "luminated" by a photo flash bulb from the platform so that the "glowing, hideous faces" appear amid the audience. When the lights come on, "the illusion is killed" according to the advertiser.

The handiest item and a big $6.50 worth is the "Phantom Ghost Projector". It operates in total or 90 per cent darkness, producing as many as 28 visual spirit manifestations under severe test conditions and at a distance of 25 feet! Gleaming eyes, spirit haloes, ghostly brides, appear and vanish with the quick-flick speed of a magic lantern, which is just what the device is. It consists of a flashlight with a focusing lens, the interior containing a continuous roll of film. A trigger device literally "shoots" the fantastic images as enlarged pictures on the wall.

Spirit Trumpets, Talking Skulls, Floating Tables are among the stock items which have been handed down from Sylvestre's period to the current catalogs. Most popular of all are devices for producing spirit raps, which represent a fundamental form of psychic manifestation which every professional medium is supposed to have on tap. But there have been great improvements over the cumbersome "piston" rapper that Sylvestre peddled; today, the best rappers are electrical devices built into the medium's table, ready to plug in on the house current.

In the line of tables, however, nothing can surpass the "Medium's Miracle Table" which sells for sixty dollars, including special shipping crate.

Here is what your investment will net you: a beautiful writing desk, fit to grace anyone's parlor, with a blotter and writing materials on top. A customer sits at the table and writes something on a sheet of paper, placed on the blotter of course, so as not to injure the table's fine mahogany finish. In an absent-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minded way, the medium opens the drawer on the other side of the table to bring out a crystal ball (sold separately, prices from $1.50 to $10.00 depending on diameter) and what do you think happens?

A simple, silent mechanism whips a sheet of paper from beneath the carbon bottom of the anchored blotter, whisks it down through a slit and delivers it right side up at just the proper angle in the open drawer so the medium can read what the customer has written while fumbling for the crystal ball. By removing four wing bolts you can knock the table down for instant packing if you have to get out of town in a hurry.

Only there's no need to hurry, not any more. The very latest of the spook supply catalogs has provisions for even that exigency. It supplies a book, a costly one, but worth the price, to members of the thriving mediumistic profession dealing with raps and how to beat them. Prepared by a competent attorney, it furnishes all the legal angles on how mediums, mentalists, mountebanks and maharajahs can operate under the statutes of these United States.

They think of everything, these mail-order marketers of spooks.

Stop Being Belligerent

DO YOU FIGHT with the whole world about everything? Is your personality so strong and so true that no one else's amounts to a hill of beans? Is there a chip on your shoulder challenging each new person you meet? Well, stop being belligerent—there's no sense to it.

Remember: every individual is an individual. That means he has his own set of feelings, his own kind of training and education, his own peculiar habits, likes and dislikes. He is just as peculiar as you are. And no matter what you say or do, you can't always win him over to your point of view—so why not let him go his own way?

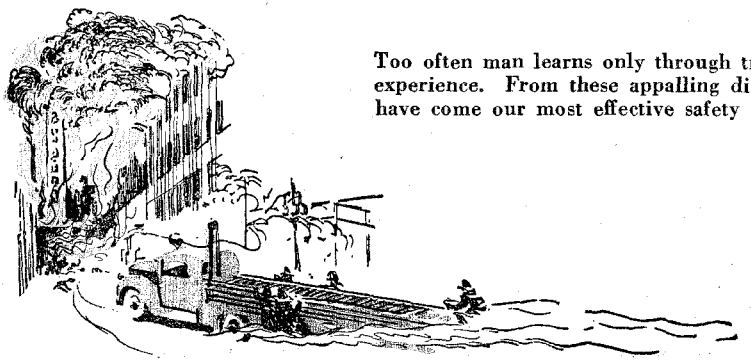
Give the other person a chance to open the conversation—let him pour out his ideas to you. Feed him a few encouraging questions, and let him do most of the talking. Listen. But don't listen with the idea of knocking him down as soon as he finishes. Listen for the purpose of sympathizing with his ideas and feelings and seeing his side of the matter. You aren't the only expert in the world. If your listening is humble enough, you may find out a lot of things you never knew before.

Respectful attention, decent human interest are all it takes to open up any man. Only a handful of people love controversy, invite attack or thrive on opposition. Most of us go into our shells to avoid a noisy, useless battle. So don't scare your friends or acquaintances with a slashing attack. Don't put them on the defensive. When you take the offensive you generally become offensive.

And don't make a specialty of scaring people like the office boy, the shipping clerk and others you may consider insignificant. They, too, can tell you something. They have many good ideas, and it is most important that they have a good idea of you.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Too often man learns only through tragic experience. From these appalling disasters have come our most effective safety measures

The Tragic Road to Safety

by HOWARD WHITMAN

"FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE DEAD IN BOSTON NIGHT CLUB BLAZE." That grim headline announcing the toll in Boston's Cocoanut Grove fire of 1942 has a sequel which today might read: "THOUSANDS OF LIVES SAVED AS RESULT OF BOSTON HOLOCAUST."

It is a sad and terrible truth that much effective life-saving progress has come only as an aftermath of disaster. For in the wake of that tragedy the blundering, trying-and-erring species known as man has learned something.

In one New York restaurant there is a prominent sign stating, "Occupancy by more than 225 persons is dangerous and unlawful." This sign, a direct outcome of the Cocoanut Grove fire, is a move by the New York City Fire Department to prevent overcrowding of public places—the chief cause for the appalling number of deaths in the Boston fire.

Other safety measures followed. The revolving door of the Cocoanut Grove jammed with stampeding humanity so that scores of bodies piled up in a charred heap before it. Now many cities have revolving door ordinances calling for adjacent swinging doors and other emergency exits. The palm tree decorations in the Cocoanut Grove flared up like tinder. Today inflammable decorations in public places are prohibited.

One of the most gruesome fires of all time was Chicago's Iroquois Theatre disaster in 1903. Six hundred and two persons died in that gilt and glass palace which had been advertised as fireproof—602 persons trampled, burned and suffocated behind latched doors which opened inward and would not yield to the terrified mob.

As a result of that tragedy panic-proof doors are installed in all modern theatres. Doors which swing outward with slight pressure insure rapid and easy exit in case of emergency.

Hartford, Connecticut, had a disastrous circus fire last July. As a result of its toll of 163 lives we hear talk of big tops that are fire-resistant and of metal rather than wooden seats. But the main outcome in many cities along the circus routes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will be a new fire setup modeled after methods developed in the District of Columbia.

As one fire official explained, "The trouble in Hartford was not with the fire department. It responded swiftly, but the blaze was all over in 10 minutes—before anything could be done." In the District of Columbia, firemen who are assigned to the big show during its entire run, with hydrants and hose connected, are ready to quench the slightest blaze. Advance inspection makes sure the lot hasn't been freshly mowed, leaving dry, inflammable grass around. And firemen are stationed at key points where the ropes supporting the sidewalls can be severed by one swing of the axe, and the big top emptied in 90 seconds.

Disaster is a harsh teacher. In 1908 fire blazed through a Collinwood School near Cleveland, Ohio. One hundred and seventy-four children perished. A preacher named T. Alfred Fleming ran to the scene and helped batter down a door behind which a pile of kindergarten children were trapped.

Fire drill procedure called for the youngest to go out first. But the little shavers just weren't tall enough to reach the door handles, and the older pupils came crushing down the stairway behind them.

Resolved to save other children —perhaps yours—from that tragic fate, Fleming gave up the pulpit and took the stump for fire prevention. Through his efforts most schools today have doors that the smallest child can open.

Non-inflammable motion picture film was developed after a tragedy in a Cleveland clinic. One hundred and twenty-four persons were asphyxiated or burned to death in 1929 when poisonous smoke from flaming X-ray film coursed through the hospital.

The disaster brought new studies of nitrocellulose X-ray and photo film. While wood and paper ignite at 600 to 700 degrees, this type film flared into flame at only 300 degrees, the temperature of an electric light bulb or a steam pipe. Moreover, it set loose a gas as poisonous as any developed for war uses. The premium paid for this knowledge was high. But nitrocellulose X-ray film was abandoned and safety photo film developed.

THE BEHEMOTH of all holocausts, the Chicago fire of 1871, brought about a zoning system for large cities, including occasional extra-wide streets to serve as fire-breaks, just as swathes are cleared to halt forest fires. In 1904, the Baltimore fire taught a sharp lesson. Fire fighting equipment was rushed all the way from New York—but the New York hose wouldn't fit Baltimore hydrants. The upshot of this fiasco was the adoption of uniform and interchangeable fittings. Two years later the San Francisco earthquake pointed up the need for emergency water reserves. The quake broke most of the water mains and fire equipment was useless in many parts of the city.

We're prone to think of home as a fairly safe place. That's because home accidents rarely make the headlines. But all told, they killed 32,500 people and injured 4,850,000 during 1943 alone. The effect of these multiple tragedies is evident in hundreds of home safety

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

devices usually taken for granted.

You have a dual light switch at the top and bottom of your stairway, because scores of people have fallen and broken their collar bones in the dark. You have a rubber mat in your bathtub because of the countless slips that have caused broken arms, legs and backs. Your kitchen matches are no longer made of poisonous white and yellow phosphorus. And your container of boric acid probably has a warning label on it, because five babies in New London, Connecticut, died when accidentally given medicine from improperly labeled bottles.

Sodium fluoride, a vicious killer, was once too often taken for baking soda or flour. In an Oregon hospital it was mistaken for powdered milk and 40 patients were killed. As a consequence, laws have been passed in many states, and are being adopted by more, calling for protective coloring of sodium fluoride.

Railroads in the post-Civil War days produced such shocking amounts of human carnage that during the Grant administration a special session of Congress was called to take preventive action. Appalled by the number of train wrecks, a resolute ex-preacher, one Lorenzo Coffin, launched a fanatical campaign. He fought not only for the safety of travelers but of railway workers who were being maimed in shocking numbers, chiefly by the old manual pin-couplings. In 1893 Coffin persuaded the Federal government to adopt his safety appliance act which required automatic couplers and air brakes on all trains operating in interstate commerce.

One cause of early train accidents was wet or icy rails, but no remedial steps were taken until a plague of grasshoppers in Pennsylvania made the rails so slippery that trains couldn't get sufficient traction to move. At first men were sent ahead with brooms to sweep off the rails. But brains started thinking up a better plan, and a forgotten genius suggested putting a sandbox in the locomotive. Locomotives still have this equipment, and a little spray of sand on the tracks has saved hundreds of people from the perils of rain or ice—or even grasshoppers.

THE FIRST bell cord was devised by an Erie Railroad conductor, E. A. Ayres, after numerous mishaps due to lack of communication between the locomotive and the cars it was pulling. Ayres strung a ball of twine through the cars of his train, fastened the cord with staples and attached the end to a piece of wood on the floor of the cab.

"When you see that hunk of wood hop off the floor," he told the engineer, "you know it's time to start or stop—whichever we aren't doing at the time."

Because of Ayres and the disasters which started him thinking, there's an emergency cord in every train today.

A number of rear-end collisions in recent years have set the major lines working on plans for radio communication between trains in the post-war era.

Today when a train is stalled, the brakeman runs down the track and plants a burning fuse in the roadbed to halt the next train coming down the line. Tomorrow, perhaps, radio signals will keep each train constantly informed of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just what is ahead, and how far.

Numerous ship collisions in the mid-1800's, when seaborne commerce was at a height, instigated one of the simplest yet most effective improvements in navigation: the adoption of uniform lighting—a red light on the ship's port side, a green light on the starboard. For the first time, at night or in a fog, you could tell at a glance which way a ship was going.

In 1854, the steamer *Arctic* went down after a collision off Newfoundland with a loss of 350 lives. To avoid future catastrophes, two revolutionary improvements were made. Sea traffic was organized into lanes, and shipbuilders began building hulls in compartments so that damaged sections could be shut off.

The capsizing of the *Vestris* in 1928, with 110 passengers meeting horrible deaths in shark-filled waters, resulted in stringent cargo inspection standards to prevent overloading. And from the miserable fate of the *Titanic*, which took 1,517 lives when it struck an iceberg on its maiden voyage in 1912, came three innovations for the safety of mankind. Laws were passed requiring ships to carry enough lifeboats for every person aboard. The United States Coast Guard set up an iceberg patrol. And shipping lanes were moved 70 miles farther south.

Disaster is a tragic road to safety, but as man lives he learns, bringing closer the day when he need not die to learn.

On the Bright Side

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the essayist, was once asked to give his definition of a philosopher. "Well," he replied with a twinkle in his eyes, "I suppose you might say that a philosopher is one who, instead of crying over spilt milk, consoles himself with the thought that it was over four-fifths water anyway." —LOUIS HIRSCH

TO AN ASSISTANT who marveled at the bewildering total of Edison's failures—50 thousand experiments, for example, before he succeeded with a new storage battery—and asked the inventor if he ever had any results, the great scientific genius replied:

"Results? Why man, I've had a lot of results. I know several thousand things that won't work." —JAMES HARRIS

STEVENSON REMARKED in one of his essays that any place is good enough to spend a lifetime, but no place is good enough for a two or three day stopover. Paradoxical as that sounds. it is true.

You stop in any town, a stranger, and you are lonesome, bewildered and apart. Settle there, and you soon discover that you are surrounded with kindly, sympathetic neighbors and friends. —BRUCE BARTON

TWO FROGS ONCE FELL into a pail of cream. The cream was deep and the sides of the pail were steep and slippery. For several hours they swam around trying desperately to climb out.

At last one of the frogs gasped, "I give up!" He sank and was drowned.

The other frog, however, kept on gamely struggling and splashing until eventually he found himself sitting comfortably on a large lump of butter.
—IRVING HOFFMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture Story:

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON • PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONI FRISSELL

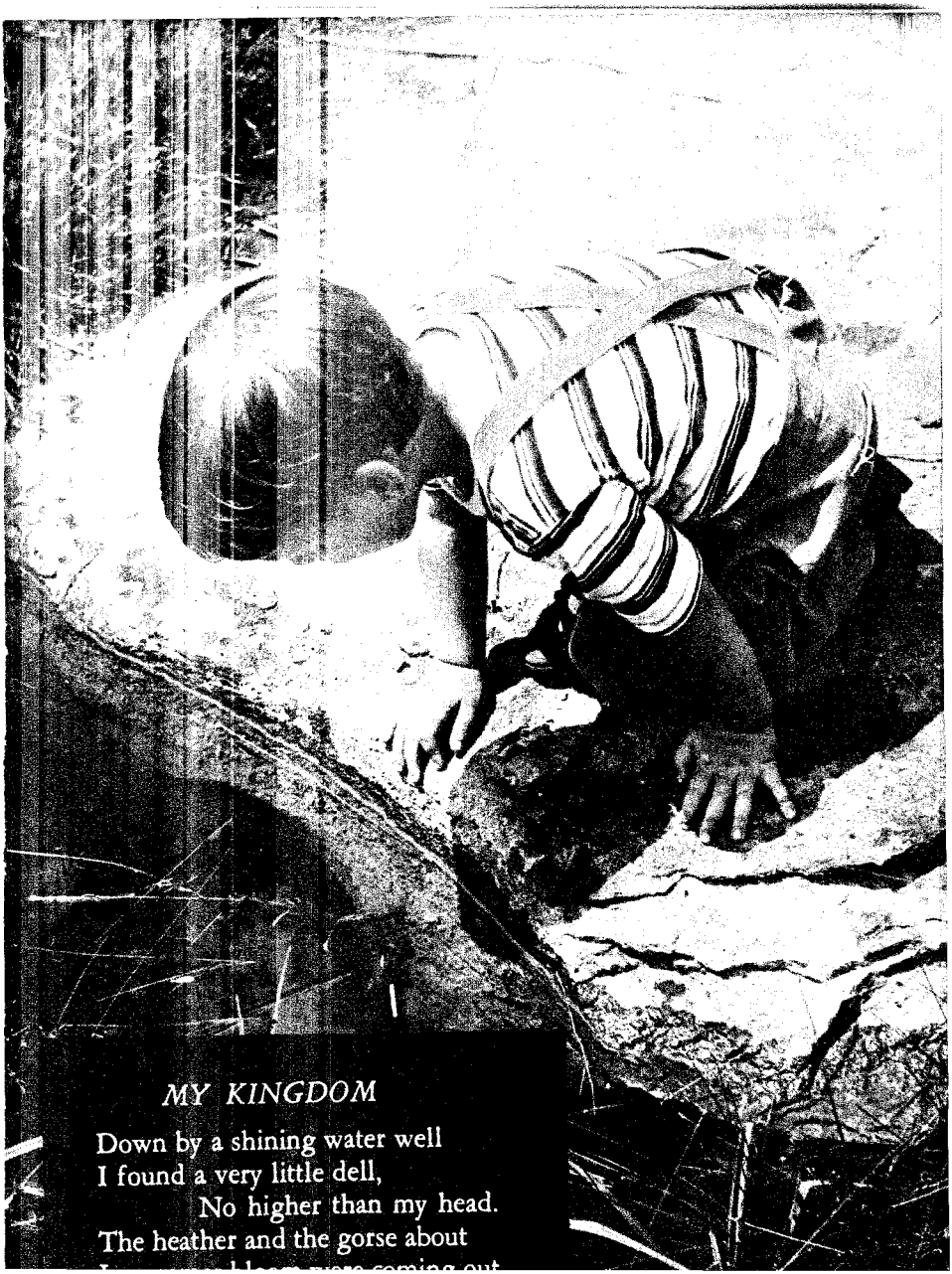
WHEN A FAMOUS photographer, like Toni Frissell, illustrates a famous children's book, like Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses*, it's book-making history. For now, at last, through the magic of the lens, this great English classic takes on new meaning for the boys and girls, mothers and fathers of today. Perhaps it is because of her own son and daughter, Varick and Sidney, that Miss Frissell was able to illustrate the book so well. They were her models—always available, always eager, always interested, and literally grew up with the book.

For the children, taking the pictures was all part of a delightful game. First they would read a poem together—then enact the scene. Only when they were in a make-believe world of their own did Miss Frissell, who in private life is Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon, take her picture. In the pages that follow Coronet presents some of the thoroughly delightful results — that children may see childhood in action . . . and that adults may dream again of childhood.

ssed from the book published by U. S. Camera Publishing Corp. at $2.00; copyright, 1944, U. S. Camera Publishing Corp.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

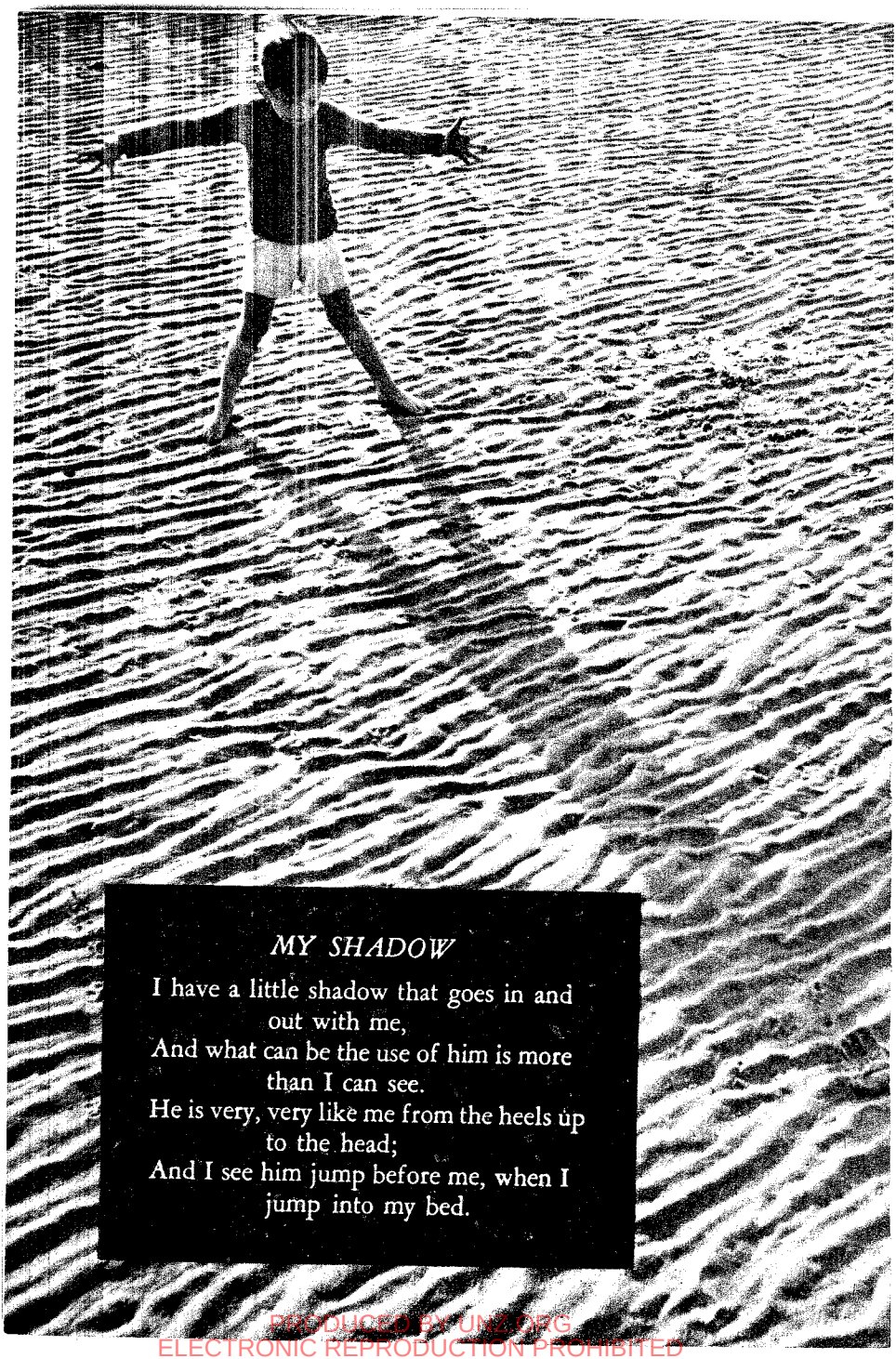
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MY KINGDOM

Down by a shining water well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about

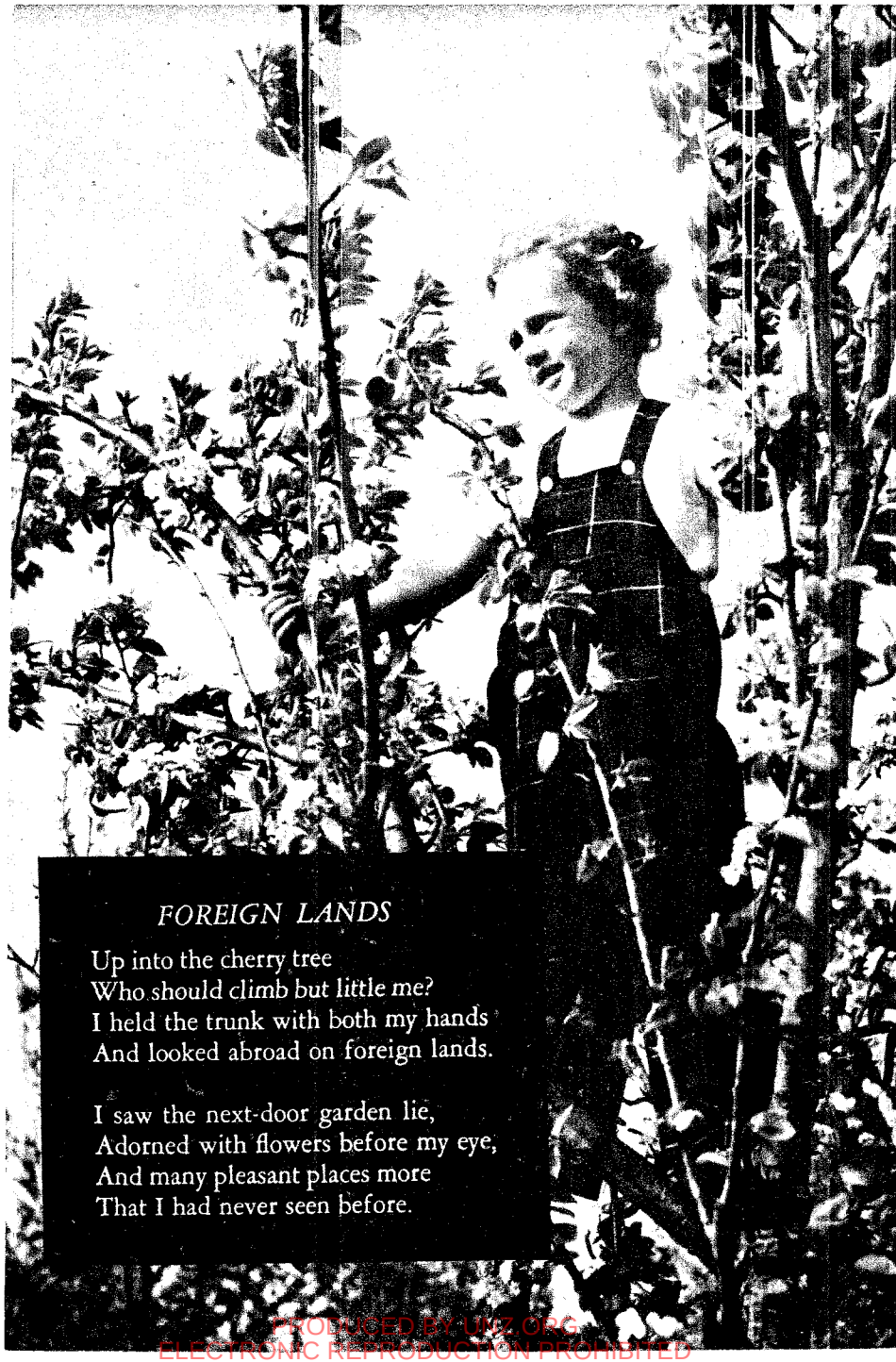
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and
out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more
than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up
to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I
jump into my bed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

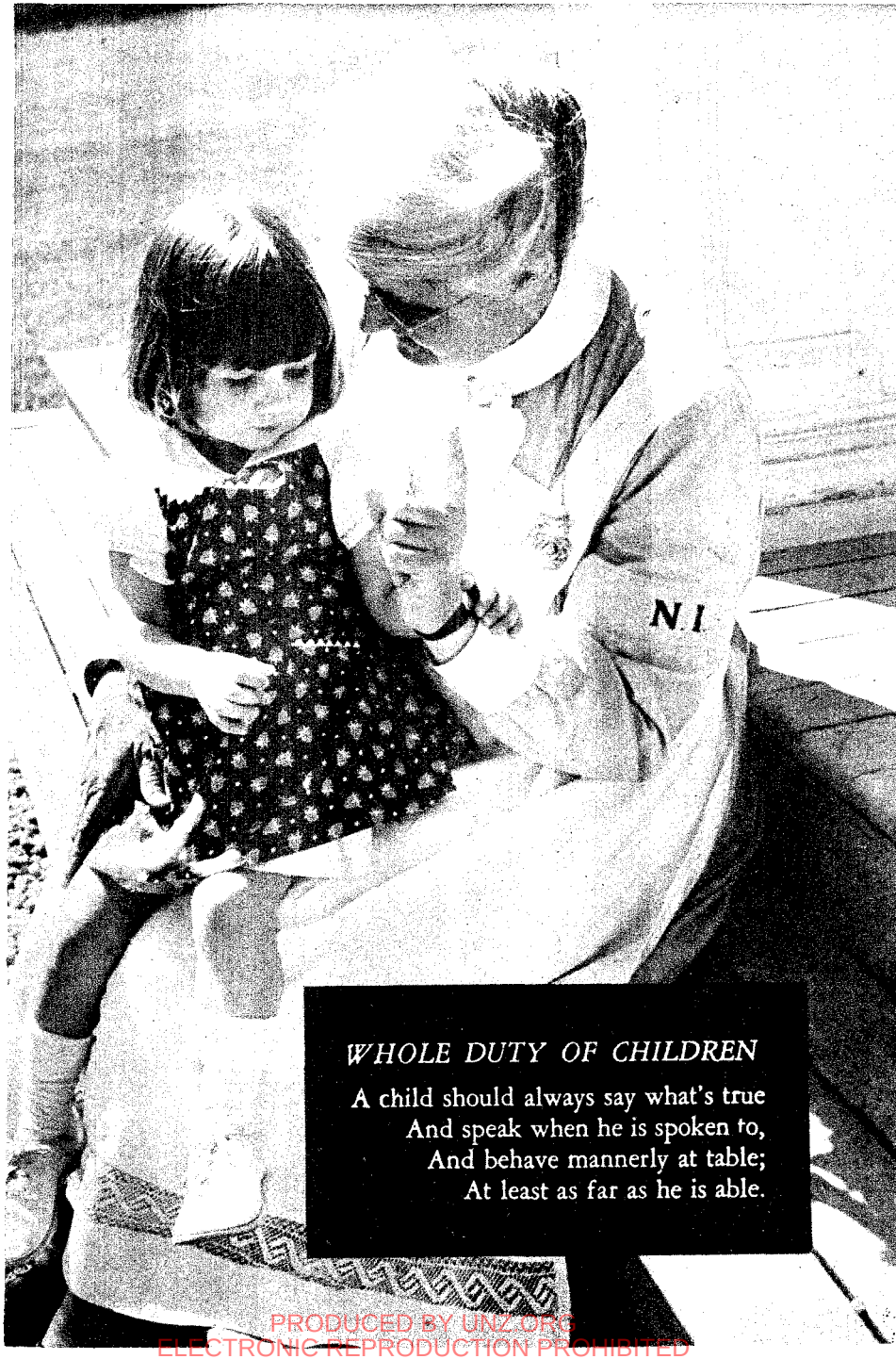
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able.

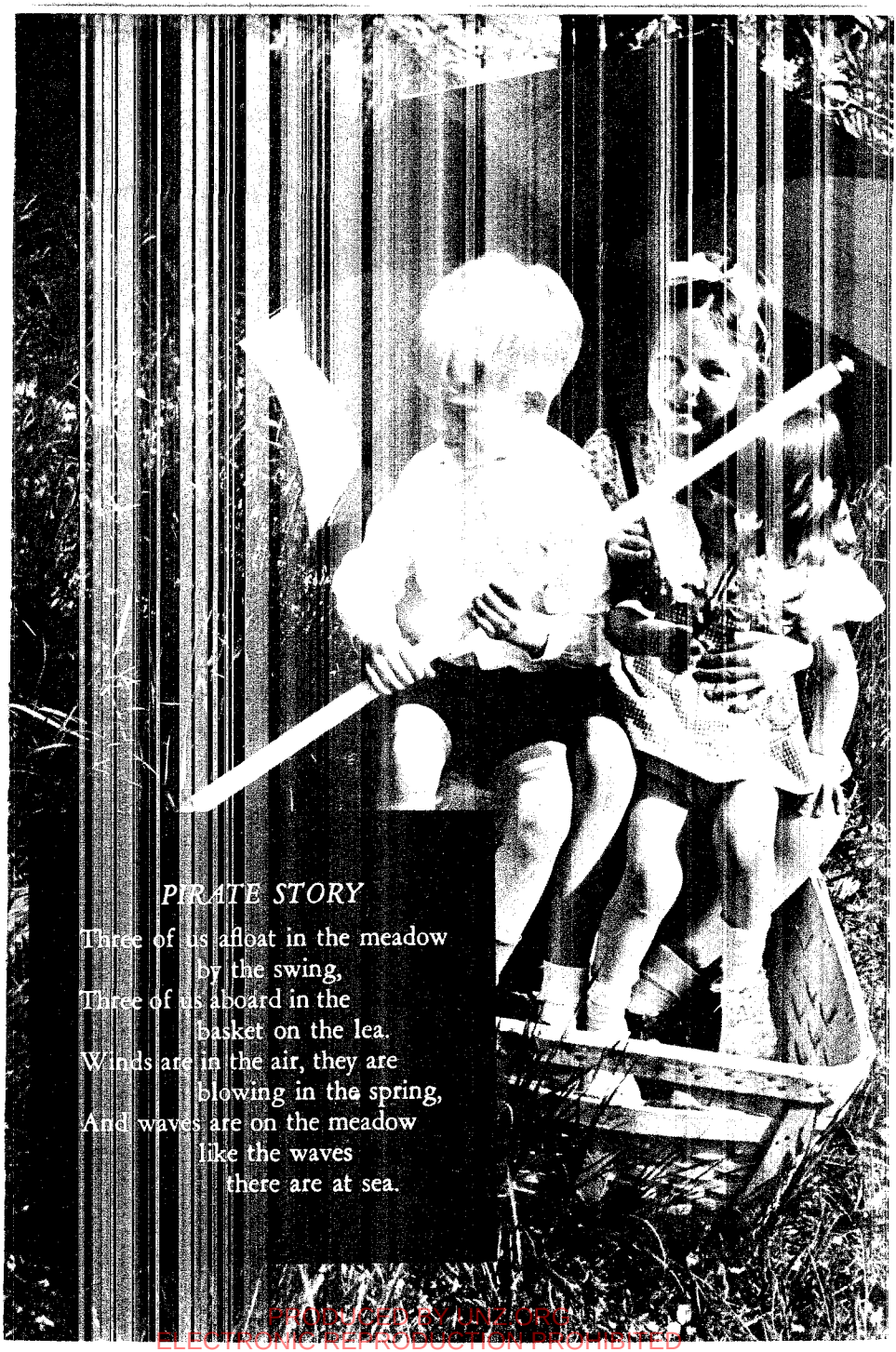
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN

Children, you are very little,
  And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
  You must try to walk sedately.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
  Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
  Children grew to kings and sages.

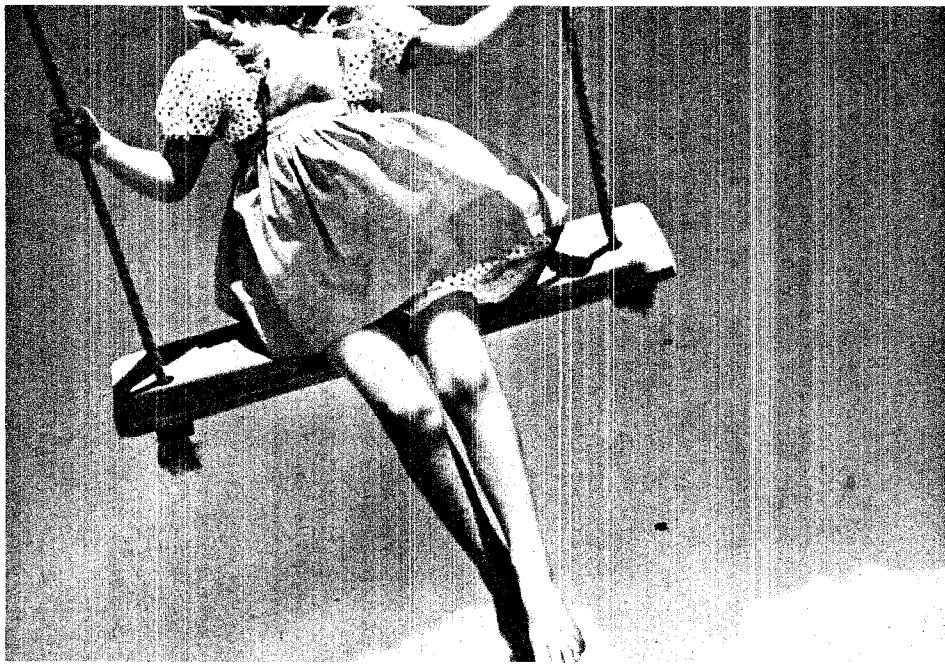
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PIRATE STORY

Three of us afloat in the meadow
by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the
basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are
blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow
like the waves
there are at sea.

PRODUCED BY DNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RAIN

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAIRY BREAD

Come up here, O dusty feet!
Here is fairy bread to eat.
Here in my retiring room,
Children, you may dine
On the golden smell of broom
And the shade of pine;
And when you have eaten well,
Fairy stories hear and tell.

PRODUCED BY LIBRIVOX
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COW

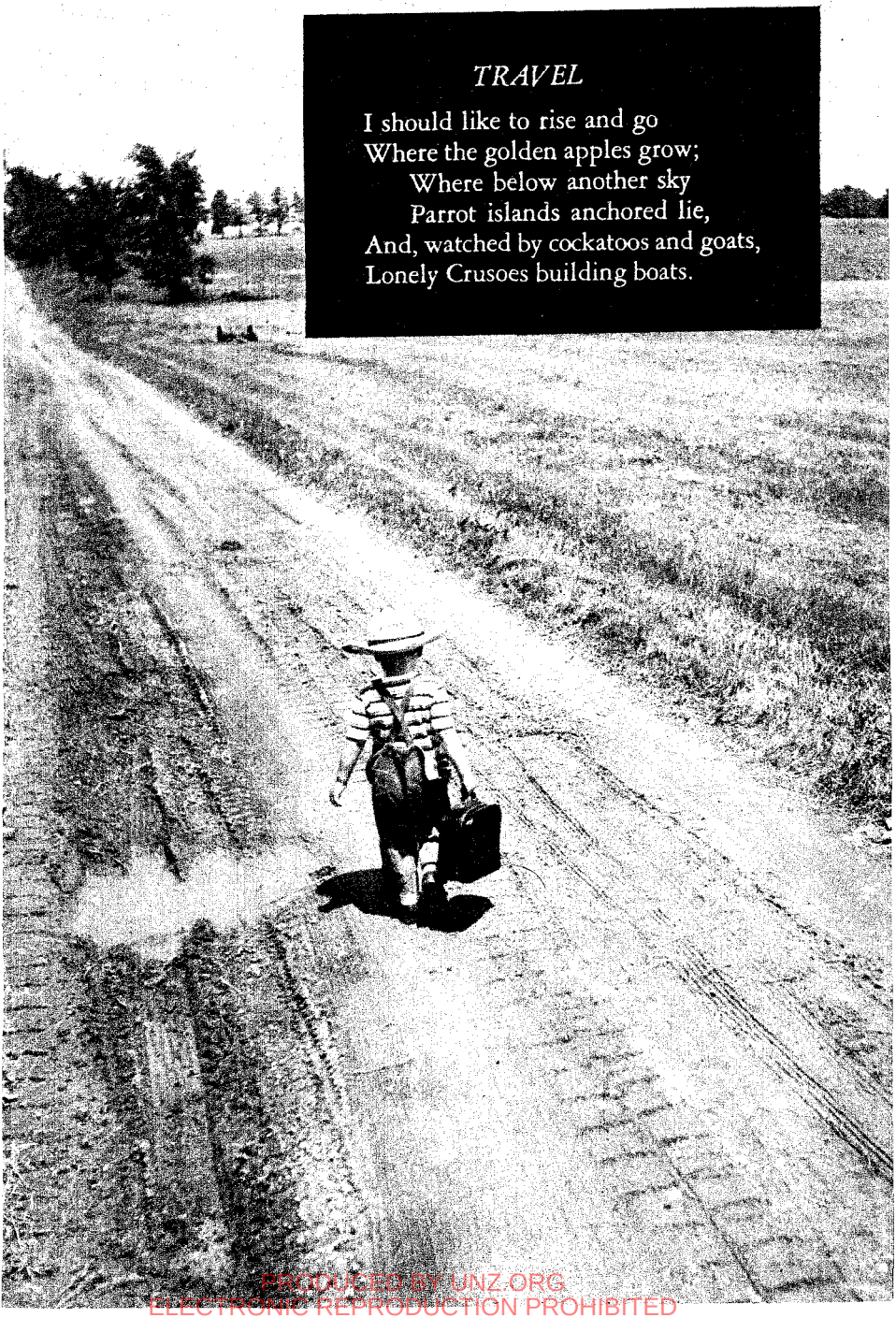
iendly cow all red and white,
ve with all my heart;
ves me cream with all her might,
at with apple-tart.

PRODUCED BY UNEDOS.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea,
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


TRAVEL
I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats.

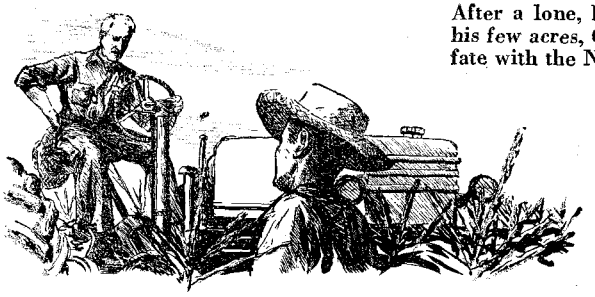
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-by, good-by, to everything!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



After a lone, heroic battle to hold his few acres, Charlie Parker joined his fate with the National Farmers Union

The Farmer Takes a Stand

by CAROL HUGHES

CHARLES PARKER is a "small" farmer, but don't let the glib term deceive you. He is as important as the bread you eat and the clothes you wear. And he belongs to a growing army, 450 thousand strong. This 59-year-old, bronzed, weather-toughened toiler with big, capable hands, tells the story of America in transition; a review of the faulty past, a glimpse into the hopeful future.

Like most hard-working farm boys, Charlie dreamed of owning his own farm. He finally achieved it—135 acres and a small house near Fort Morgan, Colorado. His story might have ended badly at another time, but this is 1945. What is now happening to Charles Parker, thanks to the National Farmers Union and its leader, James G. Patton—is important to you and to the nation.

At 17, Charlie Parker, fully confident of his dream, became a hired man. From before dawn till dark he helped another farmer plough, sow and reap the grain. By lantern light he did the chores—all this for 25 dollars a month. For 10 years he worked thus, 16 hours a day, 52 weeks a year and dreamed his dream.

Part of it was fulfilled when he fell in love and married a girl from a neighboring farm. His salary was raised to 30 dollars a month. Finally, in 1911, Charlie's boss retired and moved into Denver, renting the farm to Charlie and his wife on a sharecropper basis. Here was the Parkers' chance to own their own land through hard work and endless economy, for this farm was for sale. Children came, first Maurice, then Martha, Mary, Charles and Joy, but Mrs. Parker performed her role in the partnership, canning, selling eggs in town, churning butter.

The very night before one child was born she dressed 20 turkeys for market. Then came the great day. Having saved one thousand dollars, they drove into town. To make the down payment on the farm they mortgaged everything they owned, even personal items of clothing and trinkets. But owning the land was a mere matter of hard work and annual payments. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fell to with increased fervor, and in 1917 the deed was signed—the farm was theirs. Now the lean years began. Their principal crops were sugar beets and hay. In winter they took in sheep for pasturing, so theirs was a year-round job. They eked out a small profit until 1920—the year that everything froze. Wearily they buckled down again, accepting this caprice of weather as part of the gamble of farming. They were 26 hundred dollars in debt and in the next two years they cleared only 400 dollars.

It took seven years to recover from that disaster and 1928 brought another premature cold wave. They were snowbound for weeks; their beets froze; their sheep died of hunger and cold. They were nine thousand dollars in the red and the country was entering a depression.

Now the Parkers sold everything they owned to salvage their home—even insurance policies. There was no place to turn for help; other farmers they knew were fighting their own economic battles. They were, they felt, a forgotten people.

Charlie Parker stood surveying his barren land and his few sheep, huddled together against the wind. In the house his wife sat tiredly by the low-burning fire. Then Charlie made his decision. He hitched his horses and headed for town.

Baffled, all his fight gone, he arrived at the door of the National Farmers Union. He had done his best alone—but it was not enough. He chose the National Farmers Union as a means of survival. Charles Parker left his home an isolated farmer. He returned a world citizen. By joining a group of 450 thousand other small farmers, he was now a voice, a pressure on government, a participant in world affairs. From the National Farmers Union he gained: representation in Washington; market facilities for his products through cooperatives; several types of insurance at lower rates; credit, and a progressive educational program.

The National Farmers Union, which gave Parker his chance for survival, was formed in 1902 by 10 farmers who drafted its constitution by lantern light in a barn near Point, Texas. When the union mushroomed into a million members, expansion outran development, and promises were hard to keep. The organization crashed with the 1907 panic. Reorganized soon after, the union floundered through years of indecision, awaiting a leader.

THEN James G. Patton, who was to pilot the National Farmers Union to safe waters, took the helm—a man who gained the audience of top-ranking men in Washington, including the President, to plead the small farmers' cause.

Born in Bazar, Kansas, in 1902, son of farmer Ernest Patton, Jim learned the plight of the small farmer first-hand. His father had struggled before him and the losing battle continued during his boyhood. Jim's mother contracted tuberculosis when he was two. Their search for a healthful climate forced the Pattons into a wandering life which ended in a cooperative colony in western Colorado. There the hand-to-mouth living equipped Jim Patton for the practical job he was later to do.

Jim did everything from fry cook-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing in Colorado to dishwashing in Kansas to get his education. He attended high school at Grand Junction, Colorado; got a degree from Western State College in Colorado and did graduate work at Western State College.

His first contact with the National Farmers Union came in 1931 while he was selling life insurance. When they invited him to join them as director of the Co-op Life Insurance Department, he said bluntly: "I don't want a damn thing to do with you; there's too much bickering."

He did join them, though, in 1932, taking charge of insurance. In 1934 they made him secretary of the state organization; in 1940 he became national president; by 1944 he had *made* the Farmers Union.

Today James G. Patton is a strikingly handsome, highly articulate figure. His personality is electric. When he talks, people listen and believe.

His persuasive affability has won him friends in every strata, from Charlie Parker, small farmer, to leaders in industry, government, education and research. He goes from richly furnished drawing rooms to the wheatfields, everywhere pleading the farmers' cause. He tramps over fields in old boots to hear the farmers' problems, and addresses them in the towns.

One member, explaining Patton's social fling with millionaire industrialists, said: "He allows them, metaphorically, to stroke his beard, admire his teeth, discuss his liberalism, even tease him a bit. But when they get out of bounds, Patton raises his voice to render them silent with an eloquent speech about that founder of civilization, the farmer."

Under Patton, the NFU has emerged from its shack-like office into a new, modern building just outside Denver. It has grown into a union of 450 thousand farm people with organizations in 31 states.

Farmer Union Cooperatives number more than a thousand, with a membership of 450 thousand and do annual business in excess of 500 million dollars today. The union is "fighting the people's cause in rural America" on an annual budget of 170 thousand dollars. Patton plans to increase the budget to one million.

Leaving no doubt in the minds of its members as to its purpose, the NFU stated in a foreword to its proposals sent to the Major Political Party Platform Committee for 1944: "The National Farmers Union is an organization of 450 thousand voting members—we are strongly partisan on issues which involve the welfare of people and particularly the working people within agriculture who constitute our membership."

The organization is working for certain "attainable objectives for American agriculture." Perhaps the farthest reaching of these is a plan for every farmer in the United States to make voluntary agreements with the national government, in which the government would guarantee him a certain annual wage. Government would set production goals for all vital agricultural foods and fibers and enter into a negotiated agreement with Charles Parker to pay him a certain price for a certain amount of production. And finally the government would pay him the difference between the cash he realized at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

market and the amount guaranteed. In no case, according to NFU, could government payments exceed 2,500 dollars to any farmer since "wealthier farmers would not need a proportionate share of the national income."

Another National Farmers Union goal which affects the lives and pocketbooks of every American is the plan for redistribution of land. This will mean government programs for adding new land to farms too small to support a family and bringing new land into cultivation. This includes dividing large farms into economic family farms, but not by confiscation of land. Such redistribution could be accomplished over a period of years by a deliberate government purchase policy, the land so acquired then to be sold under such terms as those of the Bankhead-Jones Act."

The National Farmers Union means business. Its goals listed by Patton include a guarantee of a three hundred dollars a month as a living standard for all farmers.

The Union has also demanded that government let farmers take advantage of great stocks of surplus war materials. They urge that government no longer leave health care to economic chance and that Federal aid to education be given "in a very large way." (Thus no farmer's wife would need to suffer as James Patton's mother did—nor any farm boy repeat his uphill struggle for schooling.)

These are some of the advantages that Charlie Parker means to gain through the National Farmers Union. What he is giving in exchange, according to some enemies of the program, is his individuality. But his small, urgent voice is now part of the Union's big voice.

Patton thus states the National Farmers Union viewpoint:

"The truth of the matter is that the so-called 'system of free enterprise' is to the working farmer, neither a system, nor free, nor very enterprising. We of the National Farmers Union do not propose to surrender our government to the economically powerful few for them to control and regulate in their own shortsighted, selfish interest."

So Charles Parker is not to be dismissed as a "small" farmer. He is one of a vigorous land army. Having a just cause and a powerful leader, he is bound to win.

The Lone Ranger

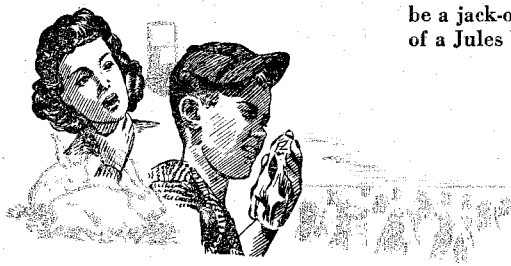
AMERICANS ARE notorious for their self-confidence, and Texans rate high among them. They tell the story of Bill McDonald, captain of the Texas Rangers, who once received an urgent call from a nearby town for a company of Rangers to suppress a mob. Mounting his horse, McDonald rode to the town unaccompanied, and was met by the citizens' committee.

"We asked for a company, not one Ranger," said an indignant official.

McDonald smiled patiently. "Well, you don't have but one mob, do you?"

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The doctor who specializes in allergy must be a jack-of-all trades with the imagination of a Jules Verne and the patience of Job

Allergies, Allergens and Allergists

by JESSAMINE HILLIARD AND CHARLES C. COGHLAN, M. D.

ALLERGY IS not a disease. It is, rather, acute sensitiveness to one's environment.

An allergic person is a highly responsive individual, one excessively susceptible and easily sensitized to substances and conditions about him. If this extreme sensitization gets out of control, upsetting the natural equilibrium of the body, unpleasant symptoms develop which can be grouped under the heading of allergies.

The substances or conditions which cause the symptoms to manifest are known as allergens.

These symptoms—whether they take the form of hay fever's running nose, sneezing and irritated eyes or a stomach that rebels when you eat green peppers—do not indicate permanent damage. They do not leave scars. They are but warning signals which indicate that your keen responsiveness has overstepped, that your adjustment is out of gear, and that the organs afflicted are in a state of protest.

The doctors who try to discover the substances or conditions which cause the symptoms are known as allergists. It is the allergist's job to aid you in making the adjustments which will bring you back to normal balance again.

Because allergy is such a complex field, only those doctors who choose it as their specialty are equipped to deal effectively with all branches of it. For the true allergist must be a jack-of-all-trades with the imagination of a Jules Verne. He must be one of the most inquisitive men on earth. In addition to knowing medicine thoroughly, he must know chemistry, botany, pharmacy, textiles, furs, cosmetics and cookery.

He must know about the personal lives of grasses and trees, weeds and flowers—that cocoanut oil is an ingredient in butter substitutes, soaps, candles, shampoos and cosmetics.

When it comes to cookery, he must know what goes into cream puffs, ice cream cones, Hollandaise sauce and salad dressing. He must be a connoisseur on condiments and flavorings. He must know about dyes and finishes, cleaning agents and soaps and solvents, and that rabbit fur can be dyed and sold un-

Excerpted from the book Are You Allergic? published at $2.50 by M. Barrows & Co., Inc., 443 Fourth Avenue, New York; copyright, 1943, by Jessamine Hilliard and Charles C. Coghlan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der the glorified name of sealskin.

There is the story of a woman who went to an allergist because of a severe rash on her face, neck and wrists. When she was skin-tested she reacted positively to rabbit fur.

When queried by the doctor, she replied that she had a new fur coat, but it was sealskin—not rabbit!

The doctor tested her again, and she reacted exclusively to rabbit fur. He also tested her with the dye and finish in her coat, and her skin showed no response to that.

"If you take your coat to an expert fur man he will tell you it is made of rabbit skin, not sealskin," the doctor advised.

The woman was indignant, but she took the advice and found that the skin tests had been reliable. She also demanded a refund on her coat and got it.

Another patient, a woman of wealth, consulted an allergist because of a rash on her neck and wrists. Fearing that her circumstances would mean a larger fee, she called at his office in shoddy clothing. But skin tests proved her clearly sensitive to mink and she had to confess.

IT IS THE allergist's function, however, to go further than the mere identification and treatment of simple allergy.

He must discover and identify the specific chemical within a substance capable of causing a reaction in his allergic patient, in order that he may instruct his patient how to avoid the same material in other forms.

An individual highly sensitive to flaxseed, for example, may be capable of reacting to it in the minutest forms. So the allergist must know that flaxseed is sometimes used as feed for cattle and therefore may be present as an allergen in milk, cream, butter, cheese and beef. A good result cannot be obtained until this substance is completely eliminated from a patient's environment.

The allergist must know, too, how to recognize and identify flaxseed in all its commercial disguises from kitchen linoleum, which is made of compressed flaxseed, to cough syrup, breakfast food, fiber boards and padding.

To be a really successful allergist a doctor must know his patients' outsides as well as their insides. He must know how they live, where, and who lives next door to them. He must know their jobs, hobbies, and their forms of relaxation; their dispositions, likes and dislikes.

Often the patient himself is the best judge of his own allergy. An allergist by experience has learned to pay careful attention to patients' likes and dislikes.

A woman who had shown vague symptoms of nervous and digestive disturbance went to a sanitarium for a complete check-up and study.

Orange juice—and plenty of it—was the customary treatment for all entering patients. When the woman protested that she couldn't drink orange juice, the chief of staff told her—"I've treated thousands successfully by starting them in on an orange juice diet. You're in my care now. Please leave the matter to me and help by cooperating with my orders."

At lunchtime when two glasses of freshly squeezed orange juice were brought, the patient refused to drink it. The nurse in charge called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the floor doctor who had recently heard about food allergies in medical school.

"What do you think will happen if you drink this orange juice?" he asked.

"Doctor, I don't think, I know. Orange juice makes me choke. It makes my throat feel swollen and tight. If I drink two glasses of orange juice, I'll choke to death."

Taking no chances, the doctor prepared a syringe with adrenalin, that specific drug which prevents death from violent, or what is called anaphylactic, reaction in highly allergic patients.

"Now," he said, "I'm prepared to relieve you if such symptoms as you describe should occur. Please drink the orange juice."

The woman looked at him helplessly and gulped it down. In a few minutes she said, "I'm beginning to feel strange and tingling. I always feel this way after—" But she couldn't finish. She had begun to gasp and wheeze. Her lips got blue and her face blanched. If the adrenalin had not been injected she would have choked to death. The drug relieved the violent throat spasm, and in a few moments she lay back exhausted.

There was no question about the diagnosis. This woman was the one in thousands who cannot drink orange juice. In another patient it might have been something else: eggs, spinach, strawberries, turnips, sweet potatoes or roast pork.

It must always be borne in mind that highly allergic individuals will react to the smallest amounts of the substance to which they are sensitized. One Hollywood actress is so sensitive to eggs that she has difficulty if she eats anything prepared in a pan in which eggs have been previously cooked. That was proved at a breakfast party when she ate sausage that had been fried in a skillet used to fry eggs. Within 10 minutes she became violently ill.

ALLERGISTS have treated other patients so sensitive to a substance that even after a cooking utensil has been washed several times, it will still contain sufficient quantities to cause allergic symptoms.

An Oklahoma doctor reports the case of a five-months-old infant brought to him suffering from severe asthma. When the child was three months old she had been put on a diet of cow's milk. One week afterward she began to have severe attacks of asthma and when tested gave a highly positive reaction to all forms of wheat protein.

But where was this child getting wheat? Her diet consisted exclusively of cow's milk. The nurse reported that a special cow was being kept to furnish the child's milk and that the cow was being fed on a bran diet.

The doctor suggested that the child's milk be obtained from dairy cows feeding exclusively on green pasture. When this was done the asthma disappeared, and the child remained free from symptoms until she was three years old. She then developed new sensitivities to eggs and feathers. At six she is still so sensitive to wheat that a piece of bread the size of a wheat kernel will cause her tongue to swell and her asthmatic symptoms to return.

Then there was the case of the man who hated crowds. His wife complained that he was a sit-at-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home. He preferred to go to football games that were out in the open or lodge meetings with no women present, and said so frequently. His wife felt abused, never suspecting that her husband was one of those persons highly sensitive to orris root, a common ingredient in cosmetics and abundantly present in the air around a dressed-up group.

Whenever the man inhaled orris root, the allergist discovered, he felt depressed and ill at ease; his eyes watered and his nose itched. The only one of his wife's friends whose presence didn't annoy him was a woman whose brand of face powder happened to have a cornstarch base.

WHEN AN allergist examines you he will ask very personal questions about your family tree. He will be careful to find out whether your family had a tendency toward colds or headaches — whether grandfather has asthma or your aunt eczema. Did you have a relative who always talked about his sinus trouble? No use keeping secrets from your allergist. There is also the subject of your occupation and hobbies. No use pretending about what they are. For where you live and how you live and what you do determine your environment and the types of allergens to which you are most frequently exposed.

A two-year-old boy suddenly developed asthma. The father worked in a granary and handled alfalfa. He noticed that his child's asthma was always worse at night.

When he consulted an allergist, he told him that he was sure there was something connected with his work that made his son have asthma.

"We live only two blocks from the granary," the father explained, "and Olaf always begins wheezing hard when I come home from work."

He was right. Little Olaf was sensitive to the alfalfa particles which were carried home every night in his father's clothing.

Many patients, however, are reluctant to talk. They have heard tales about allergists which refer to their work as hocus-pocus and frankly admit that they are not convinced about it.

Allergists have heard the same statement hundreds of times. Yet they know that unless the patient's full cooperation and confidence is won, their cause is hopeless. So they explain that no treatment is absolutely certain. No guarantee can be offered. For allergists today do not even know the cause of allergy. Why some persons are allergic and why some are not is something which cannot be fully explained. The tendency to develop allergic conditions is part of a person's physical pattern, and allergists know very little else about it.

What they treat are the symptoms of allergy and in many cases have obtained complete relief. Allergic treatment consists in identifying and eliminating those things from the environment which are responsible for the production of symptoms. Success depends on how wholly the offending allergen can be identified and eliminated.

The allergic tendency itself is incurable because doctors do not yet know the cause; but the symptoms of allergy are curable and the cooperation and interest of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patient himself are often the determining factor in the cure.

So the allergic diseases of yesterday are today regarded merely as symptoms indicating an allergic constitution. Intelligent allergic management no longer permits the asthmatic, for example, to be treated for asthma alone; he is now treated to prevent further allergies from developing.

Perhaps the dawn of tomorrow in medicine will give the diagnosis and treatment of allergy in child care the same accepted significance and attention as the proper vitamin and mineral balance of his diet are given today.

So Little From So Much

EDITORS' NOTE: *In February, 1944, Lieut. Donel O'Brien, navigator in the Army Air Forces, was reported missing. Six months later word came that he had been killed in action. Then to the home of his father, Chicago Daily News columnist Howard Vincent O'Brien, a box was delivered...*

THE BOX came by express the day after Christmas. The children thought it was a belated gift from Santa Claus and jumped up and down. They thought it was a doll.

The carton was the right size for a doll; but I knew it wasn't a doll. Dolls don't come from the Army Effects Bureau. Besides, I had had a letter.

Nobody but the children wanted to open the carton; so it was taken to the attic and for days stayed out of sight if not out of mind. Then, Sunday afternoon, when I was alone in the house, I got a pair of shears and snipped the tape with which the carton was bound.

It was packed just as he might have done it himself—the coats and trousers neatly folded, socks and handkerchiefs and underwear all helter-skelter.

On top was the made-to-order dress uniform, as fresh as the day it had come from the tailor. He had been so proud of this extravagance, admiring himself in the close-fitting tunic. He had had so little time to be proud.

In the corner was a pair of officer's shoes, almost like new. Even less worn were his summer things. He saw no summer in Britain. His work was done before he could hear the skylark or see the meadows "knee-deep in June."

At the bottom of the carton was a tattered envelope, stuffed with orders and a diploma from a Louisiana training school. Beside it was a diary, given him by his mother. Eagerly, I leafed through its pages. They were blank!

The only other record of his life was a couple of flashlight pictures snapped in New York "spots." Under them was a small paper bag, torn in the corner. In it were the following:

A jeweler's ring box—with no ring.

The silver wings of a navigator.

A wristwatch, minus crystal, which had stopped at 23 minutes to 9.

A pair of sun glasses.

A Yellow Cab identification tag.

Three coins—a nickel, a dime and a threepenny piece.

The winter twilight was settling as I finished the inventory. I sat staring at the box in which these things had come. It was such a small box to hold all the laughter and tears, all the hope and apprehension, which had been packed into it. So much gaiety and tenderness, so much generosity and fun, such talent and eager inquiry, such virile beauty . . . it was hard to believe it had all vanished like the song of a bird at dusk, leaving only a little heap of clothes and a torn paper bag.

—HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN
in the *Chicago Daily News*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You—like his men—may die just a little when you read what happened to this Sarge whose heart was bigger than the Burma jungle

Burma Letter

by RELMAN MORIN

EDITORS' NOTE: *Relman Morin, 37-year-old Associated Press war correspondent from Freeport, Illinois, has long filed stories commanding big headlines. He was formerly AP chief of bureau in Tokyo. He covered the American invasion of North Africa. He landed with the first troops at Salerno. From Italy, he was assigned to report the war in the China-Burma-India Theater and the Middle East. Departing from front-page war news, Mr. Morin here tells of a heart-tugging moment in the Burma campaign.*

ALREADY THE shadows were deep in the valley below. Within the hour, pools of darkness forming there would flow together across the floor of the jungle, and then the darkness would rise, slowly, like a swollen river, creeping upward until it covered the high peak where the two men were sitting.

The thick green bush seemed to sound-proof the sergeant's voice, smothering it somehow, when he spoke.

"You better get going, Chip," he said. "It's about time now."

"I'm not going," said Chip. "I already told you."

"Sure, you did." The sergeant's voice was gentle. "But you're still going. It's your turn."

"Last week was my turn to go to the movies. I won't take yours."

He swept his field glasses slowly back and forth across the green-gold shoulder of the mountain across the way, and murmured, as though to himself. "I wonder if that Jap sniper is still there."

It was lonely up where they were. It was 12 miles from the base, and the base itself was deep in Burma. They, the sergeant and two enlisted men, were forward of it. They were stationed in the hills to watch the sky and any movement in the jungle, and to communicate at fixed intervals with Base. This was a forward O.P.—an observation post.

"You were sick last week," the sergeant said. "I don't figure to lose my turn if I take sick. Neither does Joe."

One night in each week, one of them could go back to Base. Whoever went took a notebook and pencil and his flashlight. This was so that he could make notes on the movie. He had to see it for the two who stayed behind.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When he came back, they expected to hear the whole story, right from the notebook, right from the beginning, every drop squeezed out of it for them. He would have to be able to explain exactly why everything happened as it did in the movie, and remember all the jokes, especially the jokes.

". . . and so when this sailor comes out of the submarine, he kind of sniffs and his eyes pop and he says, 'What's that funny smell?' And his buddy says, 'That's fresh air, Stupe.' You get it. They been down in the sub so long they even forget what fresh air smells like."

They could pass the long, slow hours talking about the movie. They rationed the telling of it just as you ration food or water. And they kept repeating the jokes all week, tasting them, and twisting them around to fit the things that happened to them at the O.P. It was almost as good as being there yourself.

The sergeant said, "Besides, the one tonight's got a lot of songs."

The soldier lowered his field glasses. "How do you know?"

"I asked 'em, the last time I checked in. You could play the songs for us. Neither Joe nor me can even remember a song. But you can."

The soldier rose to his feet. He slipped the binoculars into the leather case. The river of shadows had risen halfway up the walls of the valley now.

"By rights it ought to be you," he said. "Seems like I'm taking your turn."

"Hurry up! You might not catch a ride."

He went down the trail to the spot where the hammocks were slung. Joe was still at work there, splicing the wire. Joe said, "See anything more of that sniper? You think there was more than one?"

"Never saw a thing."

He filled the pockets of his fatigues with a K-ration, cigarettes, a dry package of matches, the notebook and two pencils, and an extra clip of shells. Then he checked his carbine and tested the flashlight. His slouch hat was still soggy from the rain. He fished a dry one from his musette bag and slapped it against his leg to shake out the spiders. And finally, he slipped his mouth-organ, wrapped in an oilskin tobacco pouch, into his pocket.

THE EXCITEMENT came into his throat and spread all through him, warm and tingling, like a stiff drink. It was like Saturday night at home, when you were getting ready for a date.

Then he thought of the Sarge and a quick pain shot through his happiness, edging it and making it all the keener.

He stood on the trail for a moment, looking up at the Sarge. Suddenly the sergeant turned and saw him. He put his hands to his mouth, in the pantomime of playing a mouth-organ. The soldier tapped his breast pocket to show that he had remembered it.

A smile burst from the depths of him before he could stop it. Then, abruptly, he turned and began sliding down toward the road.

It was more than an hour before a truck overtook him on the road. Lucky. If he'd had to walk the whole 12 miles, he'd have been late. He'd miss some of the songs. Of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course, the Sarge would never know. But you couldn't hold out on a guy like that.

He smiled again, thinking of the Sarge. He thought: I never knew anybody like him before.

They were at the tail end of the chowline when the truck turned into the base. Still plenty of time, but he went immediately to the cleared space in front of the small white screen. He had to have a good seat this time, close up to the screen where he wouldn't miss a thing.

The light began to fade. Night swept over the jungle on swift black wings. A sliver of white stabbed the darkness and splattered against the screen and steadied there.

He wrote the title of the picture at the top of the page.

After it was over, he found a weapons-carrier going his way. He sat up front, beside the driver. Now he was impatient to get back, so that he could tell the Sarge about the picture. There had been two swell songs. He wasn't sure that he could handle the jivey number . . . but that sweet music would be easy.

"Come on, step on it," he said, suddenly, to the driver.

"Whyn't you take the brakes off?"

"The war'll wait. What's the rush?"

"I'm in a hurry. I gotta get back."

Where the trail from the O.P. came down to the road, a flashlight winked with sudden urgency, white and sudden in the darkness. The weapons-carrier stopped. Two jeeps were there in the road.

The first thing he saw was the white brassard with the red cross, on the man's arm. Distantly, in the blackness high above the road, a rifle cracked, and then two more. Then he saw Joe.

Joe said, "A Jap patrol jumped us. That sniper must have tipped 'em. We got a couple."

It seemed to him, in the instant when he asked, that he knew what Joe was going to answer. Joe said, "They got the Sarge. They're bringing him down the trail now."

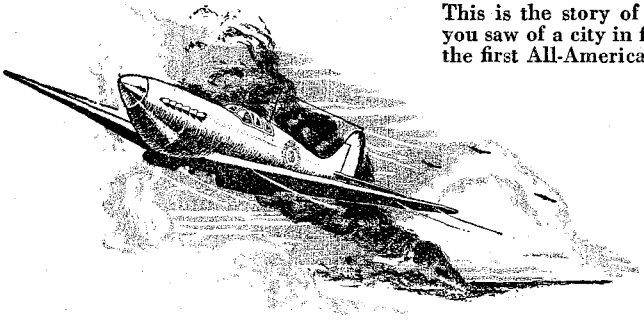
They set the stretcher beside the road. The soldier knelt beside it. A flashlight glowed for an instant and the light glinted in the sergeant's eyes. They were open. Somebody covered him with a blanket. The soldier drew it down a little, away from his face. He put his hand on the sergeant's cheek and let it stay there.

He thought: I wish he hadn't said it was my turn.

"... And Ye Clothed Me"

IN EUROPE TODAY, 125 million liberated people are in desperate need of clothes, shoes and bedding. April is the month for a nationwide drive, headed by Henry J. Kaiser, to collect used wearing apparel and blankets for these destitute war victims abroad. Campaign committees, spearheaded by officers of the Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs, are being organized in every community. The sacrifice is small. The need is now!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This is the story of the newspaper picture you saw of a city in flames, a day or so after the first All-American bombing of Berlin

Snapshot of Berlin

by ERIC FRIEDHEIM AND SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

EDITORS' NOTE: *For every bombing mission which wings its way over the capitols and great production centers of the enemy, leaving flames and ruins in its wake, there's a less publicized but equally vital flight made by the lone pilot of the photo reconnaissance plane. He flies alone, after the fireworks are over, recording the wreckage and destruction of war with the camera. This tells of one such mission. It happened over Berlin, but it might be the story of these pilots anywhere, in any theatre of war, and of their exceptional brand of cold courage.*

THE MISSION WILL be airborn at 1200 hours, which is noon. Walter L. Weitner is the pilot. He sits down to a late breakfast. Eggs and bacon, a piece of toast, canned peaches and coffee. A good breakfast, but carefully selected. He is perpetually in training, his diet watched as carefully as that of a prizefighter on the eve of a championship bout. At extreme altitudes, where air pressure is eight times less than normal, foods that form gas can cripple a pilot.

He is going up in an unarmed Spitfire today, alone, over enemy territory, thousands of feet higher than most planes fly. Speed is the plane's only protection, plus the alertness and skill of Weitner himself.

As he eats, the bombers with their fighter escort are nearing the target. His job is to appear over Berlin a short time after they have dropped their bombs. In the tail of his Spitfire are two British cameras with 36-inch focal lengths, known as the F-52. The photographs he takes will establish the extent of bomb damage, and on them 8th Air Force Command will decide what targets should be hit next time.

Who is Weitner? A 24-year-old lad from Yonkers, New York. Solid, of medium height, a roundish face, rather reserved, commander of a squadron, a good enough flier as a cadet at Lake Charles, Louisiana, and slated to instruct upon graduation . . . But the Army being what it is, things didn't work out that way.

AT THE altitude a photographic reconnaissance plane must fly, gasoline consumption is enormous. In that rarefied air the plane will have to keep straining continuously to

Excerpted from the book Fighters Up, by Friedheim and Taylor, published at $2.50 by Macrae Smith Company, 225 S. 15th Street, Philadelphia 2, copyright, 1945, by Army Air Forces Aid Society

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maintain level flight. It must have gas enough to make pinpoint runs over four separate targets in the Berlin area, to employ evasive action against flak or intercepting aircraft—anybody, Allied or German, is apt to chase the "Focus Cats"—and it *must* get back. Weather will be the greatest enemy. Modern cameras can eliminate haze, but no camera yet devised can puncture a single cloud. A photographic ship will take off in any fog, any storm, any wind, if the weather is right over the target.

The purpose of the flight is to bring back pictures. No amount of hair-raising aerial experiences by the pilot means a thing to a camera. If the cameras don't get those pictures, good pictures, taken at even keel and at the correct flying speed for proper overlapping, the mission is a failure.

WEITNER HAS finished his breakfast and goes in to briefing. On the walls are huge maps of enemy territory. One has flak areas blocked off in red. Weitner knows this one by heart, because sometimes the Germans can lay that flak on a dime, even at very high altitude. He checks to make sure new flak areas aren't indicated. Another map shows the location of all kinds of enemy installations, airfields, factories and fortified positions.

Weitner will be his own navigator. He has no one to check with once he's in the air. Because of the importance of the mission, Intelligence briefs him on targets of opportunity—areas he can photograph on the way if he gets a chance. One of these is Hanover.

Going out, he makes a last-minute check on his greatest enemy, the weather.

"Ten-tenths low stratus cloud over the Channel, and a frontal system with cumulus clouds built up to twenty thousand feet," he is told. "It will break up to five-tenths over the Dutch coast and you'll be in the clear a few minutes from the target. Your wind will be 80 miles per hour at 35 degrees." It's just a slight breeze in the sub stratosphere, where the wind sometimes reaches two hundred miles per hour.

Weitner takes off, but he can't just simply head for his target. In certain areas of England, ack-ack will automatically go into action against any plane flying overhead. He follows his exact course, steadily climbing. Presently low clouds cover everything below. He flies by instrument, gauging increasing wind speed as he gains altitude. He has enough gas to get to his target and back. Just enough. Not enough to fly around orienting himself.

He watches his rear-view mirror, and keeps looking around. Anything he sights will be an enemy. His intestines begin to swell and he belches. Should he have done without breakfast? You're between the sword and the wall. You have to have strength enough to fight the enervating influence of altitude and the strain of a long flight. You have to eat. He belches again, and pulls at the cockpit straps and parachute harness that confine his distended viscera. The cold comes like a thin steel knife through the most minute crack of the cockpit. He does not wear electrically heated equipment.

Contrails begin streaming lacy and white from his engine exhaust.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is a crucial altitude. You can get high enough so that you can see the contrails of interceptors as they come up, or low enough that you can see the vapor trails above you while you have none. Here in the twilight zone an enemy can bob up out of nowhere and be on your tail before you know it. And every plane is an enemy. He knows the combat characteristics of every plane he could meet in the skies. He can outrun one, out-turn another, out-climb a third. If he meets another Spitfire? Well, it would be his skill against the other pilot's skill and guns. But maybe he won't meet a Spit.

He's been in the air half an hour. It is still instrument flying. He finds his attention lagging, and increases the pressure of the oxygen mask. Even so, his strength slowly seeps away. The best the pressure mask can do is equal the height of a 14,000-foot mountain. And it is cold, unearthly cold. Frost is half an inch thick atop the cameras behind him, and they have more heat than he. For hot air from the heating system is blown directly on lenses and other vital parts, since it was found that automatic control mechanisms sometimes went haywire in the extreme cold.

He can endure the discomfort, but not what the cold and the altitude do to the mind. Slowly, insidiously, the senses numb. You become dopey. And it's always the plane you don't see that comes out of the bright sun and gets you.

And there's the solitude. The utter aloneness. On other types of missions, much of a pilot's courage comes from the fact that somebody else is alongside, somebody else is watching, somebody else is doing what you're doing. Many pilots who successfully pass the low-pressure chamber tests required for this work can't stand the utter solitude. Nothing but you and the cold glare of the sun. Solid cloud below. You and infinity, limitless space and absolute cold, your gasoline gauges moving steadily toward zero, and your contrails pointing a miles-long arrow to your plane, in case you aren't alone.

"Bandits at 12 o'clock!" crackles a voice over the radio telephone. "Three 109's. Let's go!"

Weitner finds himself listening to a dogfight somewhere off in infinity. "Watch out, Joe. One on your tail! Dive, and I'll follow him down!" . . . "Ed, take those bandits off that bomber's tail." . . .

They're having a lot of fun out there. Excitement of combat. Personal duels. Becoming heroes.

WEITNER's roundish face forms one of his rare slow grins. He likes the work. He's of the special temperament required for the special job he's doing. Photo reconnaissance pilots are friendly, easy to get along with; but they are men who can be alone with themselves. If they have nothing to say, they say nothing. If they have something to say, they phrase it neatly to the point.

They had to be men who could stand the altitude, who weren't susceptible to the "bends." The high altitude flier faces the same hazard as the deep sea diver or the sand hog. When air pressure is reduced, nitrogen bubbles may form in the blood stream and a man is doubled up in agony. If they passed the pressure-tank tests, they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trained in the exacting job of photo reconnaissance flying.

The new reconnaissance pilot also learns the incredible magic performed by the photo interpreters. Given three pictures by a pilot who lost his way, they could tell him exactly where he'd been. They could instantly spot camouflage from the real thing. It was they who spotted a secretly constructed synthetic rubber factory. It looked innocent enough, except that certain installations were a bit out of proportion for the innocent product supposedly manufactured there. Bombers paid a visit, and huge fires ate up half of Hitler's synthetic rubber production.

He learned that almost three-quarters of all military intelligence about the enemy came from the cameras of the Focus Cats. The lone photo-planes even checked the accuracy of underground reports. And he learned about the perfect coordination between the American and British Air Forces in the matter of this intelligence. A central bureau consolidated all the information obtained by both Forces.

He learned what General Arnold meant when he said that the fighter planes win battles, but photo reconnaissance wins wars.

FLYING HIGH above the low clouds in the cold sunlight, Weitner studies his gas gauges, listening over the R/T to the dogfight somewhere ahead.

And just where is he? You have to trust your instruments, but it's against all natural impulse. You always think you're overshooting, that you're going too far. And instruments can go haywire at 60 below zero. Has the wind changed? If he knew exactly where he was! He's 45 minutes out now, thousands of feet above what bombers and fighters call high altitude. Hands are stiff, movements slow. He fights to keep alert.

Holes in the clouds ahead. Below is The Hague. He is on the course. A friendly, warm feeling comes at having made this remote contact with the city that looks like a small-scale map below.

Farther on he sees contrails against the sky. Enemy planes. Whether Allied or Hun, they are enemy planes.

He studies them, and the entire horizon. The enemy planes are going in his direction; he's behind them and they haven't seen him. He changes compass course from 86 to 90 degrees and leaves them. And he doesn't want to meet that dogfight ahead.

The low strata clouds thin out to five-tenths cover. He can see half of the terrain below. The Zuider Zee is concealed but at Hanover there is a good hole in the clouds. He recognizes the oval lakes nearby. A perfect target for aerial photography. And this is a target of opportunity Intelligence has mentioned. Has he the gas to do it? He can't resist making a run over it, limited as his air-time is, and then he goes on again at 90-degree compass. He feels pretty good. He gets the same satisfaction out of targeting a picture as a bomber pilot does out of pinpointing an aircraft factory.

He suddenly becomes alert, realizing that his brain has gradually become numbed with the lack of oxygen and the extreme cold. Something is wrong. He can't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

locate it. He looks around the tremendous horizon.

Finally he makes it out. Three bandits are on his tail. They are only 15 hundred yards behind him, having cleverly swung into the wake of his contrail, mingling theirs with his as they crept up behind him. Now that he knows it, he can see the planes clearly, three black dots in the merciless sunlight.

He revs up his Spitfire. The pursuers do likewise. He pulls to the right to see them better. He hasn't gained; they haven't lost. He reaches maximum altitude, and they still cling to his tail, waiting him out. They know he'll have to come back. They can land anywhere. He has to get back several hundred miles. His full bore speed is eating heavily at his gas supply. He is only minutes from Berlin. He levels off, and his speed increases. The bandits spread out to intercept if he circles back. Below is a lake, a check-point only 50 miles north of Berlin. The clouds have opened wide, but from the city itself comes billowing smoke. Can he get his pictures, even if he shakes off the three bandits?

Looking back, he sees them falling off. No doubt to wait for his return.

Weitner's engine dies. Wing tank empty. He switches tanks, and wipes cold sweat from his forehead. He makes a turn, and comes over Berlin. It seems a quiet afternoon, the sun reflecting from the streets. Huge columns of smoke billow lazily from the target areas.

Solid low clouds are drifting in. He is just on time. He can't pinpoint each target before the cloud covers the city. And the change in direction, the run over Hanover, and the chase with the bandits has eaten into his gas reserve.

So he takes a continuous run over the target area. Flying perfectly level—the slightest tilt would throw the camera focus at an angle and off the target from this height—he flips the camera switch. The white light comes on, then the amber light, and then the green light blinks with each snap of the shutters. He runs over the smoking city, comes over again, with the green light blinking.

The cloud layer creeps over the edge of the city, and he starts back. He has a few gallons left in his second wing tank. When that is dry he switches to the main tank. The indicator says zero. According to the gauge, he is out of gas. Leak? Or is the gauge frozen? His engine keeps running, but the gauge stays frozen. It isn't pleasant. Far off to the east he sees contrails. If they chase and he has to go full bore—but they don't.

When he sights the cloud layer over the English coast he begins a long glide.

BACK AT THE base, Galloway was watching the clock in the control tower. Weitner was overdue. If he became an hour overdue, the word would be flashed to Air Sea Rescue, to RAF observers. And twenty thousand people would begin searching for him.

"Applesauce 22 to Brickbat. Applesauce 22 calling for a homing. One-two-three-four . . ."

It was Weitner, somewhere above the clouds. Flying Control got his direction, gave him a bearing.

"How are you, Applesauce 22?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Gas gauge just unfroze. Twenty gallons. Think I can make it."

Twenty gallons, practically no gasoline for a powerful plane.

Presently he came out of the clouds, with three gallons of gas. Not much, but enough for one buzz. He's allowed one buzz on completing a successful mission. He made it a good one, and landed just as his motor quit. The purpose of the mission—the film—was taken out and rushed in a jeep to Photo Lab as his plane pushed into the dispersal area after four hours and eighteen minutes in the air.

You saw some of the pictures a day or so later in the newspapers. On them the plan for the next Berlin raid was largely based.

Not in the Script

THE SUN WAS SETTING on the back lot of 20th Century-Fox Film Company where Director Al Santell was filming a huge banquet scene. Anxious to finish the set, the director yelled for prop man Abe Steinberg to hurry with the flit. The flies were devouring the food.

Behind the set young Steinberg scratched his head. He was fresh out of flit, but it would have been poor taste to inform the director of this. Presently, Steinberg and his assistants swarmed the set and commenced spraying the pests. The flies merely flicked their wings and continued to dine.

"Ya see, Al," Steinberg said, "they must be used to the stuff. It has no effect."

"Effect! They thrive on it! We'll have to finish this—flies and all."

Steinberg had slipped out of a tight spot by filling the flit cans with water.

AT CATALINA ISLAND, the late Ted Wilde was directing the filming of a scene in *The Kid Brother* in which Harold Lloyd and a monkey were on the deck of a ship. After a morning's workout, they called a stop for lunch. The studio furnishes a box lunch, and special orders are marked with a blue X on the carton.

The first day Ted's lunch was terrible. Being a soft-spoken, uncomplaining man, he held his tongue. The second day it was almost as bad as the first. Ted still said nothing as he nibbled on a couple of worn-out scraps of meat and a wilted carrot. A repetition of this the third day caused him to complain mildly to the head prop man.

The prop man took one look at the "special" and yelled for his assistant. "You dope!" he shouted. "I told you about the lunch with the *one blue line on it!* You've been giving Ted the monkey's lunch!"

CECIL B. DEMILLE is Hollywood's most meticulous director. He insists that everyone in the cast, down to the least important extra, play his part well. During a scene in *The Crusades*, two character extra women were having a gabfest. "Cut!" shouted DeMille, and turning to the women he barked, "Now just what is so important that it can't wait until the scene is finished?"

A hush came over the huge set.

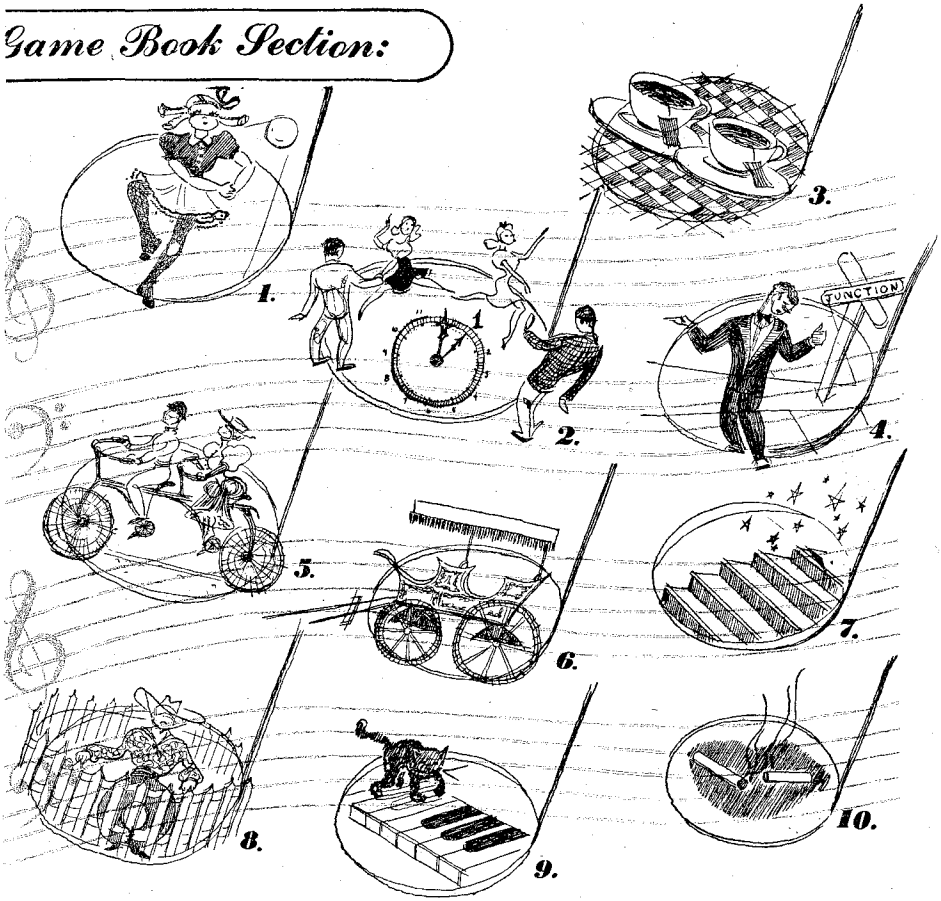
Undisturbed, one of the extras replied, "I was just asking my friend what time she thought that bald-headed director was going to quit for lunch."

Mr. DeMille looked at his watch. It was 1:30. With a broad smile he announced loudly, "Lunch."

—ROLAND HILLIARD ASHTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Game Book Section:

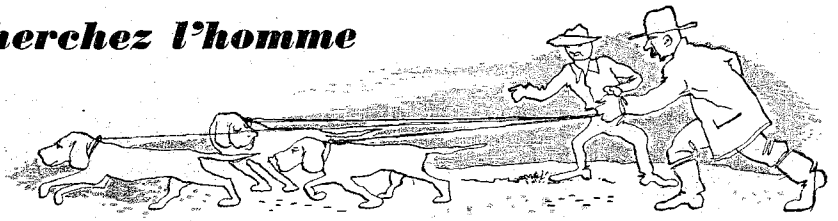


Songs in the Air

TUNE YOUR mind in on a musical frequency before you embark upon this game of song charades. You've doubtless played charades at some time or other, and maybe you've done it with music. That's how we're doing it—with music. We've enacted 10 familiar song titles for you, both old and new. The idea, of course, is to name the song each picture represents. For instance, if we'd pictured a trapeze artist, we'd have exemplified *Man on the Flying Trapeze*. Six right is not bad, seven or eight right is pretty good and more than eight right is very good. You will find the answers listed on page 94.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cherchez l'homme



BUSQUE AL HOMBRE! Cerca l'uomo! Cherchez l'homme! Zetesate ton andra! Naidite cheloveka! Chao jen! The foregoing exclamatory phrases would be used by the gendarmerie in Mexico, Italy, France, Greece, Russia and China. In America we say, "Find the man!" Some of the clues in this manhunt are a bit informal, but each should instantly bring to mind a famous man.

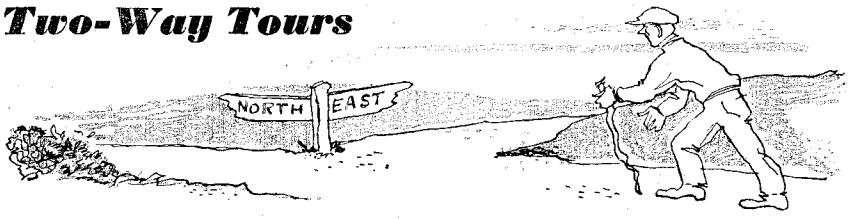
Give yourself five citations for each correct answer. A score of 55 or more gives you a fair record; 70 a good one, and 80 or over, well J. Edgar Hoover had better get hep to himself.

Answers will be found on page 94.

1. There is a song about this engineer's ill-fated night ride.
2. He and Marie Antoinette fed a starving mob at Versailles.
3. When a Louisiana governor posted a 500-dollar reward for his apprehension, he, in turn, offered 1,500 dollars for the the governor's capture.
4. This gent prompted the gay young blades to go West.
5. A President who spoke of "owing it all to mother."
6. With his French accent, he tried to lure a gal to the Casbah in the movie *Algiers*.
7. This international figure sports a walrus mustache and smokes a Sherlock Holmes pipe.
8. He made a million dollar business of a five and ten cent store.
9. This comedian sings of *Ida*, and longs for a son.
10. Fair maidens swooned and timbers shook and shivered when he sang in *Pagliacci*.
11. The painting of his mother is famous today.
12. This familiar figure sports a cigarette holder and has a much-publicized Scotty pooch.
13. A great and much-loved sportsman who put South Bend on the map.
14. This Spaniard wanted to be young, but unfortunately never found the spigot.
15. Some people thought he came from Mars, and he is a man of remarkable talent and many occupations.
16. He is a gossip columnist extraordinary, and is called the "great mouthpiece of radio."
17. This fellow's voice and "also ran" horses are famous.
18. A professor whose baffling theory is famous, and who helps little girls solve their arithmetic problems.
19. He satirized politicians in his homespun way, and "only knew what he read in the newspapers."
20. Grable passed up all the others for this guy's trumpet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two-Way Tours

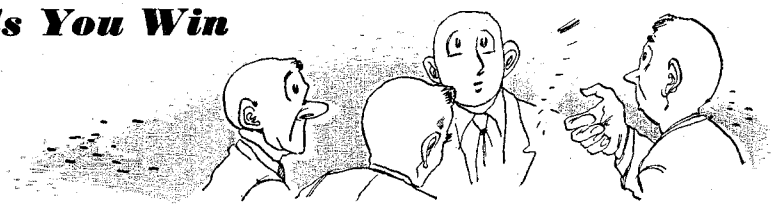


HERE IS A QUIZ which will get you around. That is, if you can get around *it*. It requires a good bit of traveling. You are given a list of 15 short words. Each one both begins and ends the name of a city or town, a country or body of water. Your job is to complete two names for each word, following the definitions given on both sides. To clarify, the answer to the first question is WabASH. The answer to the second is ASHville. You get three points for each correct name but must forego one point in each instance of incorrect spelling. A score of 60 is average. 70 is good, and 80 is very very good. The answers are on page 94.

1. The banks of this Indiana river are familiar.	ASH	2. A Vanderbilt estate is in this North Carolina city.
3. Locale of the story, *Lost Horizon*.	BET	4. City symbolic of Christmas.
5. Belgian province of strong cheese.	BURG	6. Province well known to the Vagabond King.
7. Wooden shoe capital.	DAM	8. Syrian blade town.
9. German town of lovely china.	DEN	10. "There's something rotten in the state of. . . . . ."
11. Famous French World War I town.	DUN	12. Famous French World War II town.
13. A state of Washington sound.	GET	14. Famous Civil War "address" town.
15. Alabama coal and iron industrial town.	HAM	16. German port (with or without onions).
17. City of gondolas.	ICE	18. This island has no palms.
19. English county of the grinning cat.	IRE	20. Country of faith and begorra.
21. Maryland city where a Lady baked a cake.	ORE	22. Pacific Coast State of *Down the. . . . . trail.*
23. One of the slant-eye countries.	PAN	24. Canal country of summer hats.
25. Famous Russian river of World War II.	PER	26. This rug-cutting country has a new name.
27. Swiss university city.	RICH	28. Capital of Southern state.
29. Northern state called America's dairyland.	SIN	30. There's a song called *On a Little Street in . . .*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tails You Win



OR TAILS YOU LOSE, depending on what you do with the following quiz, which, we hope, doesn't entail too much headwork. Give yourself five points for each correct answer. Consider 90 and above excellent, 75 to 85 good. Below 70 leans decidedly tailward.

You will find the answers on page 94.

1. Of the animals below, the one with the greatest tail-power is the:
   (*a*) kangaroo
   (*b*) gorilla
   (*c*) rhinoceros
2. *All's Well that Ends Well* is:
   (*a*) the story of a bobtailed pup
   (*b*) a screen version of *Cinderella*
   (*c*) a play by Shakespeare
3. Puppy-dog tails make up one of the ingredients of little boys according to the old rhyme. Another ingredient is:
   (*a*) snails
   (*b*) snakes
   (*c*) toads
4. "Heads" is nearly always a head, but "tails" is a little more varied. For instance, tails is sometimes a likeness of Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home. It's on a:
   (*a*) half-dollar
   (*b*) dime
   (*c*) nickel
5. The tail end of the Appalachian Trail is in:
   (*a*) Georgia
   (*b*) Alabama
   (*c*) Mississippi
6. In the comics, Tagalong is:
   (*a*) one of Boots' boy friends
   (*b*) a neighbor of the Dagwoods
   (*c*) Freckles' younger brother
7. A maiden's long pigtails, when unbraided, became a ladder by which access was gained to her prison tower. Her name was:
   (*a*) Rapunzel
   (*b*) Snow White
   (*c*) Thumbelina
8. The amphibian which grows from all-tail to no-tail-at-all is the:
   (*a*) salamander
   (*b*) newt
   (*c*) frog
9. A book's appendix appears:
   (*a*) after the introduction
   (*b*) at the bottom of each page
   (*c*) at the end
10. A cocktail is a:
    (*a*) mixed drink
    (*b*) bird
    (*c*) type of shirt
11. Name the last line to this rhyme:
    I love to see a little dog
    And pat him on the head.
    How prettily he wags his tail
    (*a*) Just like a thoroughbred
    (*b*) Whenever he is fed
    (*c*) This friendly quadruped
12. When a certain fox in *Aesop's Fables* lost his tail in a trap, he:
    (*a*) advocated a law against traps
    (*b*) pleaded for sympathy
    (*c*) proposed that the other foxes cut off their tails too

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

13. The three blind mice had their tails cut off by a:
(*a*) paring knife
(*b*) bowie knife
(*c*) carving knife

14. "The Little Town O' Tailholt is good enough for me," is a line in a poem written by:
(*a*) Ogden Nash
(*b*) Edgar Guest
(*c*) James Whitcomb Riley

15. Of the following, the one which does not mean "last" is:
(*a*) finesse
(*b*) finale
(*c*) finis

16. A musical introduction is called the prelude. The closing musical offering is called the:
(*a*) etude
(*b*) postlude
(*c*) allude

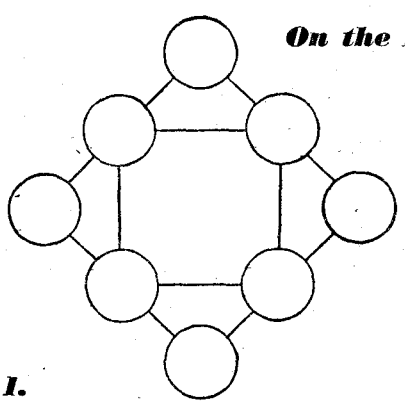
17. The lost animals in the nursery rhyme which will wag their tails behind them if let alone are:
(*a*) sheep
(*b*) kittens
(*c*) puppy-dogs

18. The centaur had the tail of a:
(*a*) lion
(*b*) fish
(*c*) horse

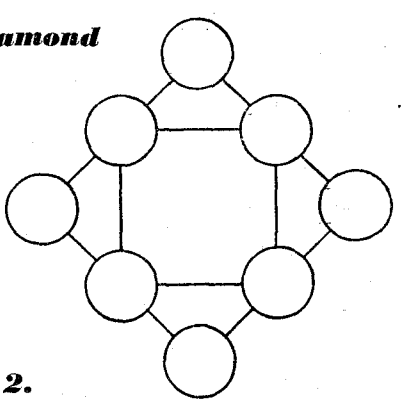
19. Of the following terms the one which is not aeronautic is:
(*a*) tail
(*b*) tail cups
(*c*) tail coverts

20. At the finish of the seventieth Kentucky Derby the horse which was the greatest distance from the tail end was:
(*a*) Broadcloth
(*b*) Pensive
(*c*) Stir Up

On the Diamond



1.



2.

SOLVE THIS NUMBERS GAME and you prove yourself the Jack of Diamonds. In each of the two diamond diagrams above, distribute the numbers from 1 through 8, one in each circle, so that the sum of every three in a line is the same. However, keep in mind that in the first diamond the sum of the numbers forming the outer square must be twice that of those forming the inner square. And in the second diamond the sum of the four forming the inner square must be twice that of those in the outer square. Remember, use only the numbers 1 through 8. Answers on page 94.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Answers

"Songs in the Air"

1. Dolly with a Hole in Her Stocking
2. One O'clock Jump
3. Tea for Two
4. Tuxedo Junction
5. Bicycle Built for Two
6. Surrey with the Fringe on Top
7. Stairway to the Stars
8. Don't Fence Me In
9. Kitten on the Keys
10. Two Cigarettes in the Dark

"Cherchez l'homme"

1. Casey Jones
2. Louis XVI
3. Jean Laffitte
4. Horace Greeley
5. Abraham Lincoln
6. Charles Boyer
7. Joseph Stalin
8. F. W. Woolworth
9. Eddie Cantor
10. Enrico Caruso
11. James Whistler
12. Franklin D. Roosevelt
13. Knute Rockne
14. Ponce de León
15. Orson Welles
16. Walter Winchell
17. Bing Crosby
18. Albert Einstein
19. Will Rogers
20. Harry James

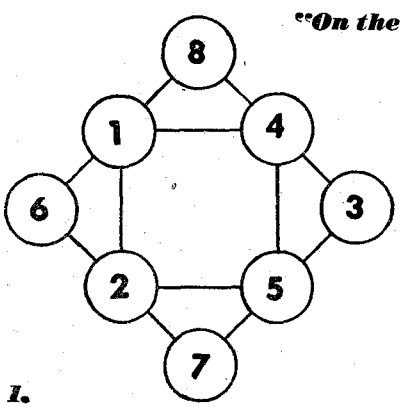
"Two-Way Tours"

1-2 wabASHeville
3-4 tiBEThlehem
5-6 limBURGundy
7-8 amsterDAMascus
9-10 dresDENmark
11-12 verDUNkirk
13-14 puGETtysburg
15-16 birmingHAMburg
17-18 venICEland
19-20 cheshIREland
21-22 baltimOREgon
23-24 jaPANama
25-26 dneiPERsia
27-28 zuRICHmond
29-30 wisconSINgapore

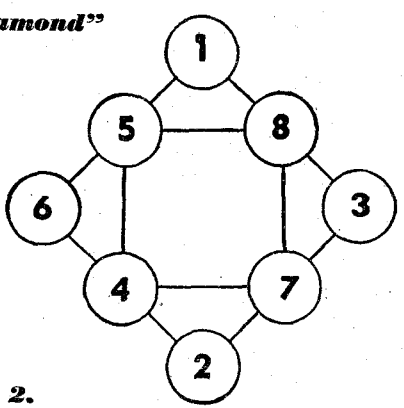
"Tails You Win"

1. (*a*)	5. (*b*)	9. (*c*)	13. (*c*)	17. (*a*)
2. (*c*)	6. (*c*)	10. (*a*)	14. (*c*)	18. (*c*)
3. (*a*)	7. (*a*)	11. (*b*)	15. (*a*)	19. (*c*)
4. (*c*)	8. (*c*)	12. (*c*)	16. (*b*)	20. (*b*)

"On the Diamond"



1.



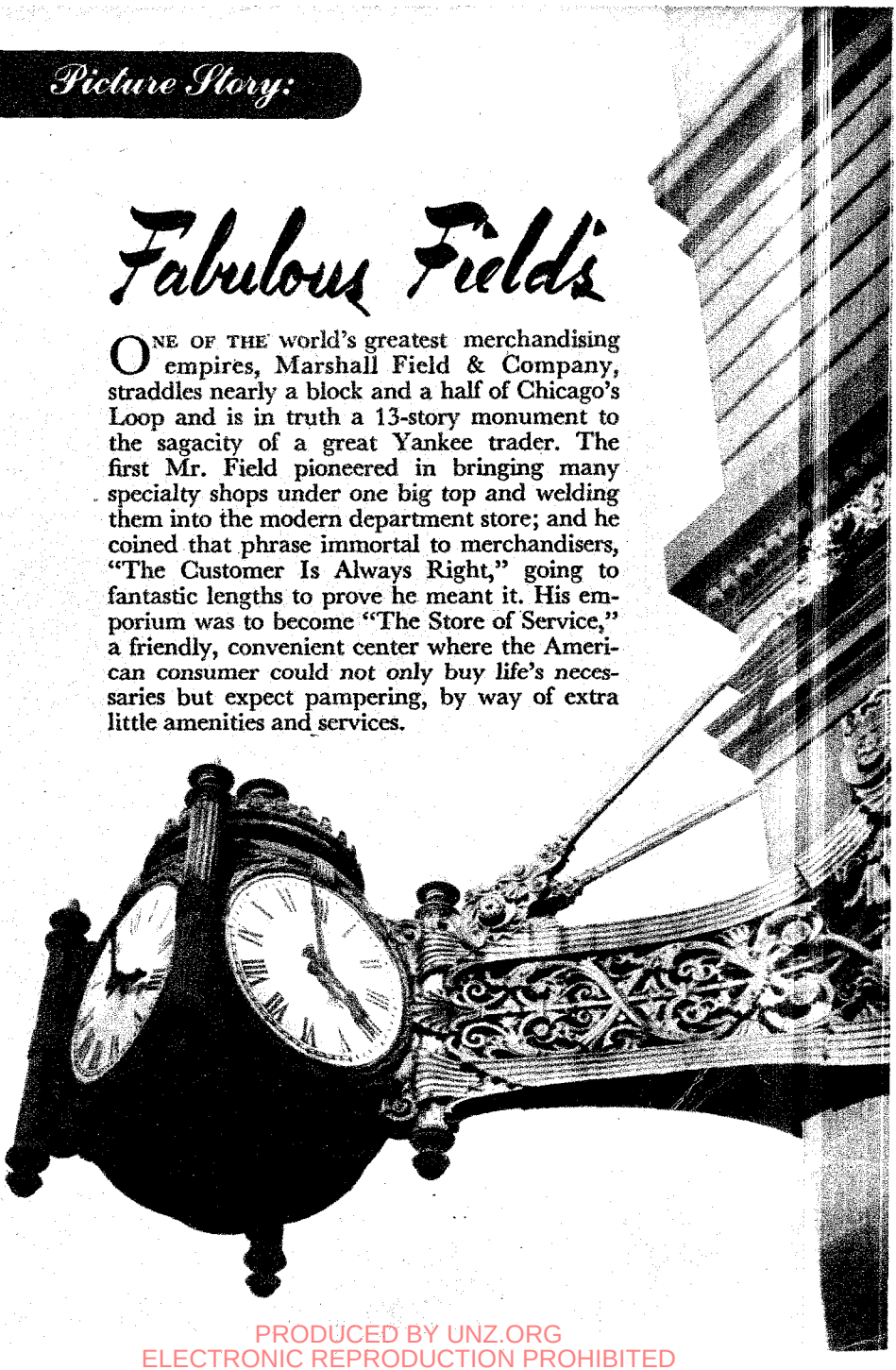
2.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

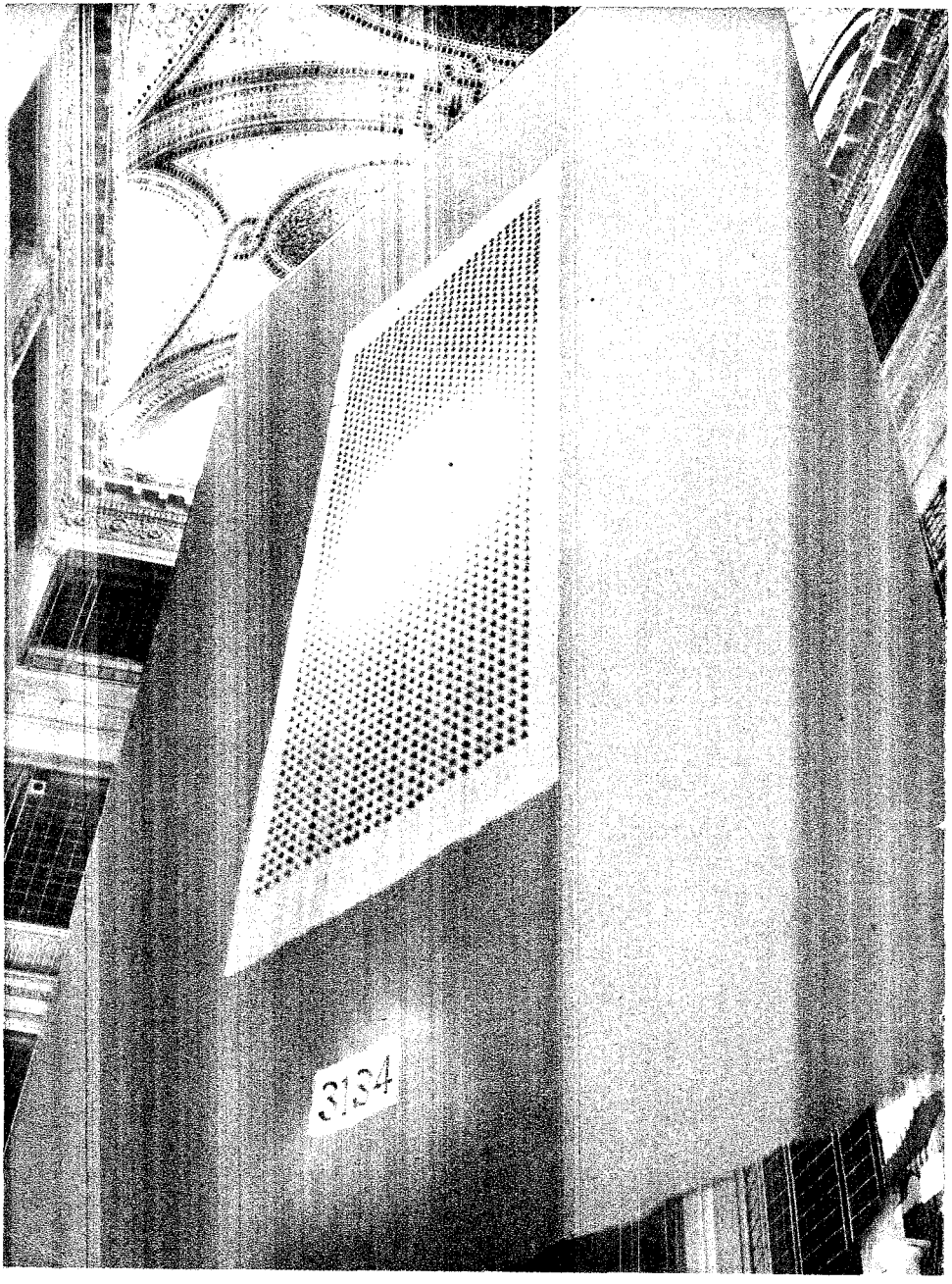
Picture Story:

Fabulous Fields

ONE OF THE world's greatest merchandising empires, Marshall Field & Company, straddles nearly a block and a half of Chicago's Loop and is in truth a 13-story monument to the sagacity of a great Yankee trader. The first Mr. Field pioneered in bringing many specialty shops under one big top and welding them into the modern department store; and he coined that phrase immortal to merchandisers, "The Customer Is Always Right," going to fantastic lengths to prove he meant it. His emporium was to become "The Store of Service," a friendly, convenient center where the American consumer could not only buy life's necessaries but expect pampering, by way of extra little amenities and services.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Whereas Macy's, Manhattan's No. 1 store, has been famous as the "Store That Will Not be Undersold," Field's has played up its services, its color, its showpieces, like the Tiffany dome which arches over one of the biggest service flags in the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

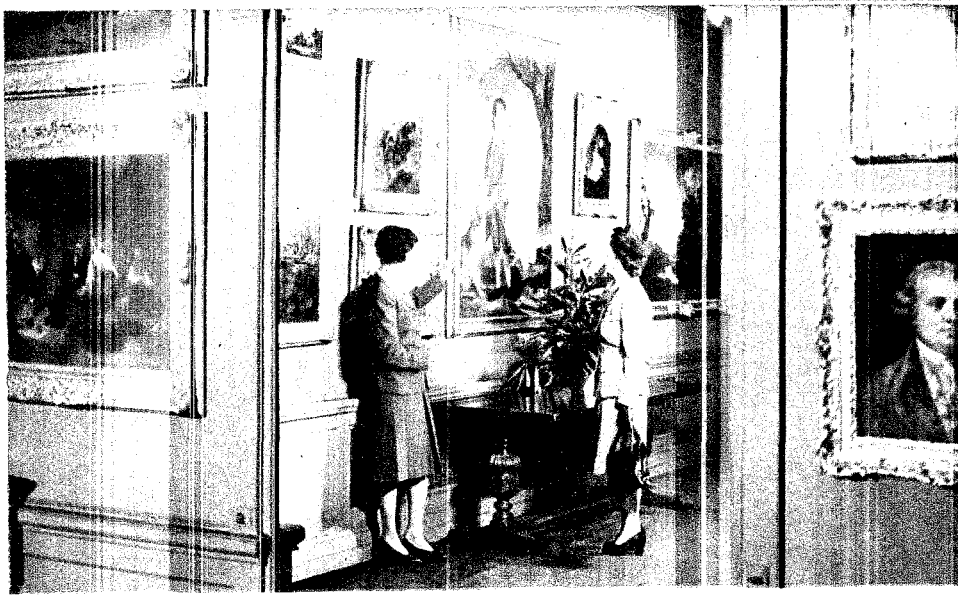
2. *The million dollar Jonker diamond was not for sale, but it, plus four million more dollars' worth of fabulous jewels, went on display as a Field's promotion project. The showing drew thousands into the store—and jewelry sales boomed for months.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. *Today's customer takes for granted such luxuries as delivery and exchange services, fancy waiting rooms, dazzling window displays, free advice by experts, and such fine added touches as celebrities autographing the books he buys.*

4. *Though Field's is a "class store," it caters, as do most modern department stores, to all pocketbooks. It launched the first basement shop, where the pennywise housewife could shop less elegantly, but at rockbottom prices.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



5. *Sales are an index to sectional U.S. tastes. Midwest art preferences run to gloomy, cavernous 18th century landscapes, bounded by heavy gilt frames. Modern art, which sells briskly in New York, moves slowly in Chicago's art market.*

6. *Today's big retail houses are really many stores under one big top. Field's houses 285 departments, which offer everything from garden hose to lorgnettes, and which are manned at peak season by 15,000 helpers and specialists.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

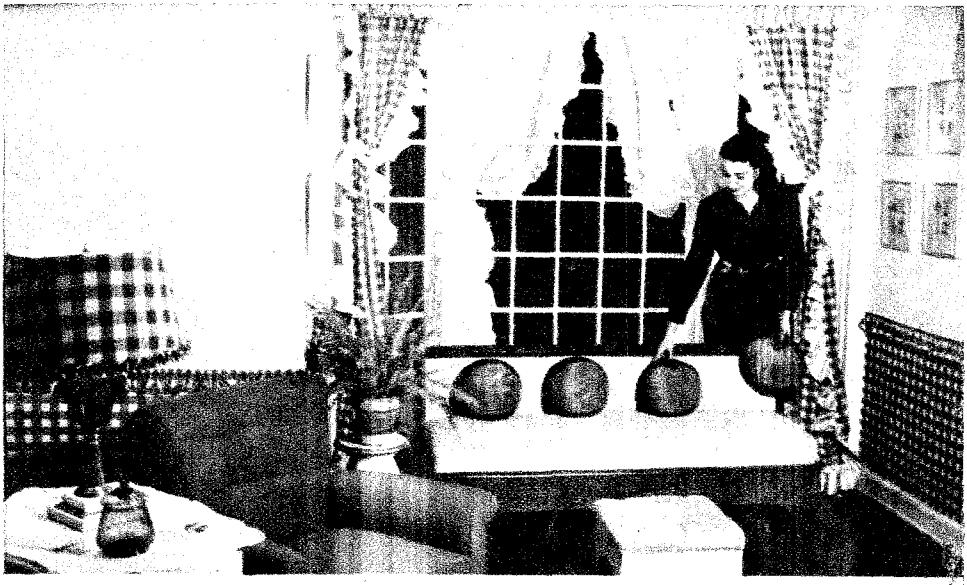
7. *Business enterprises, like people, are subject to hardening of the arteries. Without a management which can keep ahead of changing public tastes and the wants of all age groups, a store becomes an "old lady's store," or worse, goes bankrupt.*

8. *The loving personal attention paid customers in the French Millinery Room, is a far cry from the days when merchants dumped their wares on the counter, and let it fend for itself. A hundred thousand persons shop at Field's daily.*

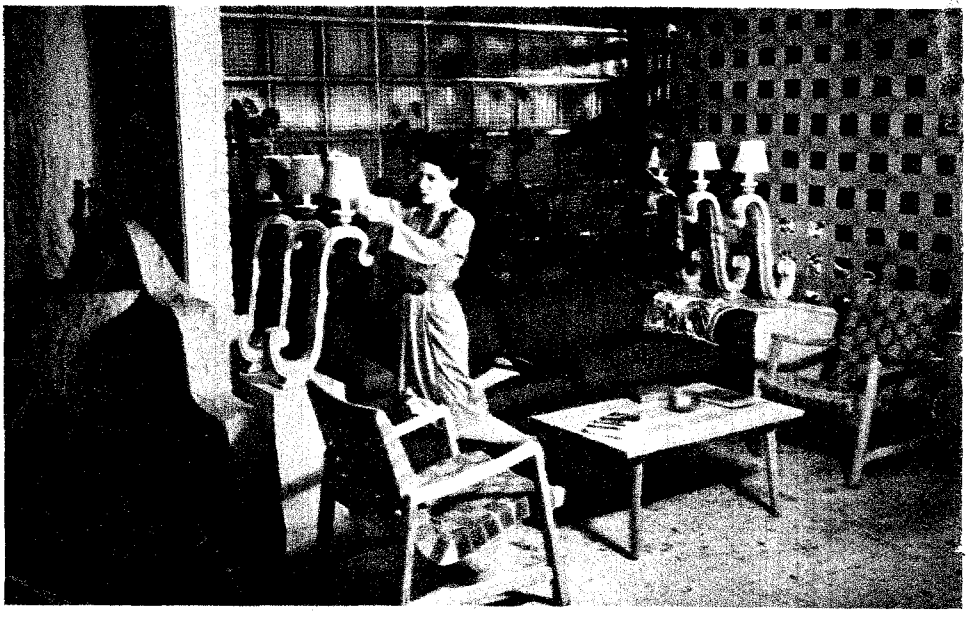
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

9. Rather than buy from importers, the founding father schooled his own buyers and sent them overseas to bring the wonders of the world back to Chicago. Today's plush 28 Shop sells the works of top American and European designers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



10. *The modern store has gone into manufacturing too. Field's Southern mills spin, card and weave the cottons that are stocked in Chicago. Displays like Gingham House give customers bright ideas about gingham and boom its sale.*

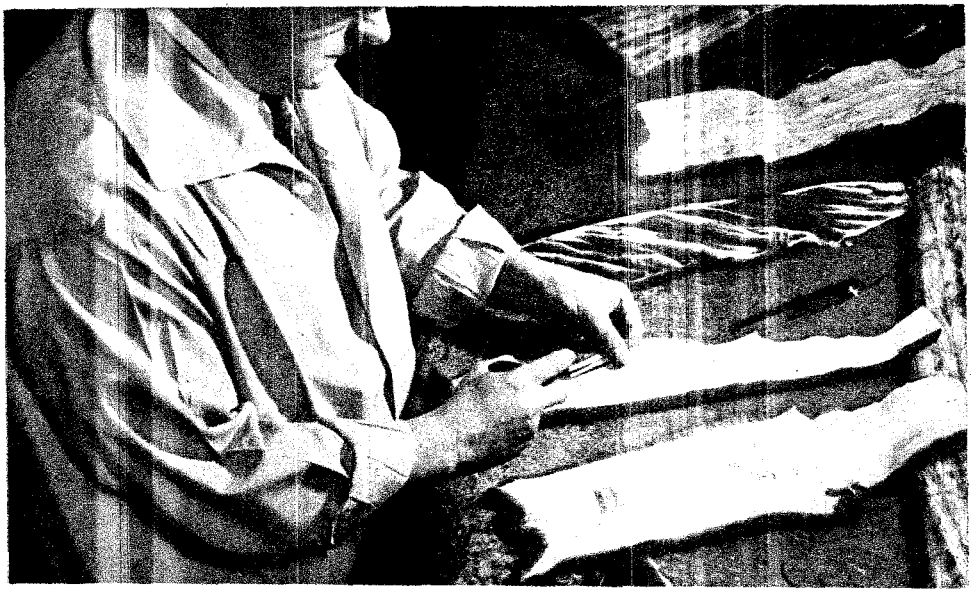


11. *Three suburban stores are a concession to the decentralization trend in merchandising.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

12. *Many people have begun careers here—such as Gordon Selfridge, who ran his own store in London; and Dotty Lamour, who once manned an elevator. K. T. Stevens, star of "Voice of the Turtle," is a current habitué of the china department.*

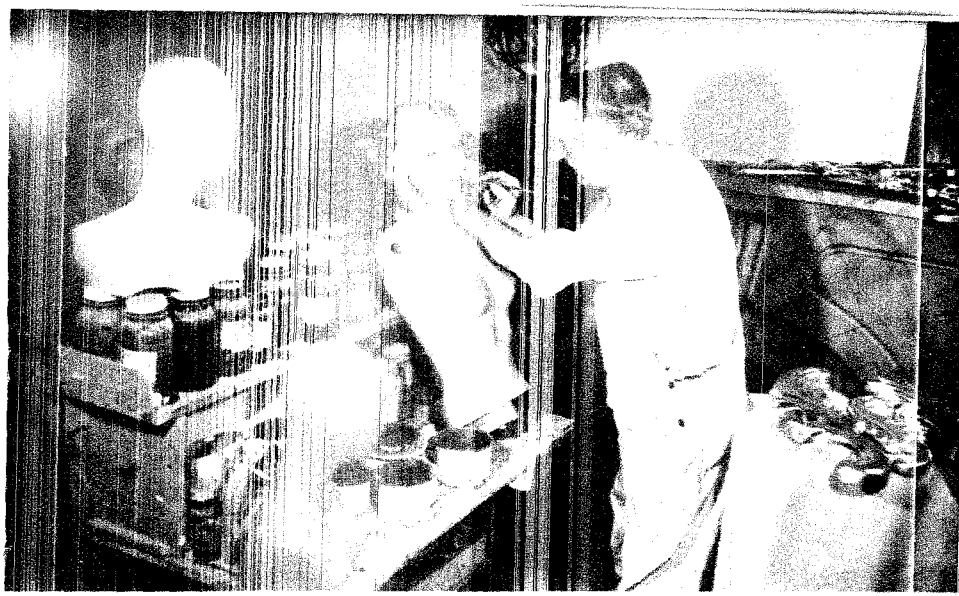
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



13. *A big city store is many things—a social center, a civic showpiece, a workplace for fine craftsmen. Behind scenes is the work world, where repairs are made, original designs are created, the mink for fine coats is prepared . . .*

14. *. . . Silver is engraved, pictures are framed, stationery is printed, hats are trimmed, a cold storage plant works at supplying cold air for the fur vaults and ice cold drinking water for the store, saddles are worked for Chicago policemen . . . .*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



15. *. . . and just under the roof, amidst plaster of Paris, lathes, flats, cans of paint, and disembodied arms and legs, work the artists who create the world famous window displays and notable first floor decorations.*

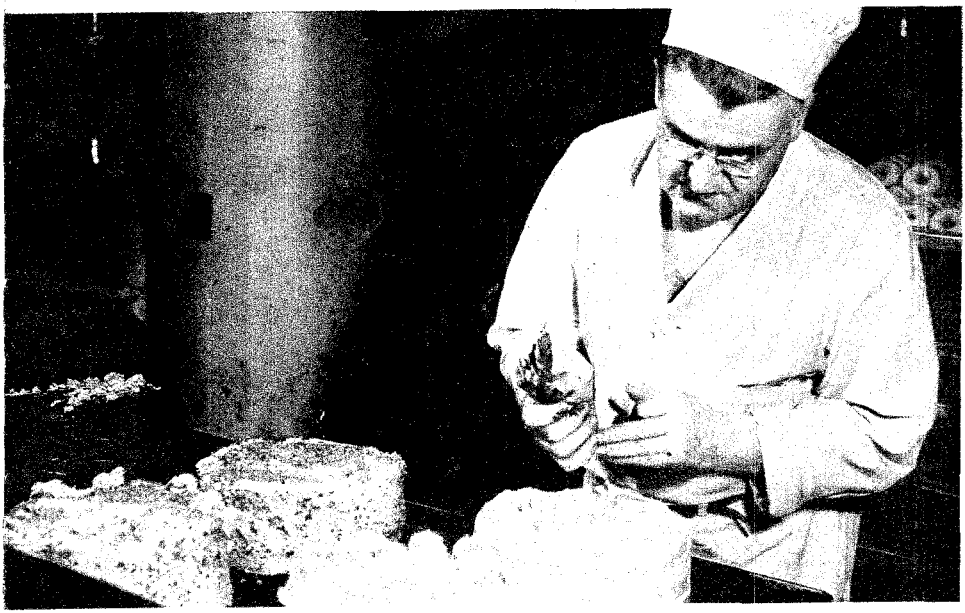
16. *There is a shop where watches are repaired; another where draperies are made up; still another where custom-made shoes are built . . . all service the big store below.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

17. *Whether it decorates a candybox, housedress, or $25,000 platinum mink coat, the Field label carries great prestige value. Executives work unceasingly to make it a symbol of quality, fashion and good price.*

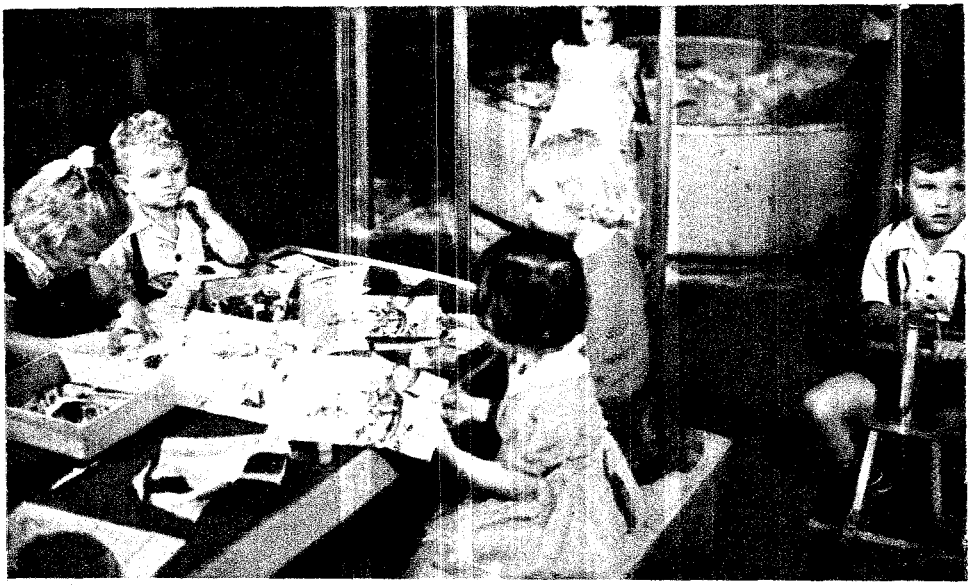
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

18. *Field's was first, again, to install a store restaurant, for harried and hungry shoppers, and from kitchens on the top floors. . . .*



19. *Comes the bread and pastry which stock the larders of the mammoth dining and tearooms, and the retail bakeshop.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



20. *Mothers who wish to unburden themselves of their young while shopping may leave them in a free playroom. For the halt and the lame, Field's provides a wheel-chair (and attendant) for daylong use. . . .*

21. *Its service departments will mend children's dolls and provide carfare for shoppers who have lost their purses. They have reunited longlost brothers (after making 30 phone calls on their behalf), assembled a trousseau in no time flat . . .*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

22. *Kept the store open until 7:30 so that Cecil B. DeMille could get his shopping done; delighted the younger crowd once a week with free marionette shows; and recently delivered furnishings for a seven room house to northern Wisconsin overnight.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

23. *All Chicago visits the Christmas tree at holiday time. Fantastic though some of these special attentions may be, the store has lost money only once in its 92 years of business. Pleasing the customer, as Marshall Field surmised, is good business.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you've been grousing about the weather for the past decade, you'll welcome the news that we're *heading into 11 years of solar and earthly calm*

Hurricanes on the Sun

by VICTOR BOESEN

IT WILL BE NO news to the many people who have been blown, flooded or drought-driven out of home and livelihood in the United States during the past few years that our weather has been getting steadily worse. Figures kept by the Red Cross show that the 20 years ending June 30, 1942, saw a general rise in nature-made disasters.

In the closing year of that period, there were 171 disasters all told. And this score doesn't include the catastrophes in which human beings didn't get hurt, for the Red Cross measures calamity only in terms of people affected.

The annual average had been only 40 for the 60-odd past years. But 1942 wasn't a freak year; the preceding five years averaged 142 disasters each.

It may be argued that things aren't as bad as they seem, because the Red Cross is more alert and active than it used to be, and is keeping better tabs on victims of nature-made trouble. Nevertheless, the fact remains: there *is* a rise in the incidence of natural disorders.

Since the first World War, nature's tantrums have kept spreading until more than two-thirds of the nation's approximately three thousand counties have been hit badly enough to bring the Red Cross into action. Not a single state escaped. Most consistently pummeled was Texas, where hurricanes and floods are especially bad.

But we're not heading toward an Age of Storms as the trend might indicate, and things are going to get better. That is the assurance given us by Professor Irving P. Krick of the California Institute of Technology, who knows his weather.

"The trouble is," Krick explains, "that there has been a shift in the world weather pattern in the past few years. The shift has brought an increase in the frequency of tropical air currents across the western great plains area in the United States, and this accounts for the excess of rain we've had in these regions.

"In dustbowl years these winds hit to the east of the great plains area, causing floods there—as, for example, the Ohio Valley flood of 1937—and leaving the West dry. Look for an improvement in another

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three or four years . . . maybe sooner."

If you could take a seat a few million miles away from the earth in outer space, you'd see the earth for the tiny ball it is. From there the weather is all in one piece, and varies only in the distribution of its components. What happens in one part of the globe is bound up with what happens in another; an excess of rain in one area, for example, is balanced by a dry spell in another. There is no *permanent* change taking place in the weather. What has happened here in the United States is that some of the bad weather which formerly rampaged in some other part of the globe has moved over to our side.

What moves these meteorological chessmen? Scientists agree that the sun is fundamentally the key to all weather. But they differ as to what causes that key to unlock "unusual" conditions.

The evidence builds up a strong case for sunspots.

Although we still have much to learn about sunspots, the information at hand is impressive.

Sunspots are solar hurricanes. They contain magnetic fields and begin in groups 25 to 30 thousand miles across, expanding to four or five times that distance. They are three to four thousand degrees cooler than the sun.

For this reason, scientists call them "solar refrigerators." They mark regions where gases are expanding with hurricane speed, which accounts for their relative coolness. Their counterpart on earth would be a cold wave. Since the sun is our sole source of heat, it's hard to dispute the fact that sunspots have meteorological meaning for our small speck of the universe.

We know too that these sunspots, or solar storms, follow a cyclical pattern. The average storm lasts about 11 years. In the course of such a session, sunspot activity gradually builds up to a peak, then falls off for the start of a new period. However, the peak reached from one 11 year period to the next is not the same. Every other 11 year period hits a high in sunspot action. Call the periods high and low for convenience. Drawn on paper, they look like the long and short teeth on a saw.

You'd surmise the influence on the weather would be greater during the high periods than in the low periods. And this is borne out by evidence. Dr. Sverre Pettersson, famous Norwegian student of climates, looked back to Europe's Middle Ages and found that extreme weather variations of that time coincided with high points in sunspot activity.

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the seasons in Europe virtually swapped places. Fruit trees blossomed in January and grain was ready to harvest in May. These phony winters were usually followed by extremely long and cold ones. The mild winter of 1302 was succeeded by a stinger that froze the Rhine solid and whitened the vineyards with a heavy frost near the first of June. In other years, after blistering hot summers the grapes froze so hard in September that they had to be beaten with clubs before they could be pressed. By September the hard winters froze up every major river in Europe, and were followed by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terrific floods. In the spring of 1342 the Rhine engulfed the city of Mayence, and boats could be rowed across the city walls of Cologne. After the flood years came an inferno of heat and drought that dried up the same rivers.

Bear in mind that these caprices of nature came at a time of great sunspot activity. For a more recent example, keep one eye on the weather since 1918 and the other on the sunspot observations of Dr. Seth B. Nicholson and his fellow scientists of Carnegie Institution's Mount Wilson Observatory. Remember the winter of 1918? It was a bitter one.

A high period, starting in 1912 and reaching its peak in 1918, tapered off in 1923, or 11 years from its inception. Then a low period began, ending in 1933, and the weather in the 10 years of this low period wasn't too bad.

Then another high session set in, incidentally building up to the highest peak reached in 60 years, and by 1933 the weather extremes began which have had us railing at nature ever since. If, for instance, you've forgotten the drought of 1934 it's probably because of the many others since then. It was described as the worst in a half century and threatened to put agricultural Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee out of business. These dry spells of the past decade, since sunspots entered the high period again, have been preceded by floods big enough to float naval battles.

The high sunspot period that saw all this demolition reached its peak in 1938, and was destined to subside pretty much by the end of last year. That comes out fairly even with Professor Krick's prediction that the weather will be back to its former self—"maybe sooner"—in another three or four years. That's when the current sunspot storms will be over.

So now all we have to do is mark off the big sunspot years on our calendars and, knowing the kind of weather to expect, make ready with suitable defensive action. But unfortunately it isn't as simple as that. For one thing, the cycles aren't always the same length—11 years is only an average. Also, you can't tell where on earth the turbulence that appears to accompany the high periods will be felt the most, for the chessboard on which the meteorological pawns are played covers the entire globe. Therefore, while it's true that in the past decade many of the big plays have occurred in the United States, there's no telling whether we'll bear the brunt in the next high period, which should begin about 1955.

ARE SUNSPOTS any help in determining day to day weather? Henry Helm Clayton, an authority on this phase of the subject, is satisfied that they are. Watching sunspot behavior from Minneapolis one recent winter, Clayton observed that the coldest days came when the spots were at peak performance. These cold days reached east to Boston and south to Jacksonville, Florida, two to three days afterward, Clayton found.

Irrespective of sunspots, there are certain areas of this country which can always count on a rough time—because the weather has favorite rumpus grounds. Texas, according to Professor Krick, is on the scrim-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mage line where cold air, forever pushing down across the North American continent from the polar regions, meets the warm air just as regularly moving up from the direction of the equator. When these two masses meet, a storm is inevitable. The cold air, being heavier, plows in under the warm air and tosses it to heaven; and the warm air, cooled in its contact with the cold mass and the higher altitude, condenses and spills the moisture it picked up in passing over the sea. This fracas of wind and moisture may be a hurricane, a cyclone or a tornado, depending upon its form and extent.

Not only is Texas on the line where these two forces join battle, but to the north she has something less than a barbed wire fence to keep out the polar winds and on the south she has her chin out—a bigger chin than any other southern coastal state has. Her coastline is almost as long as that of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama combined, and these three states together, in fairness to Texas, probably count as much storm trouble as their neighbor. Florida, with the longest coastline of all, would doubtless be the chief punching bag if she had Texas' area, and if she presented her coastline broadside to, instead of lengthwise.

Spring is the favorite season for nature's rough-housings because at that time the contrast in temperature between the two air masses is sharpest. The southbound cold air comes from where it's still winter, while the northbound vanguard of the new season moves up from a region of eternal summer. What it amounts to is a collision between winter and spring. As the advancing spring season suffuses the entire hemisphere with warmth, the struggle subsides.

The results of these stormy intervals may not all be on the debit side. Dr. William F. Petersen, co-author of *The Patient and the Weather*, believes that one's chances of fame are much better if one is conceived in a time of high sunspot activity. Petersen holds that the Golden Age of Greece followed a period of sunspot high jinks, and cites the outbreak of geniuses that followed the great sunspot activity of 1778. This would mean that the beating we have taken in the sunspotted decade soon to end, may be balanced by a new flowering of brains.

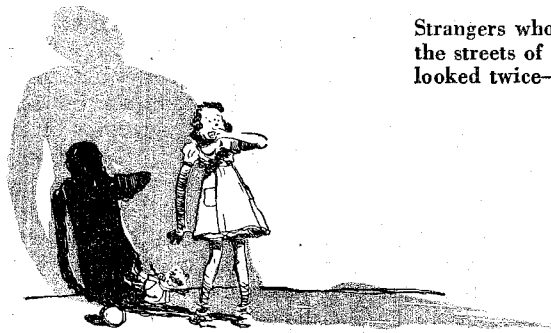
That would be a fair exchange.

Indoor Rainstorms

SO LARGE IS THE Zeppelin hangar at Akron, Ohio, where the *Akron* was built, that 10 football games could be played simultaneously under its roof. But the great waterproof structure does not necessarily guarantee perfect pigskin weather. Some five city blocks long and as tall as a 22-story building, it is subject to weather of its own. Though the sun may be shining outside, sudden temperature changes cause clouds and fog to form high up in the hangar which release enough water to make umbrellas a blessing.

—EDWARD GEARY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Strangers who passed Adolph Hotelling on the streets of Owosso, Michigan, always looked twice—and for one obvious reason!

The Clue from Heaven

by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

ADOLPH HOTELLING was born with an ugly face. As a child, he was shunned by other children; as a young man, he was shunned by girls. Only one girl ever loved him, and she married him and became the mother of his five children.

In the year of 1919, when he was 37, Hotelling, a carpenter, moved from Sault Sainte Marie to Owosso, seat of Michigan's Shiawassee County, and built a solid little home with his own toil-calloused hands. He promptly joined a church where many of the parishioners, like Hotelling, followed the trade of the Man of Nazareth.

In Owosso, as elsewhere, strangers looked twice at Adolph Hotelling when they passed him on the street. His nose was large and misshapen, as was his mouth; his teeth looked more like those of a horse than of a man, and the whole left side of his face seemed, somehow, not to match the right side.

Even with another face, Adolph Hotelling would have drawn embarrassing attention to himself because of his simian-like physique.

But people quickly forgot about Adolph Hotelling's appearance when they grew to know him. He loved his family, and he toiled long and earnestly for them. He was utterly devoted to church work, and had become a deacon. When neighbors were in difficulty, they sought his steadying influence.

It was but natural, then, that the deacon's neighbors turned to him for comfort when, in the closing months of 1927, a reign of terror swept Shiawassee and Genesee counties.

A monster in human guise was abroad. The corpse of an 18-year-old girl had been removed from its grave. Several children and young girls had been accosted as if by a phantom who had materialized out of the shadows and then became engulfed in the darkness again. Once, right in Owosso, the wraith-like figure was chased on a brilliant moonlit night, but he quickly foiled his pursuers by climbing a tree, like an ape, and then leaping, simian-wise, over a row of rooftops.

One day, during the terror reign,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while Deacon Hotelling was employed on a large construction project, two other carpenters who had never liked him since the time he had reproved them for telling off-color jokes, approached him with mirth on their faces. "Hey, Hotelling," said one of the men, "*you* wouldn't be the ape-man who's scaring the wits out of everybody, would you?"

The two pranksters guffawed. Tears came to the deacon's light blue eyes, and he took a small Bible from his overalls. "Father, forgive them," he read aloud as the men walked away, "for they know not what they do."

SHORTLY AFTER that incident—on January 12, 1928—five-year-old Dorothy Schneider of Mt. Morris, some 30 miles from Owosso, was murdered by a strange man who had taken her for a ride in a robin's-egg blue sedan. The entire countryside was outraged. The next night, Deacon Hotelling joined a group of friends in the home of a man who was planning the formation of a posse to hunt down the terrorist. "*Vengeance is mine*, saith the Lord," spoke the deacon to the assembled group. "We must ask God's help in this hour of our trial, my friends." The deacon knelt down and prayed in silence. "I have asked help from God," Hotelling said upon arising, "and He has promised it to me."

"Listen, let's be practical," said the man who wanted to form the posse. "My own child, or one of your kids, deacon, might be murdered before we get the help *you* asked for."

An intense fanatical light shone from Adolph Hotelling's eyes as he regarded the men about him. Then he nodded and left without a word. But he left something behind him—something that couldn't be seen or defined. "The deacon's a religious nut," one of the men finally said, "but something tells me he's right. What do you say we wait?" Everybody nodded. "Maybe we'll get this—this clue or whatever it is—from Heaven."

On the Sunday night following the murder of the Schneider child the attendance was unusually heavy at church. There was a special ceremony at which Deacon Hotelling was elevated to an eldership by a congregation deeply appreciative of his tireless services to the church. At the same service, Harold Lothridge, a young carpenter of 25, was appointed to fill Hotelling's old office as deacon.

Young Lothridge had looked forward for weeks to the night when he would become a deacon. Yet, on the way home with his wife, he was singularly silent and his wife thought he was ill. At two o'clock in the morning, Lothridge woke up screaming. His wife snapped on a bedside lamp.

"What on earth is wrong, Harold?" Mrs. Lothridge asked.

Lothridge couldn't talk for a time. Then he said, "I've had a nightmare—the most horrible one of my life."

"What about?"

"That child—that child who was murdered in Mt. Morris last week." Lothridge stiffened. "No," he said, "it wasn't a nightmare. It was a vision—*a vision straight from Heaven*."

"Harold, whatever are you talking about!"

Lothridge began to pace the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

floor. Then he stopped and looked at his now thoroughly alarmed wife. "Yes, it was a true vision. I saw that little girl being killed, *and I saw the man who killed her.*"

"You saw the murderer?"

Lothridge nodded. "Both of us know him well."

"Who is he?"

"*Elder Hotelling.*"

"Harold, do you realize what you are saying!"

"I can't help what I am saying. God would never have given me the vision if it wasn't so."

For the balance of the night, Harold Lothridge talked about the vision. By daybreak, he had made the vision almost as real to his wife as it was to him. "I would speak to your father about it," suggested Mrs. Lothridge.

The new deacon's father was a carpenter, too, and both were employed on the same construction job. So, Monday morning, young Lothridge told his father about the vision. The father, although convinced of his son's sincerity, had grave doubts as to what course to pursue. "After all," he said, "you have no proof that Elder Hotelling is anything but a fine Christian man. If you accused him of murder you might be doing a wrong that you could never right."

The conversation of the Lothridges was overheard by another carpenter who, without letting on, went straight to the sheriff of Genesee County. Thus, before either father or son could decide on a course of action, two of the sheriff's deputies arrived to question Harold.

When young Lothridge told his story, the deputies looked at him and then at each other. "This," said one of them, "is the biggest wild goose chase I've ever been on."

"Yeah, but as long as we've drove 30 miles," said the second deputy, "let's go over an' have a talk with this Hotelling. We can't go back an' say we been out investigatin' a dream."

Elder Hotelling was at his little home on North Hickory Street when the deputies called.

Uneasy about the circumstances that had brought them to the home of a man they were convinced was innocent of the Schneider child's murder, the deputies merely asked Elder Hotelling a routine question: "Do you by chance own a robin's-egg blue sedan?"

The speaker explained to Elder Hotelling, with some embarrassment, that the sheriff of Genesee County was checking up on all robin's-egg blue sedans since that fitted the description of the car in which the little girl had been driven to her death.

Elder Hotelling looked solemnly at the deputies. "My sedan," he said, "is black and if you will come back to the garage with me, gentlemen, I'll show it to you."

The deputies were all for dropping the matter right there, only Hotelling insisted they look at his car. The sedan was black, all right, and the officers felt foolish. Then, as they turned to leave the garage, a large ring that one of the men wore on his left hand accidentally scratched against a fender of the machine. When the deputy stopped to examine the scratch he noticed that the paint below the surface of black was robin's-egg blue.

The deputies glanced at Adolph

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hotelling. The big ugly man with the ungainly body had seemed harmless and kind, but now, as he gazed in fateful fascination at the telltale robin's-egg blue revealed by the accidental scratch, he was another person altogether. His face had darkened and taken on added repulsiveness and his mouth was open as he noisily sucked air through his large yellow teeth. Now he looked at the officers and appeared for all the world like a beast that had at last been trapped.

Adolph Hotelling—a flesh-and-blood Jekyll-Hyde—confessed to the murder of Dorothy Schneider and tacitly admitted being the author of the other outrages in Shiawassee and Genesee counties. He had been cunning in painting his car, and then an accident had pointed to his guilt. "I've been a good man all my life," the elder said, "and I don't know what got into me. I just seemed to change into somebody else and after I had done those terrible things I couldn't believe it."

Hotelling began to cry. "That little girl in Mt. Morris has come back to me every night. I still hear her crying out, just like she cried in the car when I was taking her to kill her. She keeps saying, 'I want to go home.' She says it over and over again."

Hotelling, judged sane, was imprisoned for life. Whether or not he actually asked God's help in bringing an end to the reign of terror when he prayed silently in the presence of others can never be verified. Harold Lothridge—the young man who followed in the footsteps of the Man of Nazareth—walked in Owosso secure in the belief that the clue which solved the mystery had come straight from Heaven.

Punch Lines

IN ENGLAND FOR A SERIES of boxing exhibitions in the camps, Joe Louis was asked, "How is it you give so much time to helping win this war? Isn't there a lot wrong with the way you colored folks are treated in the United States?"

"Sure, Mister," replied Joe. "There's a lot wrong in the U.S.—but it's nothing Hitler can fix!" —*Christian Herald*

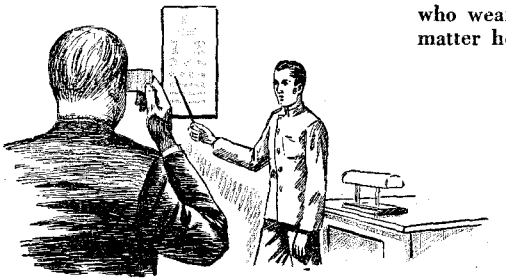
A SOUTHERN TOWN DECIDED to spend 85 thousand dollars on the improvement of its schools. When it came to allocating the money, it seemed that the school for white children needed a new roof, a new lavatory, a new gymnasium, and, to make a long story short, the white school's needs totaled up to exactly 85 thousand dollars.

The principal of the Negro school was so informed. "Gentlemen," he said, "do you mean it is going to take all of that 85 thousand dollars to fix up the white school so the white children can get a decent education?"

Yes, the committee was sorry to say, it was.

"Then take it, gentlemen, take it, 'cause if there's anything we Negroes need in this town, it's educated white men." —*The Progressive*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



There now is freedom from fear for those who wear these invisible spectacles, no matter how dangerous their work or play

Contact Lenses for the Millions

by ALFRED H. SINKS

MILLIONS WHO do not enjoy keen, clear vision will soon be able to work or play without wearing unsightly spectacles. What is more, no matter how dangerous their *work or play*, they now will be free from fear of injury to their eyes—for contact lenses have arrived.

These new lenses are molded from a colorless, transparent, unbreakable plastic called Plexiglas, the same material from which the transparent noses of the big bombers are formed. They are so nearly invisible when worn, that recently a New York physician spent 15 minutes hunting for a cinder imbedded in a patient's eye before he realized she was wearing contact lenses. Medical examiners for the Army, Navy and Marine Corps have passed many volunteers whose sight is far below normal when they are not wearing their contact lenses. Already the Canadian RAF has adopted them for its flying personnel.

The lens itself is about the size of a five-cent piece, a thin, saucer-shaped shell of clear plastic. The outer ring fits snugly under the eyelids and over the *sclera*—the white portion of your eyeball which has relatively few nerve endings and is therefore insensitive to pain. The inner portion—which contains the actual lens—arches over the sensitive cornea. The space between the lens and the cornea is filled with a solution which is poured into the little plastic saucer before it is put over your eye. This liquid matches as closely as possible the chemical composition of your own tears.

As a result, the cornea itself, the liquid between, and the Plexiglas covering, all combine to make *one lens*. The contact lens, instead of furnishing an additional lens like spectacles, really becomes *a part of your own eye*.

It moves right with your eyeball, so that you are always looking through the exact center of the lens. And like the surface of your own eye, it is always kept cleaned and polished by your own tear fluid and the automatic blinking of your own eyelids. Since Plexiglas weighs only about one-third as much as glass and the lens never touches the cornea because of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liquid between it and the eye, contact "glasses" give no more discomfort than ordinary spectacles. After a while you hardly know you are wearing them.

Eye specialists have long known that a well fitting contact lens could give many visually handicapped the priceless gift of good sight. But the only contact lenses obtainable were regarded by many doctors with distrust. Seldom could they be made to fit; consequently many who tried them were bitterly disappointed.

That contact lenses can now be applied to thousands of cases without fear of failure is due to the persistence and ingenuity of one man—Theodore E. Obrig. Son of one of the most respected opticians in New York, this 50-year-old scientist was not content to be merely an optician. He studied medicine, chemistry, went deep into the science of optics, wrote books on lenses and optic glass.

For 15 years he worked with contact lenses, probing into every facet of the problem on how to make them fit. Through research and experiment, he found that the cornea of the eye was elliptical rather than spherical as textbook authorities claimed, and that it also was larger. For that reason the corneal portion of the contact lenses being manufactured was too small. It pressed against the sensitive cornea and caused pain.

For more than a quarter of a century, Obrig decided, the whole approach to the problem of contact lenses had been wrong. To work properly, a contact lens must fit the eye *exactly*. No two eyeballs are alike in size and shape. Lenses manufactured in quantity and in standard sizes would always be a hit-and-miss proposition. Contact lenses must be made individually for each patient. They must fit as closely as a man's own skin.

They could not be sold ready-made in stores. They could not be ground to prescription in local laboratories from blanks supplied by a manufacturer, like spectacles. For an eye doctor anywhere to get contact lenses for a patient who might need them, he would have to be able to call in a local technician to assist in making molds and fitting lenses. Such technicians needed careful training.

As soon as he had a shop set up to manufacture and deliver lenses, Obrig began to train technicians by the hundreds to assist eye specialists in various parts of the country. Now in the Obrig Laboratories in New York the tiny lenses are ground to a tolerance equal to three wave lengths of light —the 128,000,000th part of an inch.

ASIDE FROM special eye cases that can not be helped by other means, Obrig believes the majority of people who wear spectacles would actually see better with contact lenses. Spectacle lenses and frames in ordinary glasses cut off about one fifth of your field of vision; contacts give an absolutely unobstructed field. The lens in most ordinary glasses is most accurate at its center, with distortion increasing toward the edges. With contacts, you always look through the exact center, so there is no distortion.

Those who will be ordering contact lenses in the future will find the procedure a little more compli-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cated than buying a pair of spectacles. The patient is seated in a chair similar to a dentist's chair. The doctor anesthetizes his eyes with a few drops of pontocaine. Then a trained technician puts a trial set of contact lenses in the patient's eyes to determine the proper power of the set to be made.

Next the technician draws back the eyelids and makes an impression of the shape of each eyeball in a special jelly which is placed directly over the eye in a specially designed cup. This jelly takes a few minutes to harden, after which it is used as the mold for a casting made of dental stone. The casting comes as close as possible to being an exact replica of the shape of the eyeball. So that the patient may never have to have a second set of impressions made even if the mold or casting should be lost or damaged, the technician makes duplicate castings.

The castings, carefully packed, are then shipped off to the laboratory together with the prescription and any special instructions. At the laboratory a two-inch square of Plexiglas is heated and formed over the stone casting. It is then roughly trimmed to shape. The corneal part in the center is hollowed out so that it will never touch the cornea. The outside of this central portion is ground to the power called for in the prescription, as would be done in a pair of spectacles. More than 60 delicate cutting, grinding and polishing operations have to be performed on specially designed machines before the lenses are finished.

About two or three weeks after his first appointment the patient goes back to the doctor's office for a trial fitting of the semi-finished lenses. First the lenses are checked to see that the power is exactly correct. Then with the point of a red pencil the technician marks every spot, no matter how tiny, where the lens fits either too tightly or too loosely. Tightness can be observed in ordinary daylight. But the loose spots show up through another Obrig discovery. To the solution in the lens a few drops of fluorescein, a fluorescent chemical, are added. The light in the room is turned off and the technician switches on a cobalt blue light. Under the blue light, the fluorescein gives off a greenish glow, marking the tiniest spot where the lens does not rest firmly on the eyeball. The technician notes these spots on the outside surface of the lens.

The lenses then go back to the laboratory for finishing. The final step is to give the patient careful instruction in putting in his lenses and taking them out. Contact lenses cannot be worn continuously and this is important. For when the solution inside the lens gets stale the vision clouds. The eyes must then be rested for awhile before the lenses, filled with fresh solution, are put in again. Wearers of contacts must also learn to put their lenses in without allowing any bubbles to get into the solution, for such bubbles interfere with vision.

Though the business is barely four years old, the Obrig Laboratories and other manufacturers who have entered competition can fill barely half of their current orders. Except for the armed services, and for patients whose need is urgent because their dim vision is of a type that no other means can properly correct, contact lenses will probably

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be scarce until after the war.

Because of the work involved, contacts are comparatively expensive. They cost between 100 and 200 dollars a pair. But already they have lifted thousands of people out of eternal twilight into the full light of a normal life.

Among these thousands is Richard Knauf. A careless instillation when he was born almost cost his sight. Instead of the standard one per cent solution, a solution of 90 per cent silver nitrate was used to wash his eyes. As he grew up he was barely able to distinguish light from shadow. Keen-minded, he made his painful way through school and college but for the first 26 years of his life he seldom went anywhere alone. Through his father, an optician, he heard of Obrig and got in touch with him. A few weeks after he got contact lenses he was able to pass his eye test for a driver's license. He is now head of his own optical business in Binghamton, N. Y. Last year he was chosen to represent his district in the New York State Assembly.

Even more tragic was the case of Sally Ross. Thirty-two years ago an old-fashioned oil lamp exploded in her home at Princeton, New Jersey. Near the table five-months-old Sally lay in her carriage. Her hands and face were cruelly burned. Because she could not close her eyes or move her eyelids, they became badly ulcerated.

As she grew older, she could see a little but only in very dim light. By sheer determination, she forced herself through eight years of school. Her classmates knew of her affliction by a characteristic gesture. Whenever Sally read, she bent her head close to the book and held one arm crooked over her eyes to shut out the torturing light.

A few months ago, Sally began wearing contact lenses. Today she has nearly normal vision and can work comfortably in intense sunlight. The buffer solution inside the lenses keeps her eyes moist and the ulcers have disappeared. The day I saw her she had driven her car to New York from Trenton, N. J., where she works with her brother Frank in his garage.

Contacts also have done wonders for fancy skaters, hockey players, ski jumpers, high divers, boxers and many others in dangerous sports. Mining engineers use them to protect their eyes against dust and flying fragments. Ship's officers find that with contact lenses they can face wind, spray, rain or sleet with eyes wide open and vision unclouded. Unlike spectacles they do not fog up from mist or heat.

The deep-sea diver likes them because the steam that fills his helmet far down in cold water no longer interferes with his vision. Flyers who wear contact lenses find they can now fly open-cockpit trainer planes, or even power dive from 30 thousand feet without bothering about goggles. Some claim that contacts enable them to see far better at high altitudes.

Leading eye specialists say that the psychological "lift" some of their patients get from contact lenses is as important as the actual improvement in their vision. This is especially true of extremely nearsighted persons. Without contacts they see themselves only dimly in a mirror. When they look through their powerful concave spectacles,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their eyes appear tiny—almost piggish, and they often grow extremely sensitive about this fancied peculiarity. Only with contact lenses can they see their own eyes as they really are.

Parents and teachers tell of the almost miraculous help contact lenses have been to teen-age girls who were shy and backward because of their weak eyes and ugly spectacles.

In Obrig's laboratory, research constantly pushes forward. Only this summer it was discovered that wearers of contacts need not use sun glasses to protect their eyes against glare. A drop or two of a harmless green or yellow dye is added to the normal solution behind the lens. The dye filters out the painful rays of light without changing the normal appearance of the eyes.

Even with these successes, experts do not expect a revolution in which contact lenses will sweep ordinary spectacles out of existence. The extra expense and the trouble of learning to use them properly will probably deter many.

The length of time that any one person can wear his contact lenses without rest varies with the individual and can not be predicted in advance. They have been worn as long as two weeks at a stretch by soldiers in battle, but the average limit is six to eight hours. Hence most wearers of contacts will probably keep a pair of spectacles in reserve, and wear their contacts only at such times as they are of the greatest benefit.

This variable tolerance is the one big problem remaining for research to solve. Obrig hopes he may find the answer in an improved solution to use with the lenses. That would mean something as close to perfection as human beings can hope for in overcoming the affliction of poor sight.

The Inimitable Twain

When Mark Twain was a struggling young newspaperman in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar box under his arm. "Looks like you're smoking too much, Mr. Clemens!" said the lady.

"It isn't that," responded Twain. "I'm moving again!" —Mont Hurst

Mark Twain's school teacher in his Hannibal boyhood was a stern moralizer. One day he set the class to writing a composition on "The Result of Laziness." When the time was up, he asked to see what his pupils had done. Young Clemens had taken the assignment to heart. He turned in his slate entirely blank.

—James Aldredge

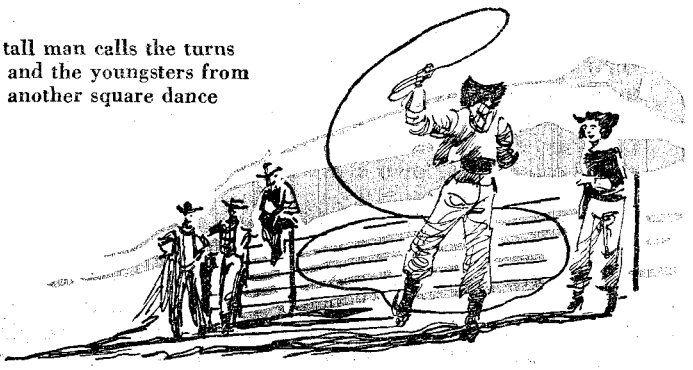
During a lecture tour, Mark Twain was being shaved by the traditionally garrulous barber. After a particularly tedious story, the barber paused to strop his razor. When ready to resume his labors he asked:

"Shall I go over it again?"

"That won't be necessary," Twain replied. "I have a very retentive memory." —Josef S. Chevalier

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A fiddle whines, the tall man calls the turns in a sing-song twang, and the youngsters from Cheyenne swing into another square dance



Swing and Sway the Cheyenne Way

by ANN FIELDS

THE SETTING was the regal atmosphere of New York City's plush Plaza Hotel. Lowell Thomas was throwing a party, and everybody was there. John Kieran sat talking to Alan Ladd. Governor Thomas E. Dewey had come down from Pawling. Carefully lacquered Hollywood actresses sat at secluded tables. Hildegarde was present, taking a back seat on her own performance ground. The inner circles of society, the fashion world, and café society had come to watch the girls and boys of the Cheyenne Mountain Public High School in Colorado dance.

The lights dim. The audience waits expectantly. Sixteen boys and girls of high school age trip out on the floor. Eight sparkling girls in calico costumes turn to face eight boys in Western garb, spurs jangling. The boys bow low over the girls' outstretched hands.

To the right a man mounts a platform: a youngish-oldish man, tall, straight, slim—Dr. Lloyd Shaw, custodian of the group, superintendent of the school, and caller extraordinary of the Square Dance.

The music starts. A fiddle whines. The tall man tilts back on cowboy heels with thumbs in vest. A crashing chord; then the caller begins in a sing-song twang:

"Lady round the lady, and the gent so low
Lady round the gent, and the gent don't go."

In and out the dancers go, cowboy boots clonking on the hard wood floor, high heels tapping to and fro, "duck and dive the length of the hall, duck and dive and don't you fall"; long-legged boys in cowboy jeans, whirling calico and beruffled petticoats:

"Meet your honey and pat 'er on the head
If she don't like biscuits give 'er cornbread."

No one knows in a square dance just what is coming next. Everybody waits for the caller; every turn is executed as the words leave the caller's mouth. On go the Cheyenne Mountain dancers . . . 16 boys and girls of high school age who twirl and spin and never miss a step; forming stars, forming circles, weaving their patterns in and out.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On comes *The Lancers*, a formal old quadrille; out comes the *Varsouvianna*, with its dainty steps, ("See my little new shoes.")—on and on the *Heel and Toe Polka*, into the old Mexican *Matlinchenes*, done to the beat of a tom-tom. Completely under the spell of the indefatigable caller, their puppet master, the dancers twirl into their finale, the delightful *Cowboy Schottische*. The house goes wild, calling for more and more.

"Gee," said one of the little dancers, "this is swell, but I hope we don't get any publicity."

She was sincere. The applause of the world's elite is no novelty to these mountain boys and girls. They have been victims of public acclaim before, and paradoxically there is nothing they fear quite so much as press notices.

The first publicity trouble began when the Cheyenne Mountain School organized a football team. Dr. Shaw picked out two teams from his 170 students. The school had some big husky boys but was so small it could only provide 14 players. Some of them had to be borrowed from the grade school to make up a squad.

The mountain boys played it for all they were worth and soon they were beating every school their size in the state. The press plaudits grew larger and so did the challengers. Colorado papers talked of nothing but Cheyenne football on scheduled game days; the school talked of little else.

On the day the team beat one of Colorado's largest schools, Dr. Shaw said: "That is the end of that. No more football, at least not for competition. We will play the game among ourselves to avoid the ravages of press hoopla!"

Having decided that football alone was not a very substantial hook to hang a school on, Dr. Shaw and the school board set about to find something less competitive, but equally attractive for student participation. They hit upon a rodeo, and called it the Cheyenne Round-Up. The boys and girls were given use of a pasture on the mesa north of the school. The street car company of Colorado Springs gave them some ties for fence posts. The U. S. Forestry Service gave them pines for corral poles. The boys built corral, chutes and catching pens. A rancher friend of the school rented them several yearling steers and some bucking horses, to be paid for from the gate receipts.

With their usual adaptability the mountain children turned to the project with enthusiasm. They learned to ride, to rope, to wrestle. Football jerseys and chopped turf were out—the Cheyenne Round-Up was in. Young, cocky boys in blue denims with beaten silver belts and large-brimmed Stetsons learned the double loop and the rope spin, tied their steers and galloped their horses. Cheyenne girls lassoed and roped with the best of the boys; tanned their hides in the sun and "rode 'em cowboy." The Cheyenne school gave an exhibition, the "best goldurned rodeo the country had ever seen." Pictures of it appeared in magazines. Invitations poured in requesting guest performances all over the country.

Rodeo for competition was out. Dr. Shaw had a substitute. He wrote a play, the gentlest sort of play. He called it *The Littlest Wise*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man. It was a gift to the little town of Colorado Springs from the school. There would be no charge and the play would be given five times during Christmas week. It was billed as "every inch amateur."

Almost the entire school took part in the simple, poignant play. The students loved it. So did the community. So did the press. A regiment of entranced reporters named it "The Little Oberammergau of the West," and the school has never been able to let it go since. Thousands of people have crossed five and six states for one performance of the beautiful Christmas play. The press made it tradition and legend; the children vie for parts in it as they never did for a place on the football team.

RECONNOITERING every activity in which an entire school could participate without competition, Dr. Shaw hit upon dancing. Parental headshaking put a stop to that. But nothing stops the Cheyenne Mountain School for long. Dr. Shaw put his girls and boys in fancy costume and taught them old world dancing. That was all right. The boys didn't hold the girls tight and grandma and grandpa loved the polka. Classes were set up in dance techniques for boys and girls from the fourth to the twelfth grades. Cheyenne danced. It gave to the old European dances a new Western touch. The prom was out. The square dance was in, and Henry Ford himself shared his collection with the mountain school. Dr. Shaw picked a troup of junior and senior students; two sets—16 dancers. They gave a performance. Said reporter Ernie Pyle: "If you haven't seen Cheyenne dance you haven't lived."

The mountain boys and girls were asked to come to Los Angeles, and to Washington. They danced on a river boat in New Orleans and at the Rockefeller "Rainbow Room" in New York City. They have crossed the continent eight times. They have taught 100 thousand people across the country to dance the square dance.

The man behind the football teams, the rodeo, the play, and the dancing is the raciest, most imaginative principal who ever headed a school. Merry-eyed "Pappy" as he is called by his students, is a rider of hobbies and a chaser of dreams. He is probably the best-known principal of a small school in the United States.

Shaw is a showman whose acts are constantly being busted up by his own lively, creative imagination. His hobbies have included oil painting, playing the flute and archery. He could whip up enthusiasm in a sick turtle.

He loves the big Western mountains and has a voice to match. He booms, he races, he acts, he brings tears to your eyes and splits your sides with laughter. Once a professor in one of Colorado's large colleges, he got angry one day and walked out.

Then the Cheyenne school invited him to come over as principal. "Don't do it," advised friends, "if you go down you can never get back up." Shaw took it then and there. "I'll be earthy," said he.

And he was. He hermited in the mountains for one year, living on things from the hills, valleys and streams. He explored the beauty of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ... ; the ordered loveliness of earth, land and sky. He took a wife, Dorothy Stott, a local girl and a writer of verse who loved the Cheyenne mountains as he did. Together they explored Pike's Peak; toured the old Western goldmine towns, made friends of the mountain sheep and found peace in the great timberlines.

During these roamings both the Shaws developed a great love for things Western. They began to gather fragmentary lore; collected old calls and rhythms from the sourdoughs and old-timers. "The old callers were cagey at first," says Dr. Shaw, "and their memories had grown pretty rusty." Today, Shaw can call 100 different dances. He knows by heart every intricate step of 60 European folk dances; 10 Mexican and 30 American folk dances. And what's more, what he knows, his mountain school boys and girls know—his youngsters can, under his direction, perform every one of them like old stagers.

The inducements to amuse one's self at the expense of one's education at the Cheyenne Mountain School are limitless, but even education is made palatable there. The school operates under the theory that pupils are human, that education is self-education, and that all school activities should be participant. The dance is here to stay; so is the rodeo, and the little Christmas play. Each year an eager new group of mountain children learn to ride, and to act, and to master the intricate patterns of the dance. They learn the round dance and square dance, the Rye waltz, the Spanish waltz and 16 variations of the Docey-doe. Quite unconsciously they learn the best lesson that any school could teach: the joy of living.

Tricks of Trade

A SOMEWHAT complicated machine had broken down and the village jack-of-all-trades was called in to look it over. "Can you fix it?" asked the owner doubtfully.

The local expert's answer was matter of fact. "A man made it."

—BARBARA COPEMAN

HAVING EATEN in a fancy hotel, the customer was paying his bill when he noticed a paper dollar lying close to the cashier's elbow.

"Why do you keep that dollar bill there?" he asked curiously.

"Oh, that," responded the cashier. "I tap it on the counter when a customer forgets his change."

—*Whidbey Island Prop Wash*

"WHAT'LL IT COST to have my car repaired?" asked the owner cautiously.

"What's wrong with it?"

"I haven't any idea."

"66.40."

—*The U. of California Pelican*

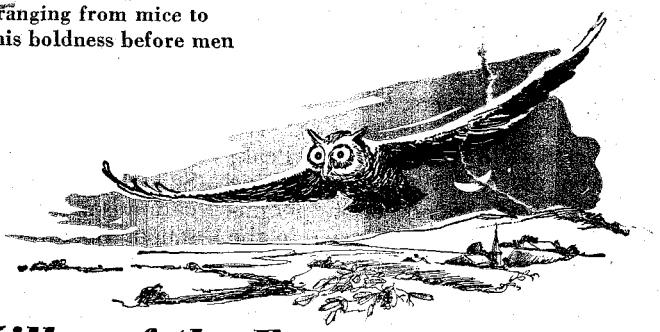
AFTER AN evening in a night club, a gay party at one of the tables arose to leave. Beckoning a waiter, one of the men asked, "Is it raining outside?"

"Sorry," replied the attendant coldly, "this isn't my table."

—*Scott Field Broadcaster*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...upon farm poultry and the forest's wild life ranging from mice to skunks, even flaunts his boldness before men



Winged Killer of the Forest

by JIM KJELGAARD

WE WERE sitting in front of a backwoods store, listening to the chatter of a blue jay perched on the top of a metal bridge just a little way from us. A shadow floated out of the woods, and bore the blue jay away.

The blue jay never knew what struck it. But we were witnesses to another murder by that arch-killer of the wilds, the great horned owl.

Wherever he roams—from Ontario to the Gulf coast, west to Wisconsin, eastern Minnesota, and eastern Texas—there are few men with a good word to say for this air pirate. From the slate-black of his curving bill to the tip of his tawny tail, he is two feet, and from two and a half to five pounds of irreclaimable savage.

His back is a sooty brown. Underneath he is whitish with dark bars—camouflage against the sky. His toes are feathered, his claws horn colored. He is called cat owl because of his dark ear tufts and the chrome-yellow iris of his eyes. Like a cat, he can see almost as well by day as by night.

It's a moot question whether the great horned owl is a stupid bird which does not know enough to avoid his deadliest enemy, man, or whether his courage is so great that he merely scorns him. Often he'll flee.

On the other hand, the horned owl has been known to attack man. And at other times his familiarity with him becomes—to say the least—presumptuous.

Once I was running a line of traps down an isolated valley near my home. Long before I came to one set, my nose told me that it had held a skunk. On reaching the set, there was no sign either of the trap, the drag to which it had been attached, or of the skunk. However, about 50 yards away in a small aspen tree, I saw the drag, trap and skunk hanging over a limb. A great horned owl, which had already eaten a portion of the animal, was maintaining a fierce vigil over all.

When I approached the horned owl he merely looked at me. The first shot from my .22 whistled through his feathers. The second brought him tumbling out of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tree. I thrust a stick at him, and he closed a claw over it with such force that I had to exert myself to wrench it away again.

The great horned owl is a peerless hunter. During daylight, he usually huddles on a stub in some deep woods thicket. At night, he silently cruises through the woods and over the meadows. His hearing is almost as acute as his sight. When he sees or hears a rabbit, shrew or grouse, he sets his five foot span of wings and glides in for the kill. Then he rises into the air with his talons sunk deep into the sides of his prey.

If a struggle ensues, he quickly puts an end to it by snapping his powerful beak into the head and brain of his prey.

One day, while walking through the woods, I came upon a backwoods farm whose owner was plotting the downfall of a great horned owl that had been raiding his poultry. He erected four high poles about the poultry run, and set a steel trap on each pole. The next morning a trap was gone and so was the owl; a rusted chain had broken.

The farmer set another trap that day in the same place. At daybreak, there was the owl. Although he had a trap on both feet, he was still an owl full of fight.

The great horned owl will catch and feed upon everything from mice to skunks. But after he has tasted poultry, and finds that it is easier to catch than wild game, nothing short of a well-directed shot will stop his raids. One farmer lost 59 guinea fowl to the same owl in one autumn season.

As might be expected of this fierce-tempered and savage bird, his mating habits are peculiar.

The great horned owl is one of the earliest birds to breed. Before the first of March, in the general latitude of Michigan, the female—and sometimes the male—is incubating two white eggs in an abandoned nest of the eagle, hawk or osprey, or in an old owl's nest on the ground. In four weeks one egg hatches and is followed in a few days by the other.

THE DOWNY owlets, buff in color and relieved by slight black bars, are never pampered. Game is torn apart by the older birds and rammed down the fledglings' throats. The young birds grow slowly, and remain in the nest from 10 to 12 weeks, molting their first feathers and growing full plumage in July or August. About this time a strange thing often happens.

The parent birds fly at the nest, ripping it apart until not a trace remains. The fledglings, before they have found their wings, find themselves balanced in the fork of a tree. Without ceremony they are tossed from the tree, and thus learn to fly.

The parent birds watch over them during their early flight training. How old they will become depends, very probably, on how well they learn to hunt and the acumen they display in staying away from men with guns. Great horned owls in zoological gardens have been known to live for as long as 20 and 30 years.

The one bird which possesses the temerity to attack the great horned owl is, strangely enough, the small and saucy kingbird. This feathered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David will dart at the feathered Goliath, pecking him about the head and even alighting on the owl's back the better to fight. But the attack of the kingbird is a nuisance only.

Cornered on the ground, and helpless, the great horned owl loses none of his courage. We came across one that had stepped into a steel trap, and a small terrier with us dashed forth to give battle. The owl's bill snapped shut on the terrier's ear, his free claw fastened in the dog's chest, and the terrier might have been in serious trouble if we hadn't interfered.

The horned owl does catch great numbers of mice, gophers and rodents. However, his evil acts far outweigh the good. But, accursed though he is, the great horned owl is respected by all who know his derring-do.

Service Records

MARINES in Samoa fish from a moored Navy minesweeper, then sell the catch to the natives who are so rich from Navy contracts that they prefer to buy fish instead of catch their own.

COMMANDER Corydon Wassell, famous Navy medic from whose adventures the motion picture, *The Story of Dr. Wassell*, was taken, recently answered a radio writer's request for his most harrowing experience of the war.

"Well, there was that long stretch in Java," Dr. Wassell replied, "and then those 21 months with Cecil B. DeMille."

THE ARMY now has 72,000 Smiths, 48,500 Johnsons, 39,000 Browns, 33,600 Millers, 31,300 Joneses, 31,000 Davises, 29,000 Wilsons, 24,500 Andersons, 24,300 Martins, 22,000 Taylors, 15,170 Halls, 15,000 Lewises.

And the Army Postal Service has a daily headache.

PFC. LLOYD L. PATHEAL, returning from a jungle patrol in New Guinea, shot a Jap sniper out of a 65-foot palm tree. On the body he found a gold Buddha charm around the neck, three lucky rings on each hand, a good luck amulet on the wrist, 22 good luck tickets in the helmet band, an antimalaria and snake bite charm taped to the left leg, and on bits of silk stuffed in the uniform pockets 14 lucky inscriptions guaranteed to make the bearer immune to American bullets.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

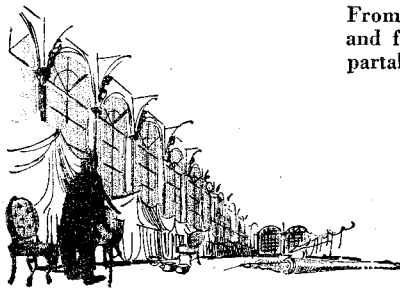
ANXIOUS to enjoy a rare treat of ice cream, some combat engineers in Italy were stumped because the delicacy was served without spoons. The Red Cross field director saved the day by suggesting: "Eat it with your dog tags."

—*Wingab*

TO AN AIR FORCE pilot goes credit for inventing a lifesaving flying suit for combat crew members who may be wounded during missions. The suit is the standard flight coveralls equipped with four strong tapes at vital artery pressure points. Should the ball turret gunner, for example, be hit in the arm by a shell fragment, he can insert a short dowel stick into the loop of tape above the injury, twist the built-in tourniquet and anchor the dowel with a small loop provided for the purpose. Not only is the bleeding arrested, but usually the airman can carry on.

—SIGMUND SAMETH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From 1865 to 1905 American bluebloods, literati and free-spenders flocked to Saratoga to partake of the waters and live the high, gay life

Saga of Saratoga

by EDITH ROBERTS

ONE SUMMER'S DAY in 1863 a persnickety diner at Moon's Lake House, Saratoga Springs, New York, complained that the French fries were too thick. This piqued the half-breed Indian chef, George Crum, and he retaliated by shaving them paper-thin and tossing them into the fat.

Overnight the new tidbit became the fad of the fashionable spa. Every fine afternoon saw a stream of elegants arriving to sip champagne and munch "Saratoga chips."

Years passed, and the chips that made Saratoga a household word were produced in factories reeking of hot vegetable oil. The career of Saratoga itself is not dissimilar. Once the fortress of fashion, today it is the playground of "the people" . . . and behind it lies a pageant of wealth unequaled in the century that produced it.

When the spa wasn't much more than a trough for bathing, the astute Father of Our Country himself glimpsed its possibilities and wanted to buy it. Within three decades Saratoga had mushroomed into the young Republic's number one vacation spot, and no less than Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Naples and Spain, tried to buy it too. He offered the unheard-of sum of 20 thousand dollars to one Jacobus Barhydt for his land, to which the old Dutchman made the Yankee reply, "If it's worth that to you, it's worth it to me," and kept it.

From then on if you were anybody, you went to Saratoga. Even Lafayette didn't dare by-pass it. The old Marquis was there in 1825 gracious as ever, permitting a lady to raise his wig and snip three locks of his thin white hair for souvenirs.

Every year in the deep South rich plantation owners loaded their large families into great coaches and traveled over hundreds of miles of abominable roads to Saratoga. They even brought their blooded horses and held races, starting a tradition of horseflesh and fine sport.

Celebrities came cheap. In a single morning Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Daniel Webster and young Nathaniel Hawthorne might all have rubbed elbows along the wooded paths amid a galaxy of seasoned European nobility and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

garden-fresh American millionaires. In the dark pine forest at the old Barhydt place Poe conceived and wrote *The Raven*.

Nathaniel P. Willis called Saratoga "a sinkhole of iniquity," but each season saw him up to his ears in same, and Martin Van Buren was frequently about "looking as round and plump and happy as a partridge in the fall."

He once drank so many Philadelphia Coolers at the Grand Union Hotel that the white ribboners rebuked him. Yet Saratoga gave America its first temperance society in 1808 and for years thereafter provided just that degree of dampness in which the movement best flourished.

SARATOGA got a bad jolt when the Civil War came along—not that the South surrendered its favorite resort without a struggle. Even in 1864 a few die-hards actually managed to smuggle their horses up from Dixie for the races! But that was the last of them and, many thought, the end of Saratoga.

It was only the beginning. From 1865 to 1905 America's newmade millionaires flocked to Saratoga for an unsurpassed spree of spending.

Comical trains chuffed into town, and great coaches and tally-hos rolled up to the hotels piled high with mammoth iron-girded Saratoga trunks. And the registers showed a full quota of Vanderbilts, Goulds and Wanamakers.

One of the Vanderbilts was excessively fond of canvasback ducks, but he had never been able to find anyone who could cook them exactly to his taste. George Crum broiled some exactly 19 minutes and served them very hot and rare. Vanderbilt was ecstatic. The backwoods chef charged, and easily collected, Delmonico prices.

Any money less than a million dollars was petty cash. A. T. Stewart of New York bought the Grand Union Hotel and while enlarging it found a modest church in his way. He immediately offered the congregation a million dollars to move their church and was amazed when they refused.

The daily drive to Lake Saratoga furnished the best opportunity in America to see and be seen, to flirt and make intrigue. Even the most modest turnout cost dearly—at least two thousand dollars for the carriage, 1,500 dollars for a set of gold-monogrammed double harness, 1,500 dollars apiece for two horses, to say nothing of items like jewel-studded whips.

Guilia Morsoni, daughter of Jay Gould's partner, was Saratoga's uncrowned queen. The regulars on the "millionaire piazza" of the United States Hotel actually applauded when she caught up the snow-white reins and dashed away, expertly driving her three spirited Kentucky thoroughbreds tandem through all that maze of carriages.

"Coal Oil Johnny"—the Pennsylvania orphan who struck oil on his foster father's farm—gravitated naturally to Saratoga with a minstrel troupe and a brass band in tow, which he'd bought simply because he didn't know what else to do with his money.

He would lose 10 thousand dollars at a sitting, and when a friend once dared to chide him for such recklessness, he threw another 10 thousand on the table to buy drinks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the house as long as it lasted.

Joseph Smith was a Negro who served for many years as head usher in the vast front corridor of the United States Hotel. Few men ever saw a greater parade of wealth, and he viewed it with adulation as sincere as it was naïve.

"Call the roll," cried he, "of America's great men, and there will be few indeed who will fail to respond that they have been Saratoga's guests! Of *course*," he admitted proudly, "there is extravagance in Saratoga; but if you take away from the apparel of life everything that is worn only for fashion's sake, we should hardly need any civilization, much less a Saratoga!"

Diamonds were the symbol of 19th century success. Men affected them almost as lavishly as women. When a man leaned over to partake of the aristocratic waters, like as not his scarf fell away revealing a huge diamond collar button.

It was a grand, glittering world through which tripped the singularly beautiful Lily Langtry on fantastically high red heels, and into which danced Evander Berry Wall wearing a strange new-style evening jacket called a "tuxedo," only to have the m.c. of the United States Hotel sashay up to him crying: "Mr. Wall, I must ask you to leave! Why, I'd sooner think of permitting a gentleman in overalls on the floor as in that tailless garment you're wearing!"

On fleeting summer evenings as the century swung into its last decade, Victor Herbert played to a brilliant audience gathered under the elms in the Grand Union Hotel garden. One night, walking along one of the flowered paths with a friend, he heard a soft voice in the shadows murmur: "Kiss me," and after a silence, "Kiss me again," and so he composed that lovely melody the whole world still hums.

When Richard Canfield bought the Saratoga Club in 1894, there began a decade of gambling unequaled in this country. It was estimated that the aggregate wealth of the men present in Canfield's Club at any given time was not less than 200 million dollars. In his triple-doored safe Canfield kept a perpetual million, in case a guest preferred cash to a check.

The glamour of Lillian Russell, the extravagance of Diamond Jim Brady, and the recklessness of Bet-a-Million Gates are so real in the memory of Saratogians that it might have been only yesterday when everybody was asking if you'd seen the diamond-studded bicycle Jim had given Lillian; only last night that "Big-Stiff" Gates made the tiger squeal in the biggest faro game on record.

The blue noses were constantly tracking Canfield, and in 1907 he got tired of it and closed shop. The casino was never again used for gambling—but folks will probably play "Canfield" till doomsday.

Money flowed faster than the springs during the mad 20's.

The Cavanaugh Special, rolling into town in August, disgorged a hundred bookies and four hundred of their flunkies, and the racing season was on. But the fact that it was now known as the "10 million dollar racket" shows how it had changed since the elegant days of the southern planters.

It wasn't the Age of Elegance any more. But there was still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money to burn. When Mrs. Payne Whitney's budding steeple-chaser Coronation died in 1929 she had a thousand dollar monument erected over him. Herbert Swope lost 500 dollars to Charlie Schwartz on a bet over a line of poetry. That would have been peanuts to Bet-a-Million Gates who once lost 22 thousand dollars wagering on the speed of raindrops sliding down a windowpane.

In the 30's Lucky Luciano was the genial, pock-marked King of Saratoga till Tom Dewey sent him up for 50 years. His "palace" was the huge, bare, block-long dive known as the "Chicago Club," and his special quarry was Sam Rosoff who built New York's subways. Sam won 250 thousand dollars in Lucky's book on Jim Dandy in 1934, and Lucky vowed he'd get it back "with interest," which he did to the tune of 75 thousand dollars next season.

Saratoga can boast the only naturally carbonated waters east of the Rockies. Today its springs are, as in the beginning, its chief asset. The spa has been improved at a cost of 10 million dollars, and once more "the cure" is ultra-fashionable.

Downtown the sidewalks seethe with hoi-poloi in slacks and sunglasses, while the baroque façades of the wonderful old hotels look on. The Grand Union still operates on a limited basis, but the "States" is abandoned. Curious eyes peering into its dismantled ballroom will discern only a few dusty china pitchers and chamberpots standing incongruously there.

Kitty Smith is an ancient actress who remembers when the first merry-go-round in America stood in a spot where Canfield later installed a noble Italian garden. She recalls the shrieks of drunken Indians who came sometimes to ride, when she was a little girl playing an angel in *The Black Crook*.

To be old in Saratoga is to remember much.

Dumb Doras

ASSIGNED A BIT part in her new picture, an ex-chorus siren was told that she would have to have a double. Anxiously she sought out the director. "Why do I need a double?" she asked. "Do I have to do anything dangerous?"

"Yes," was the retort. "You have to utter a three-syllable word!"

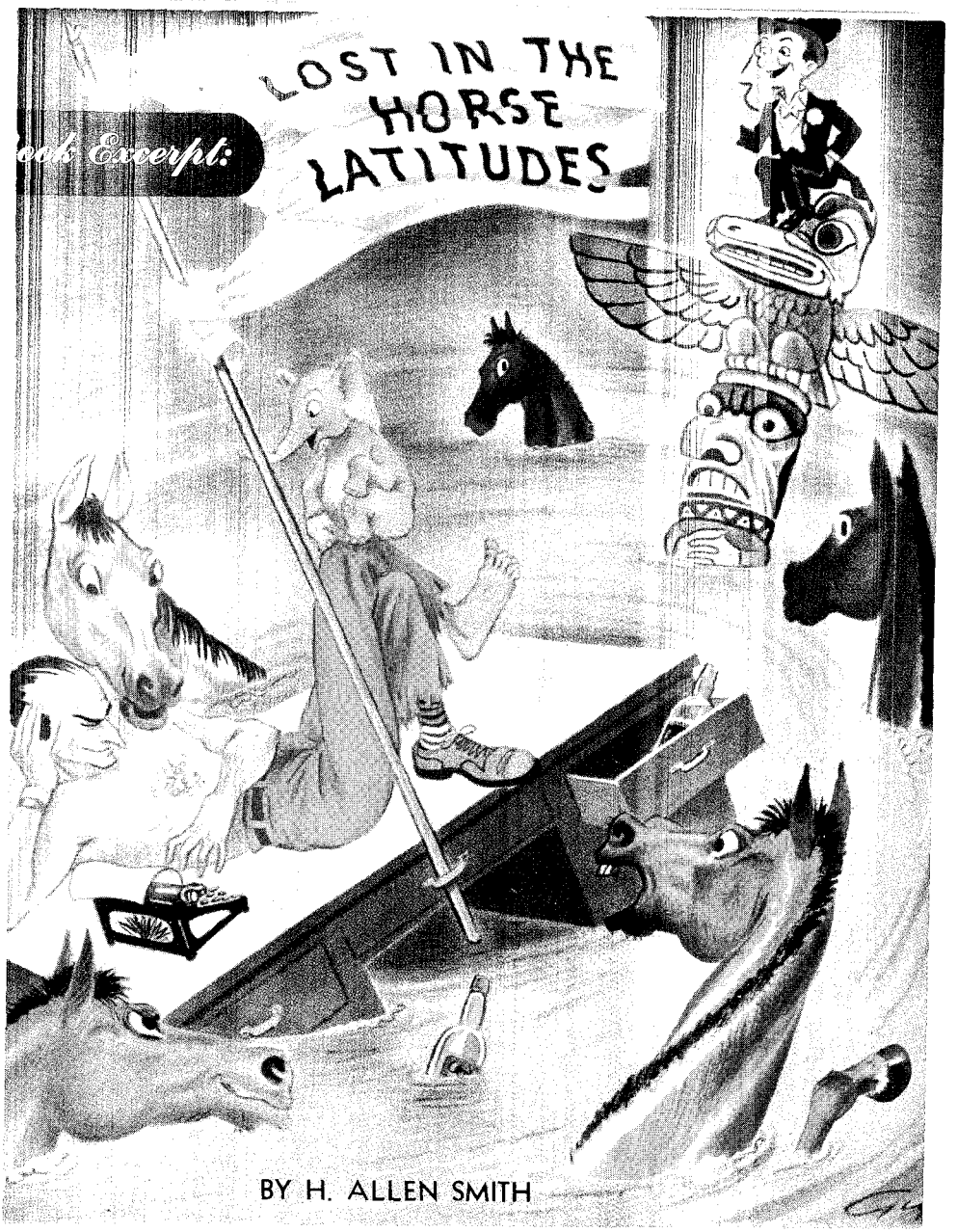
—IRVING HOFFMAN

EMIL LUDWIG, the German biographer, condemns war in many of his books. "Some people extol war," he explains. "They say it hardens a nation and turns its people into heroes. Well, the ignoramus who says war turns people into heroes is worse than the city girl who visited the country one day in June. She came to a pond whose shallows were full of tadpoles—thousands of little black tadpoles flopping about in an inch of muddy water.

" 'Oh,' she said, 'look at the tadpoles. And to think that some day every one of those horrid, wriggling little things will be a beautiful butterfly!' "

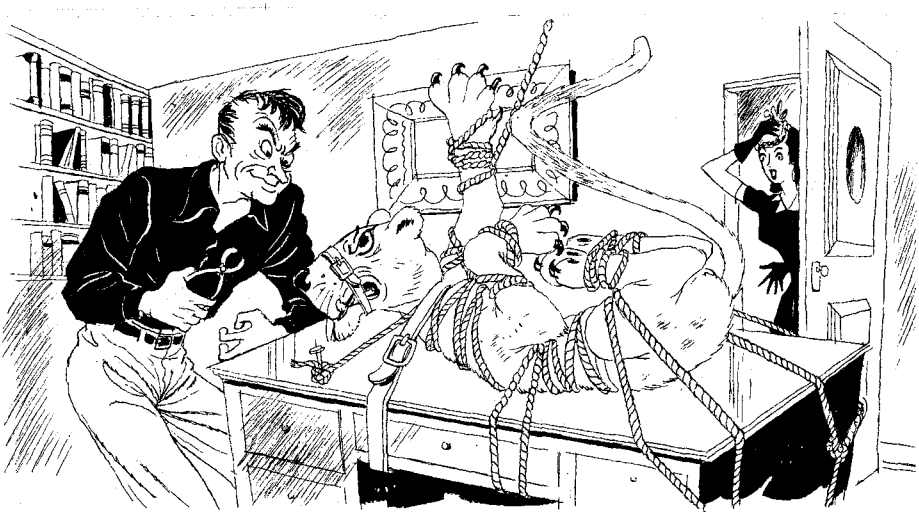
—JOHN N. MAKRIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In a restless mood, the hero of *Low Man on a Totem Pole* shinnies up a notch to fix a telescopic eye on the zanies of Hollywood. From minion to magnate he ferrets out the funny, even boring into the private life of that magnificent splinter, Charlie McCarthy . . . excerpted from the book.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Lost in the Horse Latitudes

by H. ALLEN SMITH

THE SUMMER OF 1943 was the period in which I got lost in the horse latitudes.

The horse latitudes are certain zones in the ocean which used to be the despair of sailing vessels. They are characterized by dead calms and light, baffling winds. They got their name, I understand, back in the days when cargoes of horses were being sent from Europe to the West Indies. A ship would come along with a load of horses and get involved in one of those dead calms. If it lasted very long they'd run out of drinking water and the horses would go berserk and start kicking the ship to pieces, whereupon the sailors would throw them overboard.

I had planned originally to call this book *Like Elephants, I Remember*. Hedda Hopper ran a piece in her column while I was in Hollywood saying that was the title. Back East the editors of Doubleday, Doran read it and promptly wired me: ELEPHANT TITLE NO GOOD. IT MAKES SENSE.

In my own opinion the horse latitudes title makes more sense than the elephant line. I doubt very seriously if an elephant remembers anything more than the fact that it is fun to look at people who are looking at elephants. Elephant memory is probably a myth, just as so many other popular beliefs are myths. Clean as a hound's tooth? A prominent veterinarian spent years examining teeth of hounds to prove that they are the dirtiest teeth on earth. Benjamin Franklin was a model of thriftiness? In 1940 someone dug into the records of the Pennsylvania Company, oldest bank in the country, and discovered that Ben was overdrawn at least three days out of every week.

Excerpted from the book published at $2.00 by Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, New York;
copyright, 1944, by H. Allen Smith

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I got to Hollywood I found Jim Moran living in a lovely patio giving on a little house. The population of southern California, being made up of screwballs, was not impressed with Mr. Moran's antic screwiness, so he retired to his patio, sat in the sun, and dreamed up the Slo-Gro Hour, writing the script and playing the role of a mythical Professor Rhinelander Briggs. Slo-Gro is a preparation for rubbing on the head. It retards the growth of hair so that a person using it regularly will need only two haircuts a year instead of, say, forty.

Professor Briggs was a man of many attainments, and the world's foremost authority on turban-wrapping. When he was on the radio in New York he dedicated odd moments on the program to civic betterment. During the heaviest snowstorm of that winter the professor came on the air with a scientific suggestion. He first called attention to the cruel problem created by a snowstorm in New York City. Then he figured out the total snowfall on the streets and sidewalks of the city. He determined the precise area thus affected and he divided that figure by the population of New York.

"It works out," he told his listeners, if he had any, "to one handful of snow per person. Now, we can solve this problem in five minutes. Right this moment I want everyone to run out in the street and get a handful of snow. Bring it in the house and put it in the sink and run hot water on it. Wake up the children and send them out too. Go wake up your neighbors if they are not listening to this program. If everybody gets a handful of snow the streets and sidewalks will be clean as a whistle in five minutes."

Before he left New York to conquer the West, Jim happened to call at a book publishing house to see a friend. On the friend's desk was a neatly bound book, a volume with a maroon binding and the title stamped in gold. It was a publisher's dummy* containing a couple of hundred pages on which no word was printed. Jim talked his friend into giving him this book.

He rode the Chief of the Santa Fe lines from Chicago to Los Angeles and it was his custom to stroll into the club car with the book under his arm, order a drink, and settle into an easy chair. He'd station himself so that other occupants of the car could see the blank pages of the book when he had it open. Then he'd sit there pretending to read it. He'd go through emotional upheavals, sometimes bursting into fits of laughter, sometimes scowling, as he turned the pages. The other people in the car would look at him, then glance at the book, and see blank pages. Jim would concentrate on his reading for a while, let the book drop into his lap wide open, and pretend to think, shaking his head slowly from side to side as though he had just come upon the most remarkable statement ever printed. He kept up this little game throughout the trip and for some reason the other passengers left him strictly to himself.

On another occasion he stopped in a novelty shop and bought one of those rubber false faces that come in realistic variations. Jim's mask made him look a trifle like Mortimer Snerd. Driving along the

*Not to be confused with an author.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highway he would have the mask on with the face looking backward over his left shoulder. Then Jim, his own vision unobstructed, would wait for some driver to start passing him. As the other car came up Jim would lean just a bit to the left. The effect on the approaching motorist would be quite startling. He'd see this leering goon, sitting at the wheel of a speeding car but leaning out, staring back and paying no attention to the road ahead. Jim said nobody got killed that he knows about.

One of my favorite taxicab stories concerns a businessman from the Middle West who arrived at New York's Grand Central Terminal. He had a room reserved at the Hotel Roosevelt which adjoins the station. All he had to do was walk from the train, through an underpass, and up a flight of steps into the Roosevelt's lobby. Instead he went to the street and got into a cab.

"Hotel Roosevelt," he said, trying to make it sound citylike.

The driver hesitated a moment. The Hotel Roosevelt was just a few steps away. Well, he decided, if he had trapped a yokel, he had trapped a yokel. He lit out for Brooklyn. He drove all over that borough, worked his way into Queens, crossed into the Bronx, and rambled around there for half an hour. Not a word from the man in the back seat.

At last the cab came down into Manhattan and pulled up at the entrance to the Roosevelt.

"How much?" said the passenger.

"That'll be twenty-six dollars and forty cents," said the driver.

"Oh no you don't!" exclaimed the visitor. "You think you've got a country boy on the string but you haven't. Listen, brother, you don't get any twenty-six dollars and forty cents outa me. The last time it was only eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents and that's every penny you get!"

I NEVER met a man who enjoyed laughing as much as Buddy De Sylva. You can pull the simplest, corniest gag on him and he'll throw back his head and almost split his duodenum. Later on I heard some of the writers around Paramount complain about it. They said they'd go into his office with a story idea, an outline for a film comedy. They'd tell him the story and all through it he would howl with laughter, fall on the floor, bite the legs of his chair, and gasp through his hysterical cachinnation, "Call the doctor, I'm dying!" Then, when the writer reached the end of his story, Buddy would get back into his chair, sop the tears off his face, and say: "It stinks."

ONE OF THE town's most celebrated leading men has a small gag which he uses frequently. He comes up behind his victim. He dips his fingers in a glass of water. He flips the water onto the back of the victim's neck and simultaneously lets go with a big sneeze. He is still alive at this writing.

DURING MY motion picture career (whoops!) a certain screen writer was looking up a number in the Los Angeles telephone book when by accident he came upon a most unusual name—Gisela Werbezirk Piffl. He was fascinated by it and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grabbed the telephone and called the number. A lady answered.

"Is this Gisela Werbezirk Piffl?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, well, well," he said. "How are you, Gisela? This is Charlie Peabody. Remember me?"

"No," said the lady, "I don't believe I do."

"Ah, come on now, Gisela!" he went on. "You remember me! I went to high school with you in Omaha."

"I'm very sorry," she said, "but I have never been in Omaha in my life. I have never been in Nebraska."

There was a long silence. Then he said:

"Oh, I see. I'm terribly sorry. It must have been another Gisèla Werbezirk Piffl."

And he hung up.

Dick Carlson was a young fellow working on a weekly newspaper in the Middle West when the Hollywood virus got him. He saved up his money, headed West, and approached the head of Paramount's publicity department with a project. He knew how, he said, to get publicity for extra players—plenty of it. "Every time you get a piece of publicity for an extra," said Dick, "you'll find that the name of the picture he's in and some of the details of that picture are mentioned. I'll go on the set when a picture is being made. I'll interview a man who's playing in a crowd scene. Suppose he says he's from Sapulpa, Oklahoma, or Logansport, Indiana, or Hattieburg, Mississippi. I find out the name of a local paper in his home town and I write the interview with him for that paper. Local Boy in Movies—that's the idea. I tell what the movie is he's working in, the names of the stars he's working with, how he happened to get into the picture, the names of other pictures he's worked in, and so on. I can do three or four of those stories a day. Don't tell me that's not good publicity."

Thereafter Dick Carlson would descend upon a sound stage, drag an extra off into a corner, and start pumping questions at him. Before long he had become anathema to the assistant directors who, among many other things, have the unpleasant job of riding herd on extras. The cameras would be set, the lights blazing, the actors tensed, and then someone would discover that Mortimer Miller from Carmi, Illinois, who was supposed to be leaning against a lamppost and picking his teeth in the scene, was missing. They'd find him off in the shadows with Dick Carlson, and there would be much expressive language ricocheting around the premises over the delay. Directors and assistant directors stormed into the front office and demanded that this half-wit be banished from the lot. The head of publicity would be called in. He would quietly spread out column after column of publicity on the desk—stories resounding to the glory of Paramount Pictures—all the work of Dick Carlson. So Dick stayed on, harassing the assistant directors, impervious to the curses poured upon him, delaying production more than overhead airplanes.

Then one day Dick Carlson up and died.

Two days after his death one of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paramount's top directors had a company at work on the back lot. This director had been among the most violent traducers of Dick Carlson. He was working now on a street scene. At the dead end of the street was a high wall. On the other side of the wall is Hollywood Cemetery. Scenes of violent passion and sequences of side-splitting comedy are often played against sections of that wall, within six feet of the graves of the dead.

"Quiet, everybody!" came the assistant director's voice. That is another of his duties—yelling "Quiet!" eight or ten thousand times a day.

The camera started. Along the sidewalk came two celebrated stars. The microphone followed them, dangling over their heads, picking up their conversation as they hurried along. Then . . .

Bong, bong, bong, bong, bong.

"Hold it!" cried the director. "What the heck is that?"

The assistant director hurried over.

"It's the bell in the chapel over in the cemetery," he said. "That's Dick Carlson. They're burying Dick Carlson over there this morning."

The director dropped into his chair and sat there, slowly shaking his head.

"Even dead," he muttered, "that guy botches the works!"

A PRODUCER at one of the big studios was given an assignment to do a jungle picture. He was an all-around ball of fire; even his ulcers were dynamic. Right at the beginning he let it be known that he was not going to turn out any little old "B" picture.

"Get this," said the producer. "I'm gonna do this jungle picture and it's gonna be the biggest, the greatest jungle picture in history. Everything about it is gonna be great. It's gonna have everything—the most tigers, the most lions, the most zebras, the most elephants. And a hippopotamus. Fellas, this picture is gonna have the biggest hippopotamus in the world in it."

"Where do you expect to get it?" a writer asked.

"I should worry my head about such things!" said the producer. "When I say I want the biggest hippopotamus in the world, I want the biggest *in history!* Now, you tell *me* where we get it."

They put the research department to work on the problem, and in no time at all the producer was notified that the biggest hippopotamus in captivity was the property of the London Zoo.

"Buy him," ordered the dynamic producer, and negotiations were opened by cable. After a while a price, something like $50,000, was agreed upon and a couple of men from the prop department were shipped off to London with instructions to bring back the hippo. In due course the car arrived in Los Angeles. The next problem was to get the hippopotamus out of the freight car and into the movie jungle. But the hippo wouldn't cooperate.

"He won't cooperate," they told the producer. This phrase is a common one around the studios, whether applied to a human or a hippopotamus.

"Drag him out of it," said the producer.

They ripped off the upper structure of the freight car, leaving the hippo sprawled in full view. They

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

built runways, but he spurned them.

After hours of wrestling with the problem they hired the biggest flat-bed truck they could find and backed it up to the flat car. They brought in a powerful crane. They fastened chains around the recumbent beast and they *drug* him off. There is no such word as drug, as used in the foregoing sentence, but I like it and I'm writing this book, not you. Still the hippo was prone to stay prone. Then along came someone with a thought bordering on intelligence.

"That hippopotamus is sick as a dog," he said. "He's been away from water so long he's a nervous wreck."

They agreed, then, that he should be put in water for awhile. But where? Someone remembered a small lake out north of Hollywood.

"Lease the lake," ordered the producer, "and dump him in."

They leased the lake. They drove the truckload of hippopotamus to the shore. He showed no interest in the water. They didn't want to roll him off into the shallow water for fear he'd founder in the mud and never get loose. So they summoned an army of studio carpenters and quickly built a heavy pier extending out to deep water. When the pier was finished and tested they backed the truck onto it. They blocked the rear wheels of the truck securely, attached a line to the front of the truck, and slowly tilted it upward. At an angle of around forty-five degrees the hulk of hippopotamus began to move. The great beast slid slowly off the tilted truck, then hit the water with a mighty splash. The job had been done neatly and without a hitch, and a great cheer went up among the workmen on shore.

The animal went under water at once and silence settled over the spectators as they waited for his reappearance. The seconds ticked off and nothing happened. More seconds, and still nothing.

The biggest hippopotamus in the world hasn't come up to this day.

I SPENT several afternoons and evenings at Edgar Bergen's home and hung around the guy while he was doing his radio work, and came away from it all with a vast admiration for him.

His intimate friends know him for an amiable, entertaining, sweet-tempered man, a fine host, and a one-man hobby lobby. He is genuinely shy and generally self-conscious among strangers, and when he is without Charlie McCarthy he is not especially funny.

Rehearsing his radio program in private, one might assume that he would leave the dummy in the bag, reading his own lines and Charlie's lines and letting it go at that. It is altogether necessary, however, that he have McCarthy perched at his side; otherwise, his producers say, his delivery is flat and uninspired. The moment Charlie is alongside him the lines seem to take on sparkle and zip.

His own attitude toward Charlie is distinctly that of a fond parent toward a boy of twelve. He realizes that an animated jaw-wagging dummy in hand can be made to appear alive, but if that same dummy is tossed on the floor it becomes a lifeless pile of junk. Whenever McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd are in view, they are talking or gawking around. A few feet to his right on the stage Bergen always has a low,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curtained cabinet. Comes time for the appearance of McCarthy. Bergen walks behind the screen, his head in view, his manner eager and expectant. Charlie begins talking before he is even seen. He might yell, "Berr-r-rgen! Git me outa this foul rattrap!"

Back in 1936 Bergen was auditioned as a possible guest performer on the Rudy Vallee show. One advertising agency executive scoffed and snorted at the idea of putting a ventriloquist on the air. He sat in the studio control room during the audition passing sarcasms and making things generally tough for the nervous Bergen. The ventriloquist had prepared a script for the audition but he wasn't using it, having memorized the lines. He started off, exchanging quips with Charlie, and the executive in the control room grew more derisive. Suddenly Bergen fumbled. He had forgotten the next line. The scoffer, of course, haw-hawed and I-told you-soed. A young man hurried over to Bergen with the script in hand. He held it in front of Bergen's eyes and Bergen quickly scanned the forgotten line. "Okay," he said, "I've got it now." The young man started to move away when Charlie stopped him. "Hey!" piped Charlie. "Let me have a gander at that." The young man turned and unwittingly thrust the script in front of the dummy's face. The sneer disappeared from the puss of the man in the control room and he muttered, "Well I'll be!" Bergen and McCarthy were on their way.

Where Bergen is inclined toward bashfulness in the presence of strangers, his wooden alter ego serves him well as a release from his shyness. Bergen is the very acme of gentle, polite deportment, but Charlie seldom pulls a punch. Charlie tells directors off in devastating language employing gutter terminology that would shock a racker in a poolroom. A mild complaint from Charlie might be: "How long does this lard-head expect us to keep working? It's time to go home and I'm a-goin'!"

Bergen's home is a beautiful nine-room house on top of a Beverly Hills mountain. The patio door leading to Master McCarthy's quarters is decorated with a knocker in the shape of a woodpecker—a gift from Greer Garson. In his closet and the large dresser are the McCarthy habiliments. There's a complete fire chief outfit, a cowboy suit, Foreign Legion uniform, baseball suit, jockey silks, Mexican fiesta costume, an Eskimo ensemble and various uniforms reflecting his honorary membership in the military.

On a table among many gifts sent to him from all over the world stands the special Oscar awarded Charlie in 1937—a wooden duplicate of the statuettes handed out each year by the Academy. Charlie's is the only talking Oscar ever awarded. Bergen picks up the figure, holding it by the base, and its tiny lower jaw moves as it cries in a thin, high voice: "Put me down, you big ungainly jerk! I belong to Charlie McCarthy!" Since his mother's death in 1943 Bergen lives alone with a housekeeper and a versatile fellow named Bill who drives his car, takes care of the grounds, raises chickens, beats off coyotes who come to get the chickens, supervises the barbecues, and keeps the swimming pool in shape.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bergen is one of the neatest, most orderly men alive—a perfectionist in everything he undertakes. In his workshop adjoining the house there's a place for everything and everything is in its place. The jars of bolts and nuts and nails look as though they had been packed by Fanny Farmer. He loves to tinker in this little shop where he keeps spare bodies for Charlie and where in the last few years he has continued to improve the mechanics of the dummy. Charlie can now walk quite realistically when led by the hand, stand alone, and hold a spoon or pen.

Bergen doesn't have to be coaxed into adopting new hobbies. One week his radio script called for a comedy sequence in which Charlie became a beekeeper, using Bergen's top hat for a hive. Bergen, the perfectionist, undertook some research on bees to insure scientific accuracy in the script. He sat up all night reading bee books and the following day ordered a colony for himself.

He indulges his ventriloquial talent often without a dummy. On one occasion we were standing in the wide driveway before the house. Bergen's Doberman pinscher was at his side. I looked at the dog and asked its age. Bergen said he wasn't sure. He reached down and took the dog's upper jaw in his hand.

"Pupchkin," he said. "tell the man how old you are."

Then he wagged the dog's jaw and the dog said gruffly, "I'm . . . four . . . years . . . old."

GENE FOWLER, who is one of Mr. W. C. Fields's close friends, tells about the time the comedian was in the hospital with a broken neck, a bothersome thing at best. Mr. Fields insisted on having a pitcher of Martinis at his side all the time, declaring that while his neck might be broken, his gullet wasn't. His nurse left him alone for a while and during her absence he got out of bed, Martini in hand, and strolled over to a window, exercising caution in holding his head so it wouldn't fall off. Outside the window he saw a big tree and in the tree were some little men busily engaged in screwing light bulbs into the branches. Mr. Fields quickly poured his Martini back into the pitcher, got into bed, and began buzzing furiously for the nurse. When she came in he was lying there with his eyes tightly closed.

"Nurse," he said weakly, "please go over and look out that window."

The nurse obeyed.

"Are you at the window now?" asked Mr. Fields, his eyes still closed. "Look out and tell me what you see."

"Well," she said, "there's a big tree out there and in it are some little men screwing light bulbs into the branches."

"Allah Akbar!" said Mr. Fields. "Pour me a drink, quick."

He had forgotten that it was coming up Christmas.

MISS FANNY ROSE SHORE sings superbly under the more familiar name of Dinah. When we first got acquainted I was a newspaper reporter and she was struggling upward from a small start at a radio station in Manhattan. During our friendship she had become the No. One gal singer of the nation, a top radio star, a movie celebrity,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a favorite of the servicemen.

Once when I was in Baltimore Dinah was playing a local theatre and I made a date to take her to lunch. I called for her at her theatre dressing room and we sat around and talked awhile. She told me I had to quit calling her Fanny Rose. She said that when she was a schoolgirl the other kids were always making jokes about her name. One kid would say, "Fanny sat on a tack." Another kid would say, "When Fanny sat on a tack, did Fanny rise?" And the other would reply, "Fanny rose, shore!"

We had lunch and went back to the theatre and sat around some more and were just gabbing when someone knocked on the door. It was a messenger with a package. Dinah opened it and found a small phonograph record.

"What the Sam Hill is this?" she said. Then she saw a piece of paper with some writing on it. "Oh, sure," she said. "It's from that boy. He writes to me all the time. Let's play it."

She put the record on her portable machine and we sat down to listen. I took notes on it because it represented a great stride in the march of civilization. It went approximately like this:

"Hello, uh, hello, Dinah. This is Arthur Pomeroy Verplanck of Binghamton, New York, your fan forever. Uh, oh yes, thank me, I mean thank you for your lovely Christmas card. It was lovely, Dinah. Holy smoke! That's Dad playing the radio in the other room. Don't mind that. There goes Mother, telling him to turn it down, turn it down. Now, lemmy see, what can I say to you? I have, uh, maybe you notice, I have a terrible cold. Yes. I have a terrible cold. Lemmy see, now. Here's my mother now, Dinah. C'mere, Ma. I don't know what to say to her, Ma. She's such a wonderful girl, such a wonderful girl, I don't know what to say. You say something, Ma. You got a cold too. We all got colds up here, Dinah. Here's Ma. Say something, Ma. (Tired female voice comes in.) I don't know what to say. I just don't know what to say. She has a lovely voice when she sings. (Back to Arthur Pomeroy Verplanck.) Yes, that's it. That's what I wanna say. Dinah, we love your singing. I'm your fan forever, Dinah. When this side is finished, turn it over. It's a sorta surprise for you on the other side. But just remember I got this awful cold. Uh, this is Arthur Pomeroy Verplanck of Binghamton, New York, signing off. Turn over."

"Well, I'll be darned," said Dinah, shutting off the machine. "I think that's the sweetest thing. Wonder what on earth is on the other side."

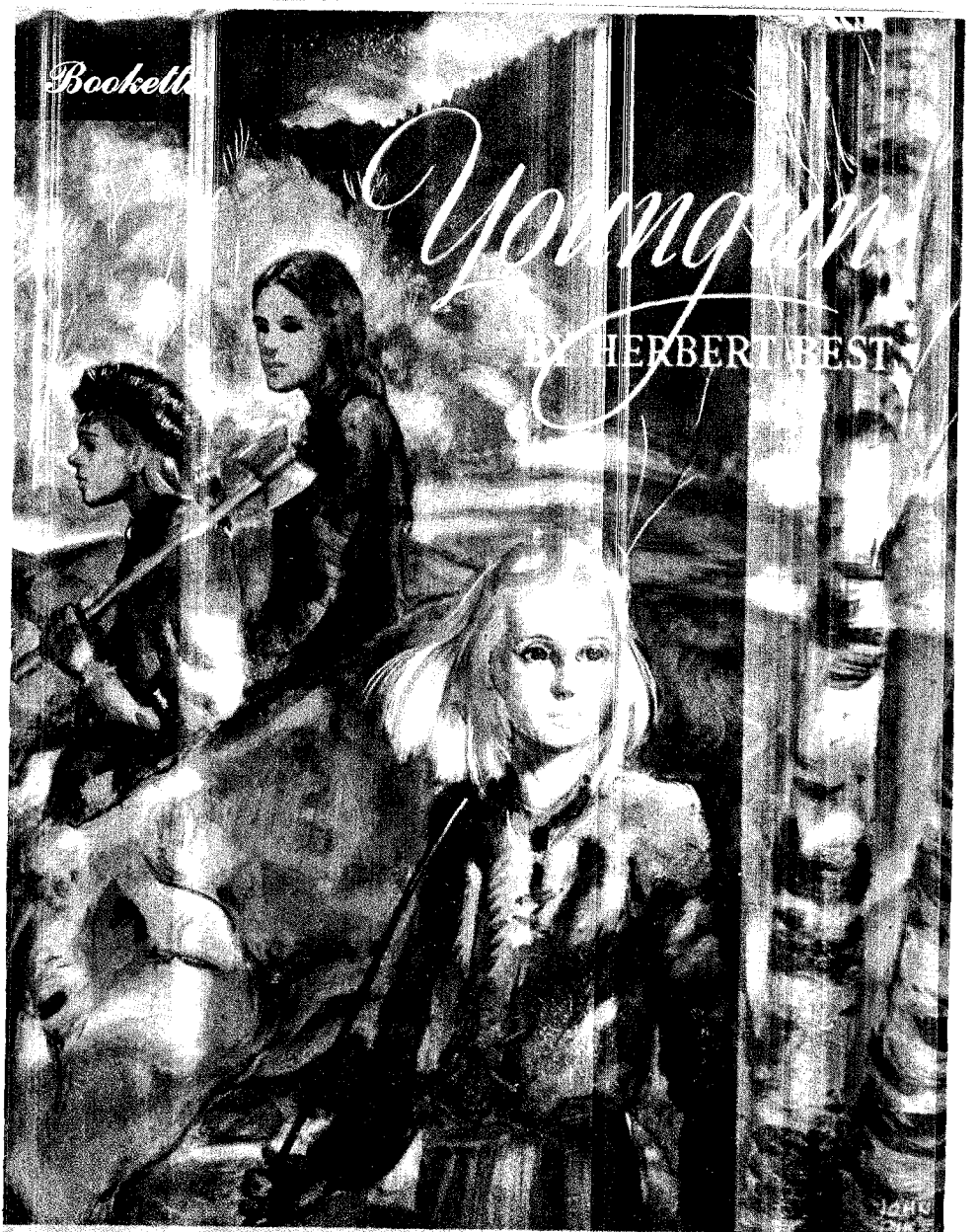
"Yes," I put in. "Hurry up and play it. He said there's a surprise on the other side. I can't wait."

She turned the platter over and Arthur Pomeroy Verplanck's voice came through again. He spoke of having this awful, terrible cold and apologized for it, and then raised his voice in song. He sang *I Don't Wanna Set the World on Fy-yerr*. Sang it all the way through.

When part two was finished we sat and looked at each other a bit, and I started to say something. Dinah cut me off.

"Maybe is *is* corny," she said, "but I think it's downright sweet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You share the ecstasy of growing up with Young'un in this tale of upstate New York in an era of frontier hardship and robust romance. One day she felt she must do something marvelous she had never done before. Like taking a leap, so folks would say, "Did you hear about Young'un Post's leap acrost the whole valley?" . . . A slice of the whimsy in our condensation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young'un

THE GREAT brown oxen halted in the snow-covered wheel ruts before the trading store. Old Man Post shouldered a bundle of hides and pelts and ducked beneath the lintel log to dump his load on the broad pinewood counter.

The trader loosed the rawhide tie, and spread out the stiff pelts. Grunting disparagingly, he swept a good half of them aside.

Zeph Post looked on, angered but helpless. It hadn't always been this-a-way, being treated like an Injun. Time was when Zeph Post knowed the best trapping grounds from the Falls right up to Canady. And time was when folks knowed he knowed.

Old Man Post made another trip to the sled and returned with two loads of potash. "It's dirty, see?" the trader challenged. "How often have I got to tell you settlers to keep the smoke out of your boiling?"

Old Man Post rumbled behind his beard like a dog afraid to bark outright. Settler! He wa'n't no settler. Course he'd bided overlong in one camp—situated on a ledge overlooking Champlain Lake—what with having a poorly wife and raising young'uns. But just as soon as they could fend for themselves, Zeph Post would be quit of ploughing and hoeing and . . . and sugaring and ashing for traders.

If it took courage to draw down to the Falls to trade and to be cheated, it took the same to start on the slow haul home with only the half of what was needed.

OLD MAN POST could see across the top of the T-shaped valley, over Cold Brook hidden in the hollow, to High Rock and far beyond into this area of upstate

Condensed from the book published at $2.50 by the Macmillan Company, New York; copyright, 1944, by Herbert Best

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York, without setting sight on fence or clearing or house. He shuffled on, the oxen following.

But on the verge of his own clearing a faint troubling odor hung between the bare gray trunks of the beech trees. Stale woodsmoke and something beside. Like when he and another of Rogers' Rangers had come too late to warn a homestead of Injuns. But there were no Injuns now.

A stretch of white snow, with a black hole in its whiteness. Not clear black, as Old Man Post strode nearer, but gray in the middle where the cabin and barn had stood end to end. Gray ashes, a black ring where fire had melted the snow, then white.

Old Man Post stumbled forward and stood looking. He must have thought the young'uns was gone too. Till they came out, still frighted, from the forest. Eldest was 16, and Dan'l and Young'un wa'n't so far behind in age. Eldest couldn't do aught but weep. And the little girl just held tight ahold of him awhile. The boy, Dan'l, stocky and kind of sullen in his grief, told what little there was to tell.

As soon as their pa had drawn out of sight, four days agone, Ma had taken with one of her spells. And drove the children out from underfoot. So the three young'uns went a-fishing. Before first dusk they had scrambled back, hoping their ma might be better. Seeing a glow, they hurried. But when they came out from among the trees there was little left but embers.

Before it grew too dark Dan'l cut them a shelter of hemlock boughs for windbreak, and another pile for bed. Eldest kindled a fire in front of the windbreak, and broiled a mess of fish.

Eldest had wanted Young'un to go for a neighbor. But Dan'l said there was naught ary neighbor could do now, so they'd best wait for their pa.

When Old Man Post came he listened to his son, but didn't say aught. He looked almighty tired. He stood for a middling while, not taking his eyes off the ashes that had been his wife and home.

Then he sighed, slung on his bag and horn again, shifted the rifle to the crook of his left arm, and turned about. Dan'l made to follow. But his pa said, "Stay there, son."

And Old Man Post just walked off northward into the forest.

STRIDING UP the gentle slope, Eph Birdsell could see many things amiss on the Post land. Now if the farm was Eph's, he'd set right to, and dig him a well. A few more paces and the northern limit of the clearing came into view. But no house. No building. Eph broke into a run and let out a yell. "Zeph Post!"

Dan'l Post came out of the bare woods. Back of Dan'l, Eph could see now, was a kind of shelter and what looked to be Eldest and Young'un among the tree trunks.

"Ma's dead. Burned. And the hens and rooster," Dan'l summed up the tragedy. "Pa's gone."

Eph separated two of his four strings of fish and hung them to a tree. He'd a right to do that, being next-neighbor. Not that the young'uns looked to lack for food.

He'd be a figure of fun down in the Settlement, and Phebe Callen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der, hired girl at the Tavern, would come nigh to taunting his ears off with talk of a young cockerel that thought he was a broody-hen. But he'd make the offer:

"I'd take it neighborly if you was to come under my roof till your Pa's back and raises him another house."

But Dan'l said no. "Pa didn't . . . don't hold with taking help, Eph. Pa'll be back afore fall. We c'n make out someways."

Eph dropped down the hill to the Settlement of Cold Brook to give the rest of his catch to Gam Reed, the gunsmith. At the forge, he told his news to the men who were gathered there.

That noontide there was a deal of talk in the Settlement and beyond. There must have been a round dozen, including children, who had stopped at the Tavern on their way up to the Post place.

They were still 'mazed, the three Post young'uns, and unseeing, as though the sorrow that compassed them was one of the hill clouds that wrapped their farm from view. Menfolk and some womenfolk looked like they wished they hadn't come.

Grandma Truttle stretched out two kindly old bird-claw hands towards Eldest. "Come bide with me, childer, and welcome."

"Nossir, Ma'am," Dan'l was firm. "Pa wouldn't hold with leaving the land to go back to sumac and popple. Thank ye, Mis' Truttle. No."

By now the men were for taking Dan'l's answer as right and reasonable. They'd made note of the hay and roots and cabbages and potatoes, and there was the fish and what Dan'l trapped. Some day soon Old Man Post would come back, or the young'uns tire of toil and loneliness; one or other, small matter which.

Gunsmith and Preacher found Dan'l Post hammering a trenail into a new oaken plough with the back of his axe.

Wouldn't Daniel, Preacher asked, like to run along to his neighbors and beg their help to carry all that was mortal of his mother to a more suitable resting place?

"It's this way, Preacher, Mist' Jones. Cain't move Ma, not till Pa gits back and says to. But if you're minded to view the remains, Eldest will show ye."

Eldest, whose name was Deborah, led Preacher up the hill. She moved to a tall maple on the edge of the forest, unhitched a long rawhide cord, and lowered a basket from a crotch overhead. When the basket rested on the ground, Preacher's hat came off, and two heads bent reverently over, nearly touching.

Gunsmith hoped Preacher would see that as much love could go into the weaving of a bushel basket as in paying for a polished pine coffin. And if Preacher would see that a basket slung high in a tree wasn't disrespectful, but only the safest place common sense could devise . . . But looked to be that Preacher was saying a few words of consolation to Eldest. Why . . . tarnation . . . looked to be that Preacher understood the real nature of things!

Gunsmith unslung the powder horn. "Don't happen your pa drawed up more salt in his spring

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vittling than you're liable to use? Seems I could do with a horn full."

Dan'l looked pleased. "You're welcome to all you need, Mist' Reed."

"You're making out mighty good, Dan'l. Seems as if."

"When ploughing and hoeing's ended, and haying ain't yit, we'll start to roll us a cabin and lean-to. Peter and Paul can summer here," he nodded towards the oxen and the makeshift stalls, "but 'tain't nowise fit for their wintering."

It seemed the boy had it all figured out. This was good news.

"Somewheres in the ashes there'd ought to be your Pa's tools. If you'll bring them down to the forge, we'll helve them."

Dan'l agreed. And was mighty grateful.

Gunsmith considered. "Seeing you loaned me the salt, Dan'l, how'd it be if I was to draw you up a few bags of corn or suchlike in return? I've more than my needs."

But the boy's mouth tightened, as Gunsmith had feared it might.

"Nossir, Mist' Reed. A horn of salt don't measure up to all that corn. And Pa didn't say to git to borrowing."

Poor Ma, down in the burying lot back of the Settlement. The neighbors were right, Young'un could see that, when they came for her. Young'un—Viney was her real name—found it hot sitting hunkered down on the bare rock, grinding the icelike crystals of salt into a fine white flour.

Then swiftly Young'un felt sad. Maybe—'twas a solemn thought—she was a growed woman today.

But how did you know when you were grown up? Freckles were a sure sign, for when did you see a growed-up with freckles, or a young'un without? Viney gave her skin a careful search, but it was all pink-white, where she could see it, from the warm sun.

She got up quickly, dropping her squirrel-skin bag into the nearby pool. The bag was sopping.

A few minutes ago Young'un would have poured the salt in the sleeve of her shirt. But that wasn't fitting now, since her discovery. Growed women went visiting, when in need, and borrowed the loan of, say, a wooden bowl, to carry salt.

Gunsmith's shop sounded perilous with the loud splashing of the waterwheel outside. Inside was Phebe Callender, Eph Birdsell and Gunsmith.

Young'un asked, "Don't happen you could lend me the loan of a wooden bowl, Phebe?"

Eph grunted, "We got a bowl here, good as," and picked up a large chunk of wood and started to shape it.

When the bowl was finished, Eph gave it to Young'un. So the bowl must be really hers, Young'un's. She hadn't purposed to, but found herself hugging Eph, Cat, bowl and all. It was the first thing she'd ever handled that was truly hers, sole alone. Young'un bounded out through the door.

Aunt Mary Reed, Gunsmith's wife, was in the forge cleaning a gun barrel when she saw Gam turn his head. Viney Post, it was, had come in again. She held out the wooden bowl.

"Eldest says I've no right to it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

without I earn it some ways. When I told her it was a gift she said for me not to bring it within her sight again."

"Nor Eph ain't like to take back what he's given. Seems there's only one way out, to please the both of them. We've got to figure out how you can work and earn that bowl."

Gunsmith smiled to himself after Viney left. A dark conspiracy the two had hatched up betwixt them. That Young'un was to slip over every morning, so long as Eph Birdsell was away at Fort Ann, and do his chores and milking before she turned to her own chores. Her sister would be grateful for the four-five quarts of milk and Young-'un would earn the bowl.

"MORNING TO YOU, Gamaliel Reed!"

Sim Higgins stepped inside a mite uncertainly. And called back, "Come on in, Ruth." And a pale complected spinster lady followed him in.

"Gam, I want you should meet my sister's husband's darter by his first wife." Sim made careful introduction. "She's been helping out to home, has Ruth. A grand hand to cook and spin she is."

Sim gave Ruth a glance which was almost a nudge. "Well, seeing Eph ain't here, me and Ruth had best be getting along."

Not till they were a ways up the road did Gunsmith get to wondering why Sim and his niece were rigged out that way; and the Widow Wilson, too, with her ribbons. It wasn't the Sabbath.

Jehosh! He had the answer now! The women had started in on Eph. Mary had told him that the Sherman twins said that Eph aimed to get himself a cook. The twins had told their ma, too. Mis' Sherman had passed word to a neighbor, and the news had spread from woman to woman, all of whom wondered if Eph was aiming to get himself married.

Gunsmith's eyes grew damp with mirth. In large and careful characters he lettered a sign: TO EPH BIRDSELL (BACHELOR). And added a pointing arrow.

His noontide dinner over, it seemed to Gunsmith that the day took a turn for the better. For Dan'l and Viney Post slipped in together. Dan'l had brought a hoe and a scythe blade to be fixed, and Gunsmith showed the boy how, and let him do most of the work. Even had him lend a hand with several gun repairs.

Gunsmith drew down a pod-auger and set the tool beside Dan'l.

"If you'd take this in exchange for the salt I borrowed, Dan'l, I'll be right pleased."

Dan'l reckoned out aloud the gain he'd have from the auger when fall came.

"I was half minded to ask once more did you need corn or seed in swap for more salt. But it's too late in the season now, and seems you had enough . . ."

Gunsmith let it trail off, half-questioning.

It seemed that Dan'l had borrowed seed from Sim Higgins, because Dan'l's Pa had borrowed from Sim the year before, and maybe before that. When Sim had drawn the seed up to the Post place, he had brought out a paper,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and asked Dan'l to set his mark.

Gunsmith was troubled. Sim Higgins was the kind of man who dursen't put his hands to his own pockets for fear he would rob himself. Yet 'twas no use to warn Dan'l now, for whatever was done, was done.

THAT MOLLY—Young'un raised herself cautiously from her bed of hemlock boughs—had she been milked? Gunsmith had said that Young'un was to take the morning's milking, but naught about who'd tend to Eph's cow evenings. Young'un went out into the early starlight. She turned in at Eph's gate.

"No call to come pestering me this time of night," Molly said, plain as plain. So Gunsmith hadn't forgotten to milk her.

It was then she heard the wagon wheels and voices.

"Best cook in Fort Ann," said Eph in a loud whisper.

One to each side, they carried the thing in. A heavy box, it was.

"Go fetch in the light so we can see what we're at," said Gunsmith's voice.

Young'un was up in the wagon and reaching down the pierced tin lantern to Eph. "Land sakes, Young'un Post, where you sprung from?"

Before she could explain, Gunsmith let out a laugh. "Told you so, Eph! Told ye the womenfolks was on your trail!"

Eph bade Young'un step inside. Some kind of grown-up joke it was, she could see that plain. This talk about a cook, when it was no more than an iron box.

"Since Viney here is the first to set eyes on the little iron stove, seems to me she's got some kind of a right to first refusal. To say 'will she or won't she' marry you," said Gunsmith.

"Of course, Eph's getting up in years," Gunsmith addressed Young'un this time, "but he has a good house and barn, some likely livestock, and now the little iron stove."

Eph had. But 'twas for Eph to speak. And Young'un waited. He was smiling.

"What say, Elvina Post?" he asked, calling her proper and by her full name as no one ever did. "Will you or won't you?"

'Twas a noble prospect. Only—only the Post place wasn't fixed yet so Dan'l could handle it alone with Eldest. "There's a sight to do yet, up on the Post place." She began slowly. "Of course, we'll still be next-neighbors."

"That's so," said Eph, accepting her refusal, and nodding two-three times. "Yes, we'll still be seeing each other about."

Back in bed in the dark of the shelter, Young'un decided that, seeing she hadn't taken Eph herself, she had a duty to see that the one he did take was fitten.

Young'un followed Cat out, hoping it was still a good few hours to dawn. It all boiled down to Phebe Callender. Young'un tossed a stone onto the roof of Gunsmith's house. Phebe put her head out of the little window.

"If you're truly minded to have Eph for husband," Young'un whispered, " 'tis now or never.

"He's minded now to take the first woman he sets eyes on,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young'un continued. "And Gunsmith says there's a sight of 'em hunting him a'ready. Don't seem you'd make him a worse wife than Widow Wilson."

Phebe jerked up her chin. "Eph Birdsell is welcome to Jessie Wilson, for all of me." But she came along nonetheless without further to-do.

The wagon was still outside, just as Eph had left it. Young'un had Phebe inside the house. Phebe stood gawping at the stove.

"It's the 'cook' Eph brung back last night from Fort Ann. The one he went down to fetch," Young'un whispered.

"The cook . . ." Phebe started to say aloud. Then clapped hand over her mouth.

"I'm minded to teach Eph a lesson he won't forget," she whispered. Young'un saw her purpose. It would be a laugh on the man when folks heard how Phebe Callender had broke into his house and cooked him his breakfast, all before he could open an eyelid.

Young'un would have helped, but Phebe said she was to slip off home and do her own chores before she returned for the milk.

When Young'un came within sight of Eph's again, Eph's small room was packed from log wall to log wall with womenfolk. He had aholt of Phebe's hand.

Phebe, being a woman, was giving the other women as good as she took. "No, ma'am, I cal'late to keep him. And he seems the same minded, seeing he ain't let go my hand for two hours."

Hepziba Ditch, Taverner's wife, called something Young'un couldn't catch, for the rattle of talk. Phebe came right back at her, saying she hadn't so much as suspicioned there'd be the new-fangled iron stove, before today. But still and all, and Preacher now being on his way, she'd marry that too, since 'twas Eph's.

NEXT MORNING'S sun rose clear and hot as though September hadn't come and gone. Young'un looked up from her task to see Sim Higgins, who'd come to be paid for the loan and—yes, 'twas Gunsmith, talking to Dan'l.

Gunsmith passed a firearm with its long slender barrel across to Dan'l. "I was wondering, seeing Dan'l helped me to repair two-three guns, whether he'd help out by testing this one."

Young'un said a quick "yes" before Dan'l could get the word out.

Sim looked over the vegetables, hay and seeds and then grumbled; "That all ye got? Or have ye forgot what your pa's been owing me these six years past?" Sim Higgins drew a paper from his pocket. "It's written here below the list, 'I acknowledge this debt in full. In case of failure to pay on demand I agree to surrender to Simpkin Higgins all right and title in the yoke of twin oxen known as Peter and Paul, the same being in good working condition and free of known fault or vice. Daniel Post'."

Young'un's eyes were kind of blurry, so she didn't see whose wagon it was came rolling out from under the trees.

It was Eph Birdsell. Sol Broadmoor in his heavier ox-drawn rig came creaking up behind. Sim wasn't looking so pert now. Must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be all of eight men drawing their rigs round in a circle, and not one of the eight but there was talk Sim had tricked him in some wise.

The men closed in around. Then Cicero Ditch, the Taverner, walked up to Sim and held out his hand, and Sim put the paper into it, meek as Moses.

Cicero ran a thumbnail down the list. "Forty-two dollars, near as. Note ain't nowise legal, signed by a minor."

Dan'l gulped out, "I got to pay! Mist' Ditch, I got to!"

Gunsmith cleared his throat. "Seems like, if I was Dan'l's pa, I wouldn't care to raise and break the best yoke of oxen in the countryside, and have Dan'l hand them over to a man who can't so much as drive oxen, only horses."

And his next words might have been spelled out: "Not—when—Dan'l — can — call — in — what's owing — to — him — by — his neighbors."

"Now if that a just what I druv up for!" Sol ed in. "Gam here said a while t he didn't so much as lay finge my broken stock. So it's Dan 'm beholden to." He swung up c is wagon and started to tug at th cks.

"I came on the s ame errand," Eph Birdsell struck . "Dan'l here fixed my sett-trigg

The trapper sp g to his feet. "I reckon I'm nex

The higher the of sacks and baskets grew, the e Sim shifted from foot to foot s Taverner's tally topped 30 c rs, including all Dan'l's own vest, fear began to show in Si face.

Then Cicero tearing Sim Higgins' note across and across, saying, "Ye're paid in full, Sim."

Cicero Ditch suddenly ho-ho-hoed till he seemed touched in the head. "Now that I recall, Sim, you sold your poor starved critters down to the Falls, aiming to have these oxen in their stead.

"Take an armful from this pile, Sim Higgins, and start to carry."

"If I was Dan'l I'd make Sim an offer for half of the produce." Gunsmith spoke up. "I'd offer to draw down the other half and go to work for Sim two days a week until spring. And if I was Sim I'd tell Dan'l 'yes' right quick."

Mist' Higgins said, "Yes, Dan'l," meek as Moses.

That night Eldest said 'twould be fitting to make the next day a Thanksgiving. Not knowing what lay ahead.

Young'un threw off her covers the next morning and sat up. Whatever she did today, it must be something she had never done before. Like taking a leap and landing plumb on the summit of Old Hunchback opposite. So folks would say, "Did you hear about Young'un Post taking a leap clear acrost the whole valley? A three mile leap if 'twas a yard!" And someone who really understood would say, "'Twas high time, too. Always planning it, she was, and always putting it off. Another year or so and she'd have been woman-grown." For of course you had to do your magicking when you were little.

Young'un suddenly heard the creak of wagon wheels. With Dan'l away hunting, she'd best run up and stand by Eldest.

There out in the open was a man

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talking to Eldest. "Ain't nothing to beat the rolling up a house for gathering neighbors together," he roared.

Young'un just had to stand and laugh at herself for getting her magicking so twisty.

All she'd purposed was to have the cabin there so she could see it, and then to let it go again like morning fog. But here was something her eyes told her, instead of her having to tell her eyes. Folks in twos and threes and wagonfuls of folks, most everyone for miles around. All set to build a real cabin, of real solid logs.

Axes were snick-snicking, trimming the boughs and top off the fallen tree, and smack-smacking into another.

Far down the hillside toward the brook there was a crack. And the childer down in the pasture lit out to see what Dan'l had killed.

The barn that the menfolks lined up was aimed to hold Peter and Paul, and the sled, and tools, and the corn from Dan'l's crib and a cow and her calf and hens and only be half filled then. The cabin and barn began to rise.

"Dan'l's shot a deer with the little new rifle!" a group of childer shouted.

And Dan'l would start a fire and they'd roast the whole deer.

Then 'twas all over, save the eating of Dan'l's venison. And she had her chance to go to him. This was a new Dan'l, one she'd not ever seen before; being almighty polite and pressing with his venison.

The last bite was eaten. Dan'l and Eldest saying their "Thank you's" all around, and the men saying, "Shucks, 'twas nothing."

'Twas all good as ended, when Dan'l suddenly lit out and ran. Back to the tail of the wagons.

"You hadn't ought to've done it!" He shouted it at them, up the trail. "There ain't no ways I can find to thank you. Nor ever will!"

Outside the square holes of the cabin, darkness drifted down, filled with stars. Then a lantern shone in the doorway, and Dan'l said, "Mist' Jones, Preacher! C'mon in and set awhiles."

And there was Preacher, saying how sorry he was to have missed the rolling up.

Eldest said in the tinkly voice she kept for growed folk, "Mist' Jones, you'd ought to see the moon rise up over the hills. 'Tis best seen from the pasture bars."

Of course Preacher didn't know better, that all he had to do was turn and watch it through the new window hole.

When Eldest walked in, she had her head shawled with Preacher's muffler. "Mist' Jones loaned me his muffler for fear I'd take a cold in the night air. He was mighty concerned for me." Eldest smiled.

THE GIFT OF Molly's heifer was a secret, and the biggest that Young'un had cherished. Dan'l wasn't to see Eph's present, not at first.

Little snowshoe tracks swinging in from the right brought Young'un back to the present. It looked like there was a whole litter of little'uns visiting at the Posts. Eldest was down to the Settlement and Dan'l was away too.

Inside the door, land sakes what a clamor! Mostly it was from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

late-brood little ... illers. At the ... table, shelling a... ...s, was a girl ... who called, " 'L... Viney. I'm ... Amy." And it w... Amy Higgins, ... whom she'd scarc... ...er set eyes on.

"Pa says there ... t nobody best- ... ed him in years, I ... your Dan'l. It ... set me to thinking ... I come see him ... for myself, Pa no... ...lding with my ... talking to you ... him down to ... home." Amy laug... ...l. "Seeing you ... had a bushel o... ...ore acorns I ... cal'lated to mak... ...myself useful."

Then Dan'l ca... ...in. He walked ... to the fireplace, ... hang rifle and ... bag on the hook ... ust then Amy ... stood up from te... ...g the fire.

Each looked ... surprised as ... t'other. Dan'l wi... ...is arms raised ... up. And Amy spr... ...ng up between ... them and Dan'l, ... he was caught, ... as Dan'l, unthin... g, lowered his ... arms.

Amy said in ... nall breathless ... voice, "I'm Amy ... Amy Higgins." ... And when Dan'l ... ned his mouth, ... she pushed a wh... e cake into it. ... Next time Young'u... looked the two ... had somehow com... untangled and ... drawn apart. Amy ...aid, "I best be ... going, Dan'l." Sh... made for the ... door, and said the ... ame over softly ... to herself—"Dan'l ...

PREACHER HAD ... ...iven from Fort ... Ann. He had a su... ...prise too, for he ... had talked Aunt ... ...phanna around ... at last, so now he ... be able to tell ... Eldest that they ... would have a ... house of their ow... just as soon as ... they were married ...

He had no diff... ...ulty in finding ... his congregation. T... ...ey were all mill- ... ing around on the ...patch of ground ... between Ephraim ... Birdsell's sugar ... bush and the road. Then the women ... began to argue about where to build the Meetinghouse.

Seemed too that the menfolk had only been waiting their time to argue. Some favored to roll up a Meetinghouse of logs. Others said it would be more fitting to raise a frame building of sawn lumber.

"A well-wisher has presented these glass windows," said Preacher. "I trust that you will profit by his example of neighborliness, and come to an unanimous decision for the good of the community."

Someone spoke up and asked Preacher to decide for them. He knew better than to take on that responsibility.

"Perhaps we could hold some kind of a contest," it was the timeliest inspiration he'd ever had, "and agree beforehand that the winner is to have the say-so."

Eldest beside him was whispering. "Menfolk sew," she murmured, "womenfolk shoot." He explained this new idea to the assemblage. The idea caught on.

THE DAY came when Dan'l pushed aside an unfinished platter and said, "I've had my fill!" It all showed, plain as plain, how different this year was from last.

When the contest day came Young'un set off down the trail with Eldest. And the whole settlement flocked off down to High Rock. Preacher lined up the husbands and two-three bachelors.

Each man began to unroll his bundle. Hebron Miller opened out a seven-foot bedspread. When Mis' Miller caught sight of it, she claimed she'd never forgive him for dragging her ma's best Rose of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sharon bedspread out into the fields.

And land sakes if that wasn't Dan'l stitching a pattern of porcupine quills to the last pair of moccasins he'd made. The women came back along the line, and told Preacher he'd best name Dan'l winner. So then Preacher called on Dan'l to decide whether Meetinghouse was to be log or frame. He did so!

Young'un knew what he would say. Dan'l had a debt to pay for the help neighbors had given rolling up house and barn.

"Log. Then we c'n all help." Dan'l left no doubt of his decision.

When the women's shooting was over, Mis' Reed was declared the winner.

Young'un went off in search of the children. Everyone from little Consolation to her brother, Hank Broadmoor who was 17, and even Dan'l were lined up opposite a bank of sand.

"Got to drop your spittle inside the ring," Stumpy explained. "The winner gives out Meetinghouse chores for the losers to do."

The next rounds threw out all but Isa, who was Hank's brother, and Young'un.

The grown-ups came crowding to the bank top.

Preacher spoke. "The one to win this contest allocates the chores?"

Most everybody told him "Yes." "Then I will enter the contest, if permitted."

Preacher loosed off and hit. Then 'twas Isa's turn. And he missed! Young'un could best Preacher; she knowed it now. But then there was Eldest, who was like to git herself married most any time.

She was looking at Preacher. If Eldest could say to other wives in Fort Ann "Mist' Jones is outen away the best spit shooter up to Cold Brook" then Eldest could take pride, the way she'd ought 'Twould be a mighty fine present to give her, and secretlike.

Young'un stepped back from the line, and managed a smile. "Kinda dry. Can't raise the spittle. Guess Preacher wins!"

Preacher caught Mis' Reed's eye and asked: "Which site do you choose?"

Mis' Reed's voice came clear, "Not ary one of them. First we fill in the slough, where you bogged down your wagon, Preacher. That leaves the old turnout, and plenty enough room for a half dozen Meetinghouses."

"I have an announcement to make," Preacher said. "I am about to marry, just as soon as it can be arranged, your neighbor, Deborah Post. And I ask you to wish us joy."

Suddenly someone grabbed Young'un savagely by the arm. 'Twas Dan'l. "They can't nowise do it! Eldest's needed by the farm. Pa wouldn't hold with Eldest gallivanting off." And he lit out at a stumbling run.

YOUNG'UN's tow gown might be only tow, the coarsest ever, but it was a gown for all that. She stole a glance at the new Meetinghouse building through Uncle Gam's workshop window. When Young'un was inside the new Meetinghouse which was mighty fine, her old tow gown didn't look so good any more.

Young'un had gone to work as Gunsmith's 'prentice to earn her-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self a gun. That had been the one thing she could do. Words were wasted on Dan'l, but without Young'un to help him on the farm he'd be able to do less work, so the farm wouldn't grow till it was right out of hand. And what Dan'l and Eldest could do alone, Young'un and Dan'l could do when Eldest was gone. And that would prove to Preacher that his noble Deborah could stop being noble and get herself married.

There was the rifle Aunt Mary had picked for her, standing in the rack against the wall of Gunsmith's shop. And every two-three days Aunt Mary made a chalk mark on the wall showing how much of it was earned.

Someone shadowed the doorway. It was the peddler. At sight of his wagon at the door, Young'un just had to tell Peddler, " 'Tis the purtiest wagon ever!"

Best of all, Peddler's goods were the clean, cotton cloths. The one with real roses Peddler carried outside the barn so she could see it better.

By the next day Young'un didn't own as much as another hairsbreadth of the rifle, for she had been helping Peddler with riveting and tinsmithing, and hadn't done any work for Gunsmith. On Peddler's last day, Aunt Mary called Young'un into the house.

"Peddler don't hardly know how to reckon up what's owing for the help you loaned him. You'll get better value in trade than coin."

Aunt Mary was bound they should look at the cloth.

"There's the one with roses on, the one you showed first off when you came," Young'un was saying before she thought.

Peddler reached it down. And oh, 'twas heartbreaking lovely.

"If so be the lady you're saving it for don't call for the whole of the material, being thin, or short, and you can save me out a bit till next year, I'd be heart-willing to wait." And she would, so.

Peddler's smile broadened as he looked Young'un up and down.

"Now I wouldn't say she was overly plump, nor yet she isn't lean. Last time I set eyes on her she kind of favored Viney Post. And she ain't like to've changed much since."

Then 'twas for Aunt Mary to smile and say, "I don't reckon the cost, with thread and needle, would amount to more than the price of a good Gam Reed squirrel rifle."

It took more than a week, even with Aunt Mary showing how and helping, to put the gown together.

When all was done Young'un could scarce believe her eyes—or the hand mirror. She looked all of 16 or 17.

It could be that it was the rose gown that made Eldest see that Young'un was old enough to keep house for Dan'l and herself, and so set Eldest free to be wedded.

And the day came when Eldest and Preacher rode off to Fort Ann to be married.

As soon as the chores lightened up in the fall, the little'uns and young'uns from the Settlement started running up to the Post farm. Just like the year before. There were noble times at the Post place. Dan'l and Hank were shaping to be close friends. But when Dan'l

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wanted to take Hank to see his trap lines, there would be little Consolation yawping to go along.

Young'un said nothing. She kept her temper when Isa explained that Consolation was untimely born, and his ma's last dying words were to take care of the baby.

Amy was up visiting, and Dan'l to home, as it chanced. Young'un led Amy outside to ask her counsel about a cure for Consolation.

Being there were no little'uns for Consolation to fight with, Hank allowed he would go down with Dan'l to the lake end and leave Consolation with Amy and Young'un.

Just as soon as the boys were gone Consolation started to act up. Naught would please her but Amy must make chestnut cakes for her. If Amy didn't, young Consolation threatened to hold her breath and die, so folks would be sorry and blame Amy. Amy fetched in a stick, and set it against the brat and measured her height.

When Amy went out with the same stick to measure it against the hole Dan'l had dug, Consolation tagged along behind. Amy came in. " 'Tis too short yet, though plenty wide enough," she admitted, looking at Consolation again. "Kind of a pity she's so set on dying, for she won't be buried among the rest of her folks, if she kills herself."

'Twas then Young'un caught on and said her piece. "Consolation has less sense than a little'un, even though she's older. Most folks just naturally know, soon as they're born, that each laugh sets you a pace further from your grave."

Consolation gave a kind of a tee-hee sound that could have been a sob, but wasn't. Next thing she gave a real tee-hee, and her mouth turned up to show she was laughing.

When Hank and Dan'l climbed back from the lake a long whiles later, the three were setting to the fire on stools, as sociable as could be. Hank heard and saw, and nigh to've let fall his string of fish.

The comicalest happening of all was when Hank's pa asked to know what Hank was doing, running the roads after dark. Hank couldn't think what to answer but that he was going courting. Young'un would have liked to believe it.

WHEN Dan'l and Young'un went down to see Eldest at Fort Ann on their spring victualing trip, they left the dregs of winter behind. They stopped at the store which was most under the Falls itself. The man said, "Don't happen you're kin to old Zeph Post?"

Young'un nigh to've yawped for joy. He knew Pa and 'twas that she had been hoping. When Dan'l went around the store to the back, she ran back to the man and whispered, "Please to send word to Pa we're hankering for a sight of him. Tell him to come; but tell him he don't need to stop unless he's so minded."

All she purposed was to let Dan'l see him once again. Dan'l with his Pa-this, and Pa-t'other, and getting his fancies all warped and cockled.

"SOMETHING's come over your Dan'l, Viney, I dunno what," called Amy. "He come up with me on the trail and seemed almighty glum."

"Since you've got to poke your nose into what don't concern you, Amy Higgins, 'tis this that ails me."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dan'l glared at Amy and Viney. "There's talk at the forge that's Hank's courting our Young'un. And Pa wouldn't hold with such. It ain't right. There's three already to the Broadmoor farm. And there's only two here."

Then Amy's eyes wrinkled a little at the corners.

"My land, Dan'l, I'd not be beholden to my pa for everything! If I called myself a farmer I'd raise my own stock, human as well as critter."

Then, if that wasn't quarrel enough, Hank had to come pounding in. "Word's just come up by the coach, and guess what? Eldest's bore a son."

Amy and Viney wanted more news. Dan'l was forgotten till he spoke. "You get out of here, Hank Broadmoor. I'll have no one come courting our Viney."

"If Hank had done a smidgin of real courting there'd be more sense to your talk, Dan'l," Young'un couldn't help but break in.

Hank murmured, "Don't hardly cal'late to know what-all to do."

Amy said, "I'd best be getting along," and took Hank with her.

Viney wrenched herself out of the house and set off after.

"No call to set to fist-fighting," Amy smiled at Viney.

Amy's plan was easy as Adam, the way she told it. "No girl ever went courting a man, so Dan'l will cal'late to be safe in his own home. But if he starts off to look for Viney I'll tell him I'll go help seek, and that he's to let on he's courting me if we meet with ary person on the road."

Next Sunday Viney was waiting in the road, after Meeting. She met the Peddler's son who told her that her pa had said that he'd be down in the fall.

It was nigh on two weeks later that Viney set off down the trail. She met Hank sitting on a rock beside the trail, whittling. Hank's grin meant he'd seen Amy a ways up the trail.

And all Hank did was whittle until Young'un said, "Let me go get an axe and fall you a pine or two. You'll need more whittling wood." She'd not meant to speak so sharp but 'twas plain waste of man and maid and mottled moonlight, it was so, and Viney couldn't abide waste. Hank would have to be learned, if courting didn't come natural to him the way it should.

"What say we go sit on the fence in the lower pasture?" she asked. "I'm kind of weary."

Moonlight was for courting, everybody knew that. It stirred the heart of a girl with a happy loneliness.

"Vine, I wish you'd say something. 'Tis too wondrous, and I don't know how to say . . . Vine dear . . ."

Viney's foot slipped on the rail below. She would have fallen back, but for Hank's arm. Hank set her upright again, but didn't let go. Nor he didn't let go her name, the new name he had given her.

"Vine dear . . . Vine . . ." He drew her closer still.

There was naught Viney could say, even if she had the breath, which she hadn't. And she aiming to learn Hank courting!

Next off, his mouth wouldn't

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serve him for words. Nor hers either. Not the way he was kissing. And Viney kissed Hank back, and couldn't not have if she'd tried as hard as she could.

"You're so purty, Vine. I hadn't never cal'lated to feel the way I do. 'Tis love, I guess."

There was no time like the present to plan out the future. Being Viney, she chewed on the bitter meat first.

"Pa sent word he'll be back. And we can't be wedded till then." Right or wrong, she couldn't leave Dan'l alone. Maybe Pa would see a way out. Any but Hank would have protested.

Instead, Hank smiled and said, "Pa said about my courting, 'First time I knowed a Broadmoor showed so much sense. But it don't follow that Post Young'un is witless enough to wed with you.'" Hank roared his amusement. "Pa didn't know how witless you'd be, Vine. Nor I. Best I could do was hope."

ZEPHANIAH POST swung through Gam Reed's big doors. Gam would know where the Post little'uns were at, and while Gam worked on his rifle Zeph Post would go see them. A tapping of metal came from a likely young woman.

There was a clatter of dropped tongs and hammer. And the woman had her arms about Old Man Post.

"Pa! Oh, Pa!" 'Twas his Young-'un pressing tight against him.

'Twas worse than what he'd dreaded, for he'd reckoned on reproaches, not welcome.

Old Man Post thought 'twas plain Young'un knew her trade. Eldest would be all fixed too, married to Preacher. "Where's Dan'l at?" asked Old Man Post.

"Up to the farm, Pa, I cal'late." Young'un didn't say which farm. Old Man Post said he'd go find the boy, soon as his rifle was fixed.

He'd do just that. Go see Dan'l, acting innocent. Then walk right out of the valley, taking Dan'l with him if Dan'l was willing. Only danger was Young'un. She knowed, did Young'un.

Then Simpkin Higgins came in with Amy. Pa stood up and reached for his pack of pelts, proud as a turkey. "Sim Higgins, I cal'late to be owing you all these years for seed and suchlike. I aim to pay."

Cicero Ditch called out, "'Tis paid in full, Zeph Post." And told how at the first harvest Sim was part paid and part outwitted.

Pa just kind of shrunk in on himself. And when they got to telling him what a great little farm the Post place had become, Pa slunk back on his perch on the empty keg.

"Pa don't aim to stop long enough this fall," Viney began. "Pa's done so good he cal'late to be gone another winter."

Pa wasn't to be let come home, that was the size of it. Not this fall, anyways. He'd done mighty good hunting and trapping, and that had given him the heart to come down and pay his debts and see his young'uns, thinking 'twould set him free. But it hadn't, for he'd found his debts had been paid for him.

Pa had come, not aiming to stop. But the debts had bested him, and the talk of how Dan'l and Viney had labored without any help to set the farm to rights, had bested him again. Just the way the farm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had licked him, years back.

So, left to himself, Pa would stop awhiles. Poor Pa. Poor Dan'l too. Dan'l had got to grow to be something stouter before his pride in Pa could rightly be taken from him.

"Seems like I could carry that pack a ways," Viney suggested. "Till you turn off north."

"No call to go pestering Dan'l now, seeing I'll be back next fall . . . and the pelts are for you and for Dan'l and Eldest . . ." Pa was pattering off his words. "An' . . . an' I'm more thankful than a pa had ought to be to his own young'un."

A last hug. Then Old Man Post was swinging up the hillside.

'Twas Hank, not Pa, that the leaves closed over and hid from sight. If Pa had been let to stop, she would have been free to marry Hank. She'd have to set Hank on to marry Amy. There was no more than an emptiness where her heart had been.

AMY HIGGINS called in her nicest voice, "Dan'l! Dan'l Post!"

Dan'l followed up to the house, not speaking.

"Don't seem I'd ought to come here no more, unless Viney's to come with me. Pa's angry. Pa says I'm running around courting."

"Kinda comical." Dan'l came close to a laugh. "Your pa don't know it's here you visit, and that there's none but me and Viney."

"Maybe"—Amy chose her words right careful—" 'tis Hank he suspicions."

Dan'l sat bolt upright. "Hank? Hank! Then Hank ain't courting our Viney?"

"Maybe he is, maybe he isn't. Don't seem he'd be fixing to marry the two of us.

"Hank ain't that bad!" Far away she started her talk, so Dan'l shouldn't shy off. "Pa still claims there ain't nobody to these parts ever out-traded him but Dan'l Post. So seems like if you was to trade with Hank you'd come out best."

"First off, if I was Dan'l Post, I'd let on I knowed Hank was seeking a wife. Next, I'd draw the talk around to Viney and tell she was a good worker on flat and hill. Then I'd tell truth, but belittling, of what I aimed to trade for."

"You're not courting with Hank?" Like a prayer he made it sound. Amy hadn't even to shake her head, for Dan'l knowed now, without her telling.

His breath came nearer her cheek. She sat waiting. "I ain't never kissed a girl, Amy . . ."

"Best try then."

Dan'l grabbed for her over the table, and she didn't back up any.

"Don't aim to swap Hank for what I got already," Dan'l boasted. "Hank's welcome to Viney, and if he only knowed it I'd throw in the farm and everything, and start afresh, just so I got you."

WHEN VINEY came out of the woods, there was candlelight showing in the cabin. And inside were Dan'l and Amy. Viney dumped the pelts on the table. "Pa's been down to Uncle Gam's, and says he'll be back next fall. Pelts are for Eldest and us."

Dan'l pushed the pelts to one side. "If Pa says he'll be back, he's like to. Ain't he, Amy?"

Viney knew she'd got so she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wasn't even hearing aright. Dan'l wouldn't ask Amy if Pa was like to keep his promise, he'd come right out with "Pa ain't like to break his word," or suchlike.

Then Hank burst in. Not Dan'l, nor any other, he shouted, was going to keep Viney from him.

Amy chirped up with, "Dan'l don't hold with courtin'."

Dan'l shook his head, grinning from ear to ear. "Nor me nor Amy don't. But as Amy said, just before you two come in, there ain't but one sure way to stop courting, and that's wedding. Amy and me cal'late to wed right soon."

Of a sudden Viney knew she must get outside. The room wasn't big enough for all she felt, with the joy yeasting up inside her.

Could be she went out and Hank following, or the other way round; it didn't concern so long as they were together, and never would from now on. Then she remembered and turned back in.

They hadn't shifted, Amy and Dan'l, except to join hands. Viney gathered up a smitch of spittle and took breath. She sighted on the candle flame. Then, *pfft!*

"Moonlight's for courting," she told the moon-flooded room. She couldn't abide waste, could Viney. Not of candle *nor* moonlight.

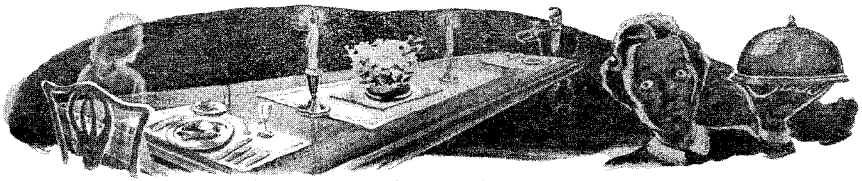
Winners in Coronet's $1,000 Prize Contest

For the best letter commenting on Representative John M. Coffee's article *Why Not a West Point for Diplomats?* which appeared in Coronet's October issue, the first prize of $500.00 has been awarded to Lt. Townsend Hoopes of the United States Marine Corps, F.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.

Cash awards of $10.00 each for the 50 next best letters have gone to the following: Carroll W. Boyce, Larchmont, N. Y.; Norman O'Connor, West Springfield, Mass.; E. Vaucher, San Antonio, Tex.; Donald Dunham, New York, N. Y.; Norman Allen, Prestonsburg, Ky.; John Newton Baker, Birmingham, Ala.; Pfc. Paul Pflueger, A.P.O., New York, N. Y.; T/Sgt. Kenneth T. Skelton, A.P.O., San Francisco, Calif.; John H. Chipman, New Orleans, La.; Paul S. Kelly, Erie, Pa.; Cpl. Melvin Schwartz, Ft. Bragg, N. C.; Mary Elizabeth Porterfield, Mineral Wells, Tex.; S/Sgt. A. H. Whitelaw, A.P.O. New York, N. Y.; Rees H. Barkalow, Alexandria, Va.; Mrs. Lee Hudson, Dallas, Tex.; Perry Hallam, Pierre, S. D.; Ruth B. Schwartz, Washington, D.C.; Alfred L. Black, Jr., Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. J. Barney Goldhar, Toronto, Canada; Lieut. William H. Attwood, A.P.O., Camp Cooke, Calif.; Viola Collins Hogarty, Pasadena, Calif.; Frank G. Davis, Springfield, Ohio; Pfc. Glaister A. Elmes, Seattle, Wash.; Nelson C. Holt, Norfolk, Va.; R. T. Burdick, Fort Collins, Colo.; Clifford A. Williams, New York, N. Y.; Hillary E. Beard, Olympia, Wash.; Miriam S. Nickoloff, P[illegible]oenix, Ariz.; Raphael W. Leonhart, Chicago, Ill.; Kenneth Beal, Bradford, N. H.; [illegible]ne Hyer, Austin, Tex.; Pvt. Jesse A. Pavis, Fort Ord, Calif.; Carol Dee, Buffalo, [illegible]. Y.; Ens. J. F. Bozman, Jr., Oakland, Calif.; Robert Stewart, Northampton, Pa.; [illegible]ter Swanson, Boston, Mass.; William H. Hornibrook, Pacific Grove, Calif.; Charles [illegible] Sawyer, Jr., New Bedford, Mass.; Lt. John Tipple, San Francisco, Calif.; Capt. Edward E. Williams, Sacramento, Calif.; Leslie Vail, Denver, Colo.; Carmel G. Martinez, Berkeley, Calif.; Lt. C. W. Lindsey, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Cpl. Robert A. Wilferth, Fairfield, Calif.; Davis P. Low, Panama, R. P.; William A. Ciccone, Chicago, Ill.; Pfc. Robert Matthews, Indianapolis, Ind.; Lt. Davis Paschall, Arlington, Va.; Sgt. Truman McMahan, Carolina Beach, N.C., and P. E. Lefevre, Cristobal, Canal Zone.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Gems from the Coronet Story Teller

♛ In the year 1884, a middle-aged couple entered the office of President Charles Eliot of Harvard. They had just returned from a tragic holiday in Europe where their only son had suddenly been taken ill and died.

The dignified educator glanced up impatiently at the unprepossessing pair. "Oh, we won't take much of your time," the woman assured him. "It's just that as a memorial to our son we want to do something to help other young men get a good education."

"Were you thinking in terms of a scholarship or two?" the president asked.

The couple looked at each other. No, they had something more in mind—perhaps a new building.

"But that would cost a great deal of money," answered Eliot.

At the implication of the remark the lady rose. "Well, President Eliot, what has this entire university cost?"

The president mentioned a sum of several million dollars.

"That much?" returned the lady. "I'm sure we can do better than that. Come, Leland," she concluded, turning to her husband, "I have an idea."

It wasn't until some time later that the president discovered the identity of his visitors and the extent to which they would go to build a memorial to their dead son. For the memorial which they did build in California was Leland Stanford, Jr. University—to which they contributed 26 million dollars.

♛ A young musician sat in a secluded corner of the Sistine Chapel in Rome, carried away by the organ's soul-stirring rendition of Allegri's *Miserere*. Playing the melody of this sacred composition was forbidden outside the church.

When the performance was over, the musician hurried home and labored through the night to reproduce the score. When morning came it was completed.

Several weeks later he appeared in a concert. As an encore, the musician impulsively began to play the solo portion of the *Miserere*. The listeners stirred uneasily, but the musician played on, lost in the beauty of the piece.

Within a few days all Rome was aghast at the knowledge that the sacred *Miserere* had been stolen and presented as part of a public performance. Pope Clement demanded to see the culprit.

With fear and humility the composer confessed how he obtained the score. When the Pope realized that it was not stolen but reproduced from memory, instead of the thunders of the Vatican he conferred on the musician the honor of Knight of the Golden Spur.

The 14-year-old composer who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from inside back cover*)

mentally stole a sacred composition was the outstanding musical genius of the eighteenth century, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

♛ In the winter of 1940 in a chateau outside Paris, a trembling French maid gave notice. She couldn't stay another moment in a house where night after night she must set a place for a dead woman.

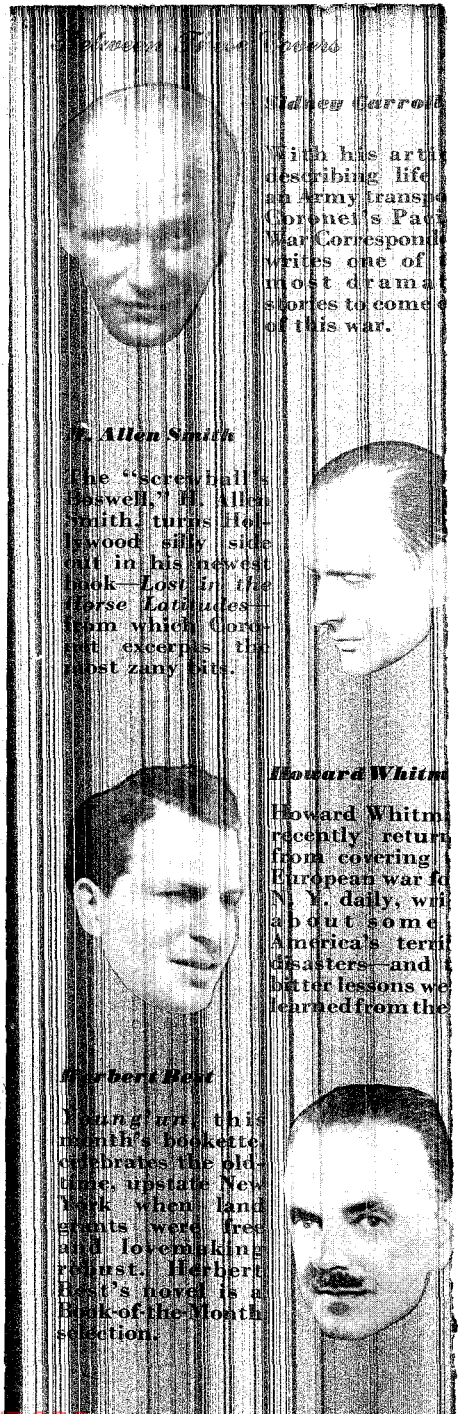
"Some day you too will love as I have . . ." the master began. But the girl refused to listen. No one had seen his wife, but when Monsieur Pierre Martin rented the chateau he had brought her with him —in a coffin. Since no ordinary tomb was good enough, he had a small church built on the grounds.

From then on life in the big house frightened away both neighbors and servants. Not only were elaborate feasts set before an empty chair, but in the dead of night the master would lock himself up with the coffin and rarely emerge before morning.

Some months after Martin's arrival at the chateau he had to leave for Istanbul on business. Three weeks later he returned and headed straight for the mausoleum. When he unlocked the door, three men stepped from the shadows and pinned him down. "You're through spying for the Nazis!" said one of the officers grimly.

For inside the coffin, which now lay cracked upon the floor, was a high-powered radio transmitter—keyed to a station in Berlin.

For five minutes filled with action . . . drama . . . suspense . . . mystery . . . for a story with a surprise ending every time . . . you can't beat the Coronet Story Teller. Tune him in Monday through Friday at 9:55 p.m. E.W.T. on the Blue Network!



Sidney Carroll

With his arti describing life in Army transp Coronet's Pac War Correspondi writes one of most drama stories to come of this war.

F. Allen Smith

The "screwball Boswell," F. Allen Smith, turns Hollywood silly side out in his newest book—*Lost in the Horse Latitudes*—from which Coronet excerpts the most zany bits.

Howard Whitm

Howard Whitm recently return from covering European war fo N. Y. daily, wri about some America's terri disasters—and bitter lessons we learned from the

Herbert Best

Young'uns, this month's booklette, celebrates the old-time, upstate New York when land grants were free and lovemaking robust. Herbert Best's novel is a Book-of-the-Month selection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED